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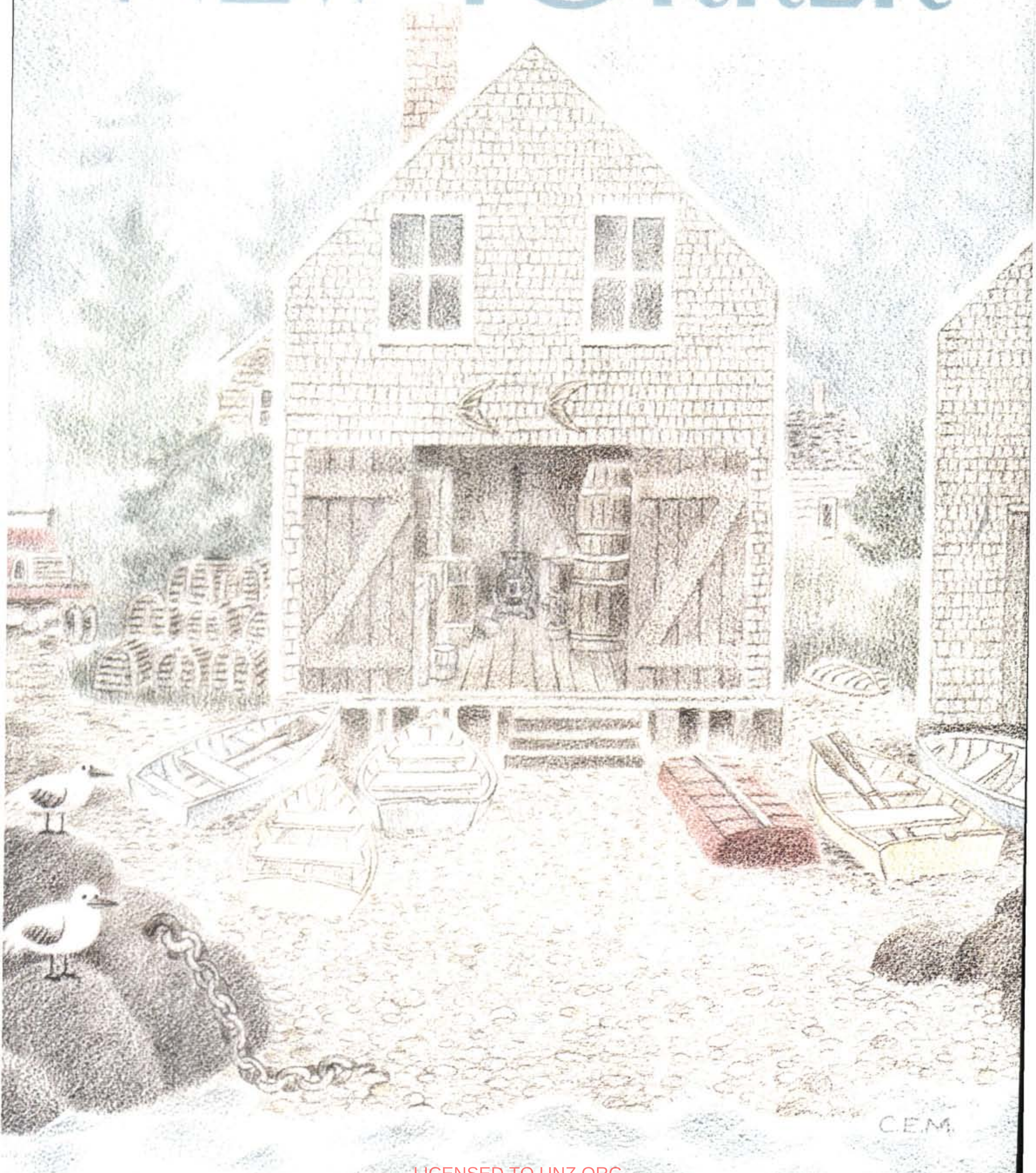

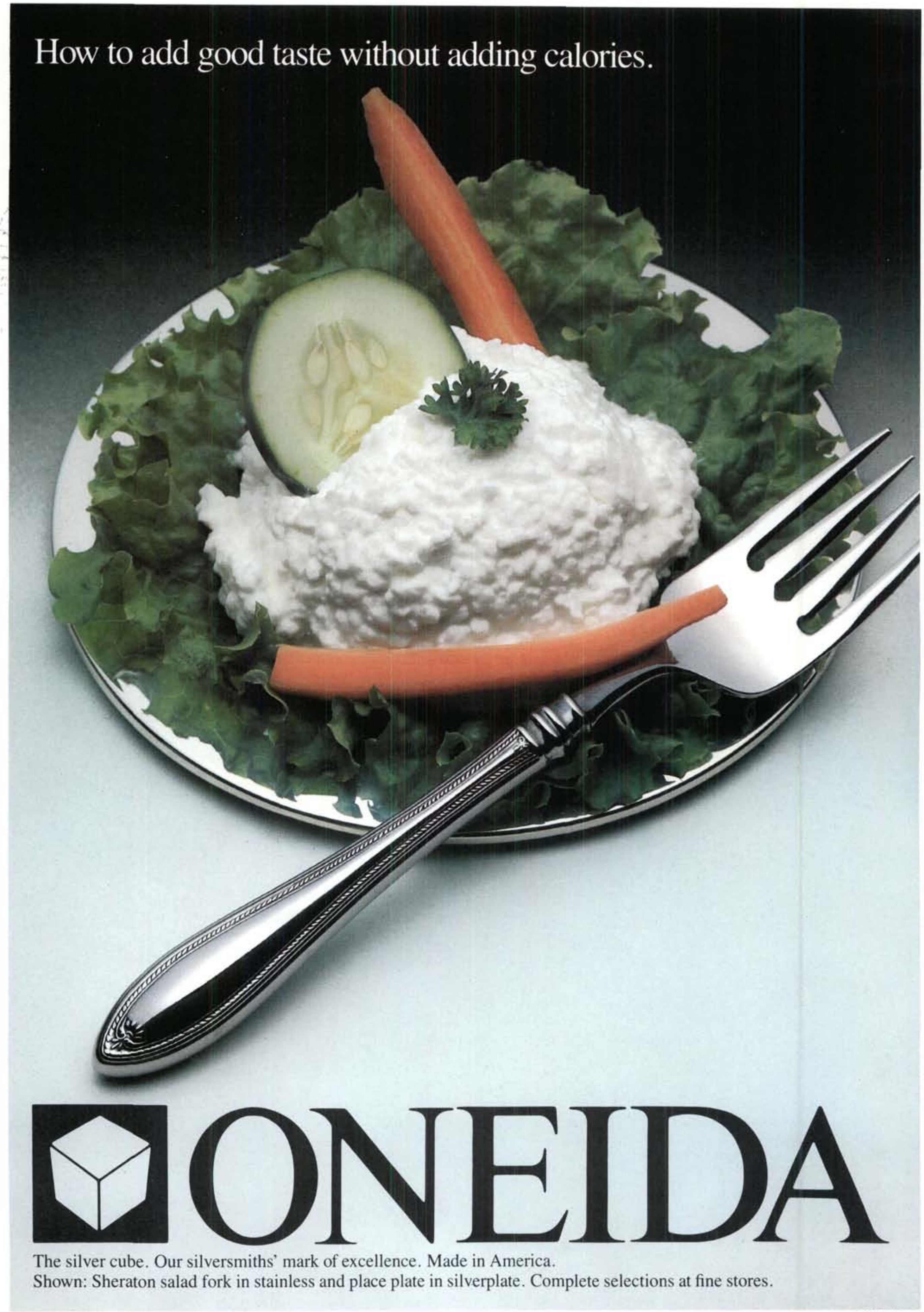

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided conversation of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of *4/12/82*.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Antigone—Joseph Chaikin's handsome, imaginative production is all but done in by a flat, tin-eared translation. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Beyond Therapy—A comedy by Christopher Durang, with John Lithgow and Dianne Wiest as the leads. Directed by John Madden. Previews through Wednesday matinée, May 26, and opens officially that same evening at 6:45. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (*5/3/82*) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Chalk Garden—A very good revival of Enid Bagnold's imperishable comedy, with Constance Cummings, Irene Worth, and Donal Donnelly. John Stix was the director. (*5/10/82*) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays *through* Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women *in* a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Tim Choate, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (*11/16/81*) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (*3/1/82*) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Do Black Patent Leather Shoes Really Reflect Up?—A musical with a book by John R. Powers (based on his novel of the same title), and music and lyrics by James Quinn and Alaric Jans. Mike Nussbaum directed. Previews through Wednesday, May 26. Opens officially on Thursday, May 27. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (*1/4/82*) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eminent Domain—A complex family melodrama by Percy Granger, in which Philip Bosco plays a professor of English at whose feet any intelligent undergraduate would be eager to sit. Also in the cast are Betty Miller, John Vickery, Paul Collins, and Scott Burkholder. Paul Austin directed. (*4/12/82*) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday *through* Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of fifteen one-act plays, running through Monday, June 21. "The Fisher Wedding," by Carol Hall; "The Fortress of Solitude," by Jeffrey M. Jones; "Goodbye, Howard," by Romulus Linney; and "The Self-Begotten," by John Wellman: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 19-20; Saturday evening, May 22; Sunday matinée, May 23; Friday evening, May 28; and Saturday matinée, May 29. . . . ¶ "Fog," by Conrad Bromberg; "Appearances," by Tina Howe; "The Undefeated Rhumba Champ," by Charles Leipart; and "The Forest Lawn Diet," by James G. Richardson: Friday evening, May 21; Saturday matinée, May 22; Sunday and Monday evenings, May 23-24; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 26-27; and Saturday evening, May 29. (Ensemble Studio Theatre,

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1970 musical **applause** (book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Lee Adams) is the last offering of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 6. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Gardenia—John Guare's play about a Civil War nurse named Lydie Breeze, whose utopian commune on Nantucket fails for a variety of reasons, is very well acted by Jobeth Williams, Sam Waterston, Edward Herrmann, and James Woods. Karel Reisz directed. (5/10/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. Joanne Camp gives an attractive performance as a dumb actress who outsmarts everyone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

The Hothouse—A first-rate production of an early Pinter play, which the author permitted to languish unseen for reasons best known to himself. Many wryly funny lines and a certain amount of eerie Pinter mayhem. (5/17/82) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thursday, May 20.)

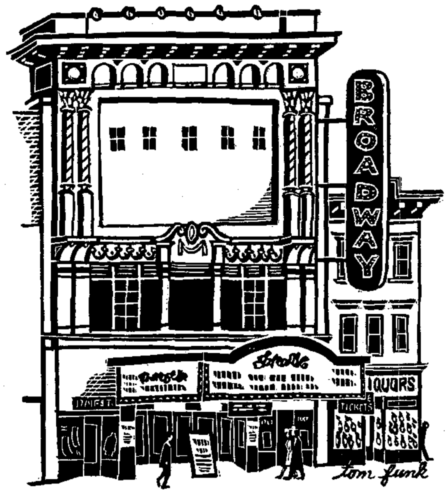
Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 30: Johann Strauss's **a night in venice.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livingstone and Sechele—A British play by David Pownall, with Mike Champagne and Afemo Omilami. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday, May 19, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age writer's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Medea—Zoe Caldwell as a barbarian princess raging against her unjust treatment by the conventional, socially ambitious Jason. The gods appear to be on Medea's side, and so, uneasily, are we. (5/17/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Misunderstanding—A play by Camus. (Open Space, 133 Second Ave., at 8th St. 254-8630. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)



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My Lifetime in the Theatre—A musical revue based on the life of Pesach Burstein, an ornament of the Yiddish theatre. In addition to Mr. Burstein, the cast will include Molly Picon, Ben Vereen, Marilyn Michaels, Lillian Lux, Mike Burstyn, and Claire Barry. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9447. Sunday, May 23, at 1.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **a soldier's play** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army Camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant. Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nine—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (Reviewed in this issue.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Othello—James Earl Jones makes an awesome figure of the Moor and Christopher Plummer is perhaps the finest Iago that we will ever see. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Performing Garage—The first presentation in a retrospective of works by the Wooster Group since 1978 is **nayatt school.** (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursday through Sunday, May 20-23, at 8.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Red and Blue—A play by the painter Michael Hurson. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, Michael O'Connor, and Doug Skinner in a pastiche of theatre, dance, commedia dell'arte, mime, music, and so on, which is the collaborative work of the Messrs. Irwin, O'Connor, and Skinner, and of Matthew Cohen. Previews through Saturday, May 22. Opens officially on Sunday, May 23. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Thursdays through Saturdays, and Wednesday, May 19, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, May 26, at 2.)

San Francisco Mime Troupe—A four-week engagement; through Sunday, June 6. "Factwino Meets the Moral Majority," by Joan Holden, with Brian Freeman, Arthur Holden, Tede Matthews, Henri Picciotto, and Peter Solomon, and with music by Bruce Barthol. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scenes from la Vie de Boheme—A play by Anthony Giardina. Preview Wednesday, May 19. Opens officially on Thursday, May 20, and will run through Sunday, May 30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

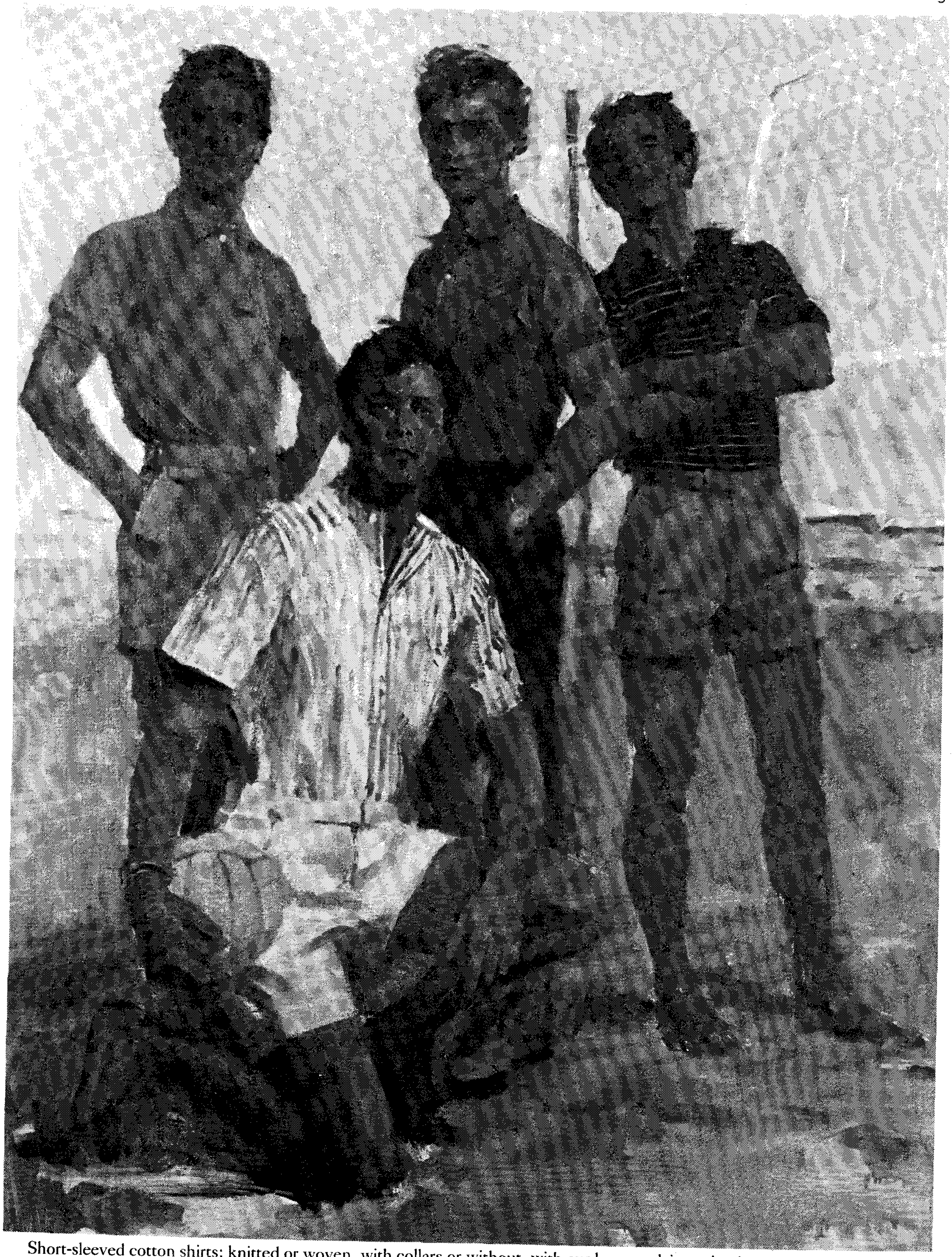
Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Waltz of the Stork—A quasi-musical, in what appears to be a quasi-autobiographical form, written and directed and starred in by Melvin Van Peebles, who, gifted as he is, has been too easy on himself. (1/11/82). (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Woods—A love affair in a weekend of stormy crisis is the subject of this good play by David Mamet. (Second Stage, 23 W. 73rd St., sixteenth floor. 787-8302. Nightly, except Monday, at 8; special matinée Sunday, May 23, at 5. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

Long Runs—**amadeus:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Frank Langella plays the villainous Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris plays Mozart. On Wednesday evening, May 26, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons; tickets for seats in a special reserved section may be obtained by calling 221-1103 (voice) or 719-4537 (TTY). (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.



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Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. *924-8782*. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,176 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

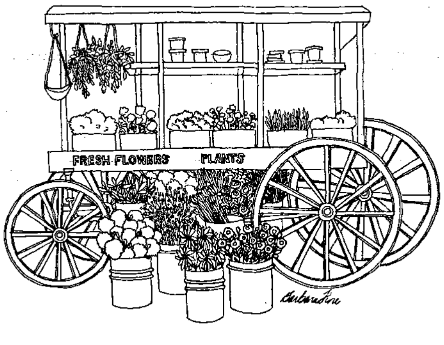
THE CIRCUS—The hundred-and-twelfth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes, *en grande tenue*, are guests of the Guermantes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 19: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 20: "The Magic Flute," "Souvenir de Florence," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 21: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 22: "The Goldberg *Variations*" *and* "*Gershwin Concerto.*" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 22: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 23: "Irish Fantasy," "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 23: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "The Magic Flute," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 25: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 26: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 27: "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," "Souvenir de Florence," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 28: "Donizetti Variations," "In G Major," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 29: "Donizetti Variations," "Souvenir de Florence," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 29: "Mozartiana," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 4.)



AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday *matinée*, May 19: "Airs," "La Sonnambula," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 19: "Theme and Variations," "Pillar of Fire," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 20: "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère," "Other Dances," "Configurations," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 21: "Great Galloping Gottschalk," "Pas de Deux," "Configurations," and "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 22: "Jardin Animé," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday *evening, May 22*: "La *Sonnambula*," "Duets," "Pas de Deux," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 24: "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère," "Duets," "Clair de Lune" (première), and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 25; Wednesday matinée and evening, May 26; and Thursday evening, May 27: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 28: "Concerto," "Pillar of Fire," "Other Dances," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 29: "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère," "Fancy Free," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 29: "Concerto," "Rodeo," "Claire de Lune," and "Carmen." (*Metropolitan Opera House*. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 12.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 19, at 8: "Landscape," "Sonnets," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 8: "Night Creature," "Treading," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 2: "Streams," "Sonnets," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Phases." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "The Still Point," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, at 2: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The River," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, at 7:30: "Landscape," "Sonnets," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS—Final performances *of the engagement—Wednesday and Thurs*day, May 19-20, at 8: "A Play, with Images and Walls," "Lila's Garden Ox," and "Spiked Sonata." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, May 23, at 3:30: "Otjibwa Ango" and "Spiked Sonata." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. For tickets, call 929-1018.)

PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY—Three premières—"The Blue Window," "Miniatures," and "The Abiding Void." (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, May 19, at 6:45; Thursday and Friday, May 20-21, at 8; and Saturday, May 22, at 2 and 8.)

MARY ANTHONY DANCE THEATRE—Thursday, May 20, at 8; Saturday, May 22, at 3; and Sunday, May 23, at 7:30: "Suite for Percussion," "In the Beginning," "Threnody," and two new works. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, May 23, at 3: "Tides," "Quartet for the End of Time," "Seascape," "Steps in Time," and two new works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For information about tickets, call 674-8191.)

DOUGLAS DUNN AND DANCERS—Presenting the première of "Game Tree." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8112. Thursdays through Saturdays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, May 29.)

AAK (KOREAN COURT MUSIC AND DANCE)—A troupe of twenty-five dancers and musicians. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Friday through Monday, May 21-24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 286.)

YASUKO NAGAMINE—In a performance of "Musume Dojoji." (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

JOAN MILLER DANCE PLAYERS—"Sportin'," "Pendulum," and other works, in a benefit pro-

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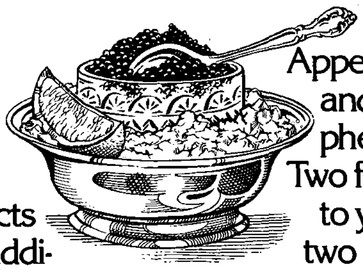

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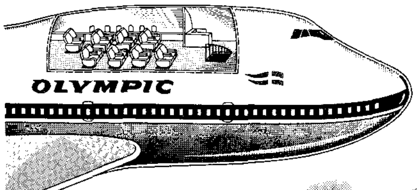

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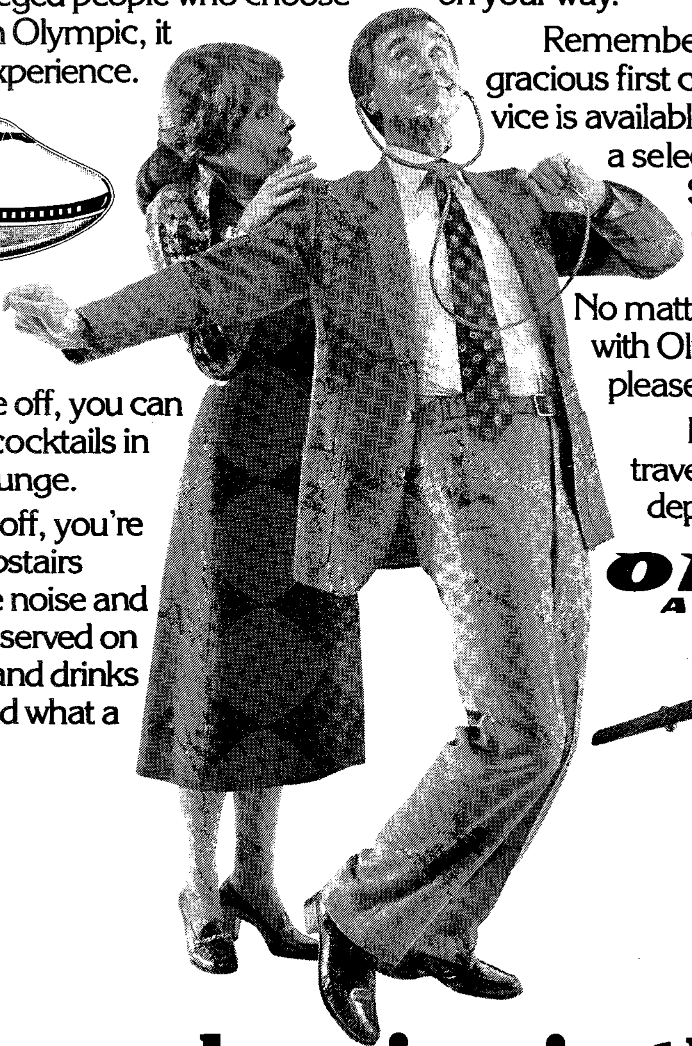

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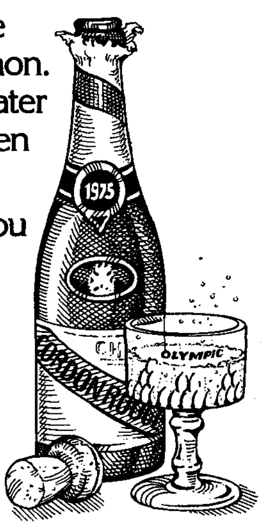

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gram, with guest performers. (Martin Luther King, Jr., High School, 122 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Sunday, May 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 568-8854.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, May 21-22; on Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, **JAKI BYARD,** the free and stride pianist, will turn up with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Trombonists **KAI WINDING** and **CURTIS FULLER,** who both like bebop a lot, play it with their more than willing quintet Tuesdays through Sundays. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. On Monday, May 24, singer Vea Williams will perform from nine-thirty to midnight, and a band called Providence will perform after midnight.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Thursday, May 20, pop-soul singer **CHUBBY CHECKER;** Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his orchestra; Sunday, May 23, singer **JOHN SEBASTIAN, NRBQ,** and the Whole Wheat Horns; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 25-26, the **ROCHES,** a harmonizing folk trio; Thursday, May 27, Jimmy Hall, Tom Nielsen, and the Parker Brothers band; *and Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, singer* Jon Lucien. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN** and bassist **RON MC CLURE** are on hand on Wednesday, May 19; pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a hard-bop composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane") and sideman and Ella's accompanist on and off for years, is here Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22; on Sunday, May 23, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will work with bassist **RED MITCHELL;** and on Monday, May 24, pianist **HANK JONES** will arrive to perform with Red Mitchell. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, *315 W. 46th St., near Eighth* Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from *carnaval.* Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays *fervent jazz disguised as hotel music* Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

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CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, May 19, the Young Weasels, Network, the Snapshots, and Buster & the Big Ideas; Thursday, May 20, the Undead; Friday, May 21, Chain Gang, the Cyclones, Let's Active, and Steve Almaa's Beat Rodeo; and Saturday, May 22, Urban Blight, Instant Music, and Neil Getz *& the Mumbos. Monday is showcase night.* Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

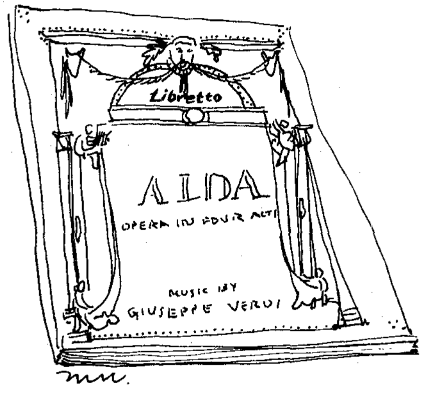
Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook as her backup team. Sundays through Tuesdays are the property of singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio. Sets begin nightly at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, *because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-*time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, May 19, Martyn Wyndham-Reade; Saturday, May 22, the Cranberry Lake Jug band; Sunday, May 23, guitarists Ian Buchanan, Bob Zaidman, and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, May 26, the New York Packet; and Saturday, May 29, the Lewis Brothers. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, May 23, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** will lead a quartet from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Conga wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** leads his Latin-jazz band through Sunday, May 23; on Tuesday, May 25, Michel Legrand, the Gallic Henry Mancini, will arrive with a quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, May 19, Scottish music by Silly Wizard; Thursday, May 20, Robin Flower; Friday, May 21, the **DANNY KALB** band; Saturday, May 22, Robin Williamson; Sunday, May 23, Andy Breckman, **ERIC ANDERSEN,** and Paula Lockheart; Tuesday, May 25, Jo Pacific and Bill Fern; and Wednesday, May 26, Hilary Morgan and Betsy Lippett. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.



Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, *turning a truck warehouse—which is* what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: Wednesday, May 19, singer Miles Jaye; Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22, singer Marion Cowings and a nine-piece backup band; Monday, May 24, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and trombonist **BENNY POWELL;** and on Tuesday, May 25, **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL—JACKIE & ROY** to their legions of fans—will move in. Sundays are the property of **TOP SHELF**—bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** saxophonist **JOHN STUBBLEFIELD,** baritone saxophonist and tuba-ist **HOWARD JOHNSON,** pianist **MICKEY TUCKER,** and percussionist **WARREN SMITH.** Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**ATTILA ZOLLER,** a lyrical guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, is now working with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** with vocals by Alicia Sherman, Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** plays stride piano and sings.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Pianist Mike Le Donne's trio is here through Saturday, May 22; on Tuesday, May 25, bassist **STEVE RHONE** will come in. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, from seven to eleven, are given over to pianist **NINA SHELDON.**

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DILL JONES** plays solo piano on Wednesday, May 19; Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22, have been set aside for stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD;** on Sunday and Monday, May 23-24, **RED RICHARDS** will man the keyboard; and on Tuesday, May 25, **DAVE MC KENNA,** a pumping, whirling pianist, will take charge. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to one. Chuck Folds is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs, Brazil nuts, and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, **SUN RA,** his **ARKESTRA,** and his dancers celebrate the dance music of Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson; on Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, bassist **SAHEB SARBIB** will arrive with his big band and dancers. Wednesdays (except May 19) belong to a group called Jersey Bounce. On Thursdays, the eight talented young musicians who make up the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—a tenor saxophonist-flutist, a trombonist, an electric guitarist, an electric bassist, a trap drummer, two additional drummers (one plays a Brazilian version of a tomtom, the other a Brazilian drum that looks like a portable kettledrum slung on a strap over his shoulder), and a flamboyant, Type A percussionist—assemble themselves on the bandstand. They light right into wild, swirling, manic sambas with such fervor that

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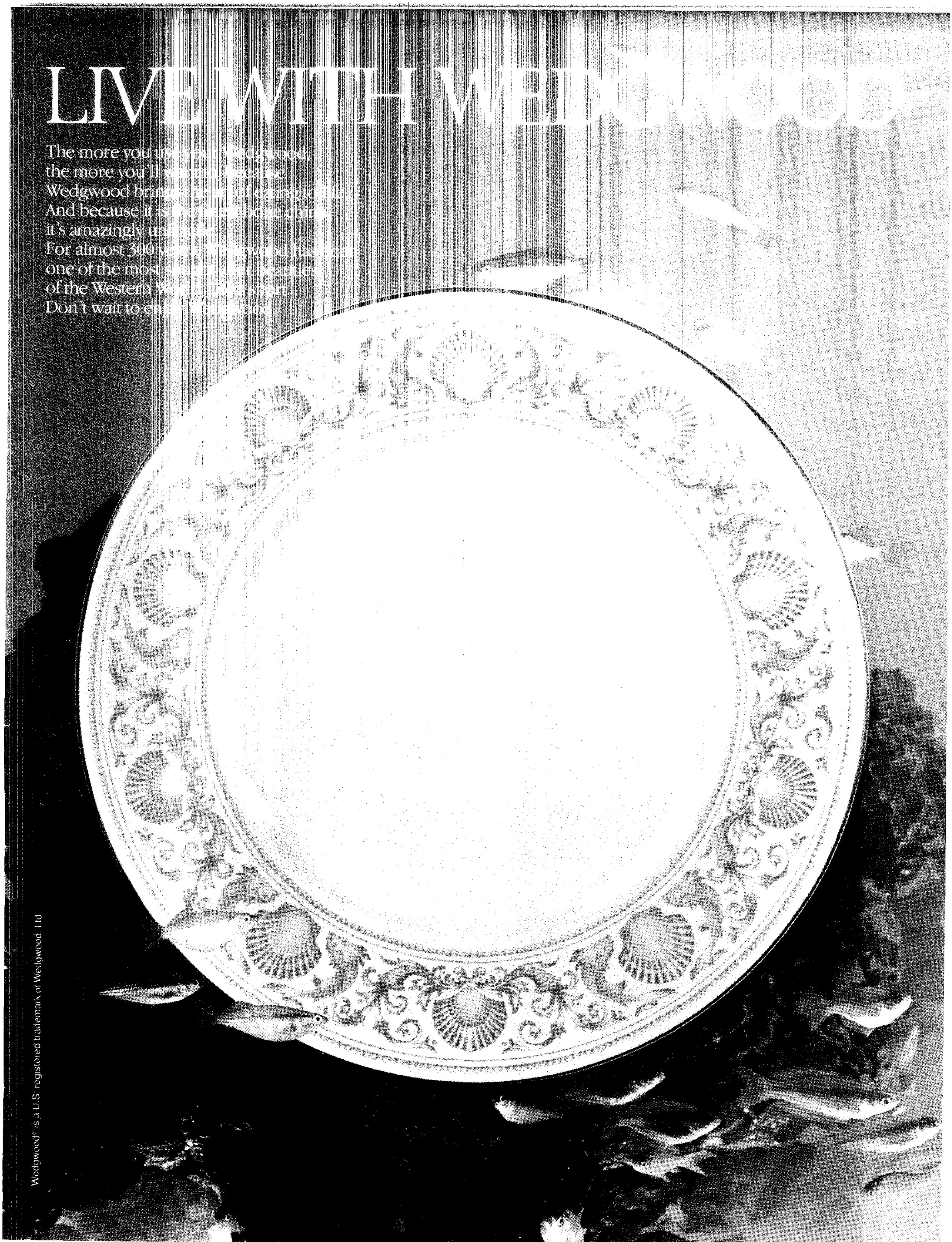

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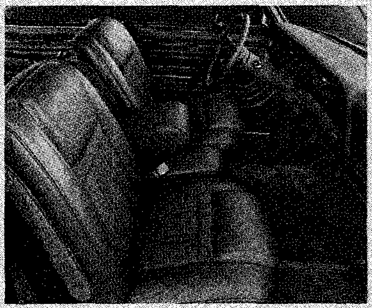

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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one might suspect they've just marched in a parade during *carnaval.* Music after eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs *another group of musical archivists from* eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. The listeners are taking in fine piano-bass teams: **LOU LEVY** and **BILL TAKAS** through Saturday, May 22; **JOHN HICKS** and **ART DAVIS** beginning Tuesday, May 25; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, May 19, **FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS,** a wonderfully crisp, energetic, and convincing Texas rock-blues quartet; Thursday, May 20, Wayne Massey; Monday, May 24, British folk-rockers Richard and Linda Thompson; and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 25-26, Soul Brother No. 1, **JAMES BROWN.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively. **SPHERE,** a quartet devoted to Thelonius Sphere Monk compositions and made up of pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** will be present through Sunday, May 23; and on Wednesday, May 26, **OLD & NEW DREAMS,** which features **DON CHERRY, CHARLIE HADEN, DEWEY REDMAN,** and **ED BLACKWELL,** will take over. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view of **JOE WILLIAMS,** whose six stunning, bluesy years with Count Basie in the late fifties and early sixties have not been forgotten. Today, Williams sings standards and ballads and only an occasional blues number, and he is an exciting (if a bit Vegasy) performer. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, May 19, Thom Rotella; Thursday, May 20, Wareika, a reggae group; Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA;** Monday, May 24, French Toast; Wednesday, May 26, Emilie Long; and Thursday, May 27, Billy Scott. On Sundays, **STRING FEVER,** a fourteen-piece string section plus drummer, plays swing music. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. The current roster: Wednesday, May 19, B. Willie Smith and the Jersey Bounce; Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22, Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter; Tuesday, May 25, Allen Harris; and Friday, May 28, Geoff Bradford, Marcos Estebez, Jeffrey Roy, and Rob Tomaro. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Satudays from six to ten.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Trumpeter **SY OLIVER** guides his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

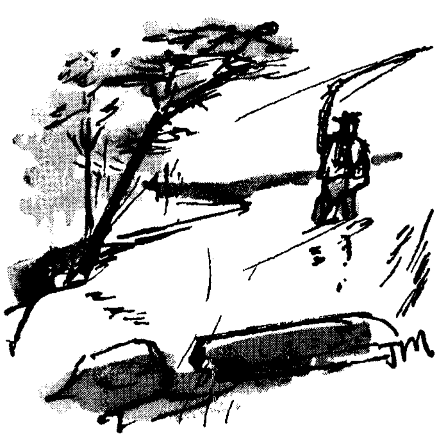
RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor. measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Thursday, May 20, Robert Gordon; Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, Huey Lewis & the News; Monday, May 24, the **UPTOWN HORNS;** Tuesday, May 25, the Sound and Armband; Wednesday, May 26, Nina Hagen; and Friday, May 28, Sparks. Shows usually after midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Frank Loesser is under way, with a cast comprised of Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on *the second floor:* Pianist and composer **CARLA BLEY** and her band through Sunday, May 23; on Monday, May 24, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, May 25, Craig Peyton; and Thursday through Sunday, May 27-30, a combo that will include drummer **LENNY WHITE,** trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** and pianist **CEDAR WALTON.** Music from nine-thirty.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, will belong to trumpeter **JACK WALRATH,** an old Mingus hand, *and his trio; on Friday and Saturday,* May 28-29, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will head up a trio. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** and alto saxophonist **CHRIS WOODS** co-pilot a jubilant hard-bop band through Saturday, May 22; Sunday and Monday, May 23-24, will be claimed by Lynn Welshman & the Tentet Jazz Band; and on Tuesday, May 25, saxophonist **SONNY STITT** will arrive with a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.



TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Singer-pianist **CHARLES BROWN** doesn't look anywhere near old enough to have had a hit record in 1945, but he is—the song was "Driftin' Blues," which he recorded as a member of the Three Blazers, a King Cole Trio-inspired L.A. trio. He sings a sophisticated, lounge variety of R. & B., but his piano playing is hot—laced with intense, drubbed, overkill blues chords. He is personable as all get out, and the trio that backs him (also called the Three Blazers) is a classic blues unit—guitar, organ, and drums—and features guitarist **BILLY BUTLER,** who recorded "Honky Tonk" with Bill Doggett in 1956 and who can still play beautiful sliding chords. Charles Brown (who dresses in a tux for the occasion) and the Three Blazers (they wear navy blazers) are here through Saturday, May 22. On Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, Ce Dell Davis, a slide guitarist from Lit*tle Rock, will be on hand.* On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from about nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, May 19, James Montgomery; Thursday, May 20, Joe Salvo and Doug Ashley; Friday, May 21, Amaranth and Boot Camp; Saturday, May 22, Sic F*cks and Gentz; Tuesday, May 25, Corps and Lama; Wednesday, May 26, Mink DeVille; Thursday, May 27, Wayne Kramer and Air Raid; and Friday, May 28, Relief. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the big, barnlike downstairs room is the site of salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on May 24, **HECTOR LAVOE** and his band and alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA'S** quintet, which features **DANIEL PONCE** and **HILTON RUIZ,** will perform, as will guest soloist **CANDIDO.** On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor in this, the most famous jazz club in the world. Taking a solo in front of a big band can be like riding a motor scooter just in front of a speeding *semi—it involves a lot of fiery* urgency. **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** who hasn't taken a tenor-sax solo in front of a big band regularly since the forties, mostly works with just a quartet, but he still plays with that same striking, fiery urgency. He's here leading his quartet through Sunday, May 23. On Tuesday, May 25, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** will bring in his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just *north of scores of meat-packing plants and* truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tim Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Veteran saxophonist **BENNY WATERS** winds up his visit on Saturday, May 22; on Sunday, May 23, guitarist **MIKE PETERS** will lead a hot-jazz group; Monday and Tuesday, May 24-25, will belong to saxophonist Percy France; and on Wednesday, May 26, tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** will take charge. Music every night from nine.

ZINNO, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, *you could find a speakeasy at this* address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the club is a sleek, spacious bar, restaurant, and musical passageway between them. Bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** perform swinging chamber jazz Mondays through Thursdays from nine-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. On Sundays, Gene Bertoncini plays solo guitar from six-thirty to eleven-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Paquito d'Rivera Quintet—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, May 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.

Jamaaladeen Tacuma & Jamaal—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, May 21, at 11.

Highlights in Jazz—Sylvia Syms, Johnny Hartman, Yolande Bavan, and Barbara Carroll. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, May 22, at 8.)

Yehoram Gaon and Hanna Aroni—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, May 22, at 9:30, and Sunday, May 23, at 2:30.

Andrew Cyrille, Jimmy Lyons, Joseph Jarman, and Don Moye—Public Theatre. Saturday, May 22, at 11.

Laurie Anderson—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, May 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Edwin Hawkins—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, May 28, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Tex Allen quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Billy Harper quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, starting at 2: A twelve-hour jazz marathon, sponsored by Jazz Interactions. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Kirchner nonet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Sonny Fortune quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Benefit Concert—Muhal Richard Abrams, Arthur Blythe, Oliver Lake, Max Roach, and others in a benefit to defray the medical expenses of saxophonist Julius Hemphill. (Public Theatre. Monday, May 24, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Massive barns, cell-like interiors, and portraits of women done in craypas and enamel. Through Saturday, May 29. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Small-scale stabiles, mobiles, and constructions. Also gouaches. Through June 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Roy Carruthers—Drawings, prints, and sculptures characterized by elongated figures and objects. Through Saturday, May 22. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Robert Cumming—Realist drawings in black and white, plus silhouettes and photographs. First one-man show in New York. Through June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—New sculptures, including colored-light works outlining figures from mythology. Through June 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Enrico Donati—Paintings in which abstract designs are incised into crusty, cementlike surfaces. Through June 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Juan Downey—A videotape nearly a half hour long (and shown continuously) and thirteen drawings, all referring to Velázquez's "Las Meninas" or "Rokeby Venus." Through June 5. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

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Carole Eisner—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, May 28. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Chaim Gross—Early and recent direct carvings in wood and stone. Through June 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Michael Heizer—Six sculptures, each divided into three separate units. Through June 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Jennine Hough—Oil paintings of imaginary landscapes filled with wildflowers. Through Friday, May 28. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Darryl Hughto—Abstract paintings distinguished by wide, contrived cracks in their thick acrylic surfaces, exposing the unprimed canvas below. Through Saturday, May 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Keith Jacobshagen—Midwestern vistas in which an urban skyline is visible on the far horizon, dwarfed by the towering expanse of sky overhead. Through June 2. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Drawings for an edition of "Moby Dick," lithographs, and wood engravings. Through Friday, May 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closes at 4:30.)

Sandra Mackintosh—Collages in which designs for elegant, useless machines are decorated with snippets of foreign moneys—Chinese, Greek, Vietnamese, Korean, Japanese, German. Through Saturday, May 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Francis Picabia (1879-1953)—A small show of paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, May 29. (Adler-Castillo, 58 E. 79th St.)

Tod Wizon—Highly colored semi-abstract paintings of landscapes. Through June 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Europeans (and the Americans Kline and Rothko) of this century and the nineteenth, including Cézanne, Ernst, and Matisse. Through June 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Watercolors by British artists (with the expatriate Benjamin West tucked in) from the eighteenth century to the twentieth: Turner, Sickert, Lear, and others. Through June 4. . . . **einstein,** 243 E. 82nd St.: Large-format drawings by Daniel Morper, Mary Joan Waid, Lucy Sallick, and others. Through Friday, May 28. . . . **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century Americans and Europeans, among them Agnes Martin, Balthus, and Jackson Pollock. Through June 3. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "New York Visionaries," paintings with similar themes by seven artists—Isaac Abrams, Linda Gardner, Carol Hertzer, Hanna Kay, Mati Klarwein, De Es Schwertberger, and Olga Spiegel. Through June 25. . . . **stone,** 48 E. 86th St.: Wayne Thiebaud (portraits and San Francisco landscapes), Gordon Cook (still-life paintings), and David Beck (a painted construction of a symphony orchestra, seen at eye level, which performs at the turn of a handle). Through Friday, May 28. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of nearly a hundred early-nineteenth-century French paintings and drawings. Both neoclassic and Romantic masters (David, Delacroix, and Ingres among them) are represented, as are some lesser-known artists (Fragonard's son and sister-in-law). Through Friday, May 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—At **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: A show of more than seventy-five American works, ranging from carved-pine representations of "Comedy" and "Tragedy" done in 1808 by William Rush to a 1938 model for a bronze outdoor sculpture by Paul Manship, and including works by Frederic Remington, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Elie Nadelman. Through June 4. . . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: Works in clay by East Coast artists—Mary Frank, Daisy Youngblood, *James Walsh, and others. Through June 1.*

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Elie Abrahami—Imaginative watercolors of, among other things, strange medieval fleets, by an Iranian who was educated while a prisoner in Israel and who now lives in Paris. Through June 2. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Pat Adams—Large, energetic abstractions, plus smaller works on paper in which bits of eggshell or ground glass or mica are incorporated. Through Saturday, May 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Abe Ajay—Constructions and related collages. Through Saturday, May 22. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Fernando Botero—Sculptures (bronze and painted epoxy) in a style very much in keeping with his paintings. Through Saturday, May 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—A selection of watercolors representing the seasons. Through June 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

David Cantine—Thirty-four small paintings of groups of discs, done in various acrylic colors on Masonite. Through June 5. (Kraushaar. 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Hundreds of fragments of urban debris—plastic toys, wheels, buckets, pieces of cement, bottles—neatly arranged on the floor or hung on the wall to form recognizable shapes, such as an axehead, an artist's palette, a color spectrum. Through June 3. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Crozier—Small paintings of flowering mullein and other aspects of the Virginia landscape. Through Saturday, May 29. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Alan D'Arcangelo / José de Rivera—Hard-edge paintings that emphasize the sky—as seen beyond the wingtip of a plane in flight, or scarred by contrails over an airport, or as the background for a study of gasoline tanks. / Three examples of his silvery whiplash sculptures. Through June 5. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anne Dunn—Colored-ink studies of flowers, seen in studio still-lifes and framing South-of-France landscapes. Through Friday, May 28 (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Large watercolors of flowers—water lilies, amaryllis, lotuses Through Friday, May 28. (Kornblee, 20 W 57th St.)

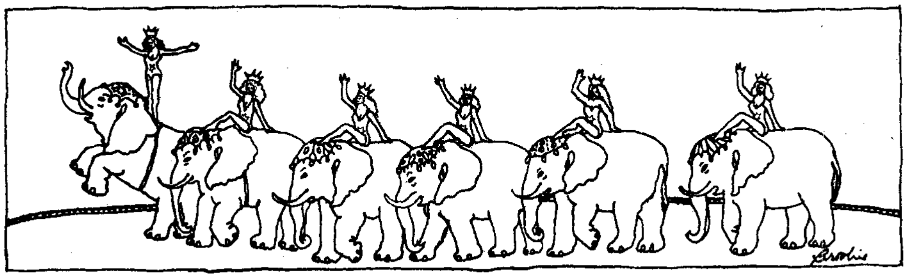
Ilse Getz—Collages, constructions, and paintings, mostly of window shutters or baroque doorways, inspired by the architecture o Key West and inland Connecticut. Through Friday, May 28. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gundelfinger—Large paintings of the woodlands around the Delaware Water Gap seen through a blue haze. Through Saturday May 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Hoyland—Recent abstract acrylics on canvas by a British artist. Through Saturday May 29. (Jacobson Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Irwin—Four paintings previously shown in the late sixties; also, two isometric drawings. Through June 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Wonsook Kim—Narrative and allegorical drawings (charcoal on canvas), painted boxes (con



taining drawings), and small oils on wood. Through June 9. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

ONG KINGMAN—Watercolors. Through June 4. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RED MEYER—A bronze of Fred Astaire in tails and other sculptures. Through Saturday, May 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

IZBETH MITTY—A sense of domesticity permeates the interiors painted by this young realist. Through June 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

OBERT MURRAY—The artist has coaxed various shades of blue from aluminum and bronze sculptures, with either a patina or a stain. Through Saturday, May 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

ALICE NEEL—Paintings (not one of them a portrait) from the past fifty years—still-lifes, cityscapes, landscapes, interiors. Through June 5. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ONA NELSON—Semi-abstract paintings, nearly all depicting the sea in various moods. Some are in oil on canvas and some in enamel on Masonite. Through Saturday, May 22. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

JOHN OBUCK—Three-dimensional works using canvas, wood, and Plexiglas. Through Saturday, May 22. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

BEVERLY PEPPER / KENNETH NOLAND—Sculptures in cast ductile metal; single shafts up to ten feet tall and smaller pieces. Through Saturday, May 22. / Monotypes with chevron patterns. Through Friday, May 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ARCHIE RAND / LEATRICE ROSE—Briskly painted figures, alone or in groups, nearly always with a musical instrument in the picture. / Works on paper, mostly of still-lifes in the kitchen. Through Wednesday, May 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

FELIX RUVOLO AND EMERSON WOELFFER—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties. Through June 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

MARTIN SCHONGAUER (1450-91)—Eighteen engravings. Through Friday, May 28. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

DON SHIELDS—Exuberant abstract paintings with figures discernible here and there. Through Saturday, May 22. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARIA SIMONDS-GOODING—Abstractions derived from primitive cultures and incised deeply into plaster-coated wooden panels. Through Saturday, May 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

ARRY SOVIAK—Bright watercolors with vases as the central motif, plus silhouettes of vases made of stainless steel and mounted on pedestals. Through Saturday, May 22. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

JAMES SURLS—Grotesque flowers, monsters, and approximately human figures constructed of twisted, sun-dried branches of wood. Through June 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

NTONI TÀPIES—Works on paper in mixed mediums by a Spanish abstractionist who often leans heavily on bright red and dead black. Through June 5. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

ICHAEL VIVO—Studies of soft-looking fabrics folded like towels, done with colored pencils. Through June 5. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

OM WESSELMANN—A coiled black leather belt, a sneaker, a snapshot of two girls, and a flower make up a mammoth still-life—nearly ten feet high and twenty feet long—which is among the new paintings in this exhibit. Through Saturday, May 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

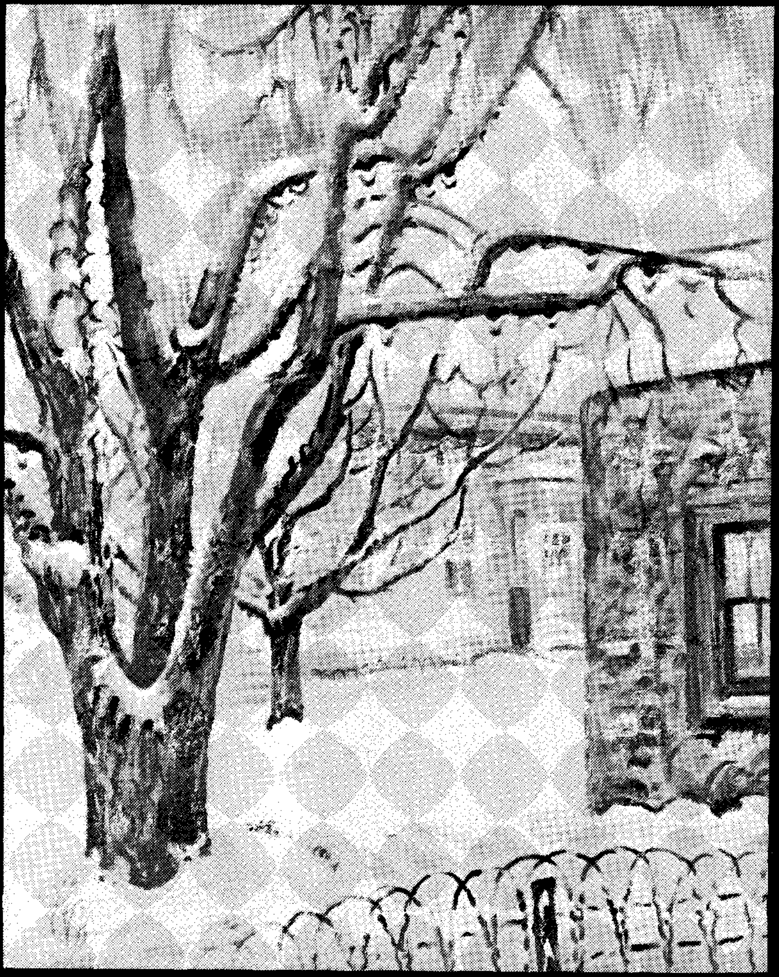
ROUP SHOWS—At **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: New work by Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Serra. Through June 12. . . . **SUMERS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Prints by sculptors, among them Archipenko, Maillol, Marini, and Rodin. Through June 18.

GALLERIES—SOHO

LLAN ADAMS / ARIE GALLES—A dozen small wooden tables supporting raw-wood carvings of everyday objects—a telephone, say, or a beer bottle, a folded cloth, a basket of fruit. / Latticelike constructions of lacquered aluminum strips that reflect soft-colored patterns on the white wall against which they hang. Through Saturday, May 22. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OHN ALTOON (1925-69) / **JANE ROSEN**—Drawings in abstract and figurative styles. / Figu-

Burchfield's Seasons
at Kennedy Galleries
to May 28



CHARLES E. BURCHFIELD (1893 - 1967)
Wet Snow and Ice watercolor, 38 x 30 inches
Signed lower left with monogram: "CEB/1947-55"
Illustrated exhibition catalogue, $15. Poster, $12.

"All weather is beautiful and full of powerful emotion. . . I am winter, cold buoyant winter, tonight, without a desire, happy only to be alive and have senses. . . the world is new - the first snowfall is always the first the world ever had. Such a love for the vastness of the sky and the cold wind filled me that I could hardly contain myself."
From the artist's journal

Kennedy Galleries
Exclusive representative of the Charles E. Burchfield Foundation
40 West 57th Street (5th Floor) New York 10019
212/541-9600 Monday-Friday 9:30-5:30

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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rative wall reliefs in mixed mediums. Through June 12. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Conrad Atkinson—Photographs, collages, and other works by a British polemist who addresses subjects such as nuclear power and pollution. Through June 5. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Richard Ballard—Large charcoal and oil drawings of odalisques; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 29. (Birksted, 152 Mercer St. Opens at 12:30 on Saturdays.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Two installations, each consisting of ten paintings and drawings; one set is devoted to a creek near Stony Point on the Hudson and the other to Saint Barts and the Caribbean Sea around it. Through June 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Beckett—Painted wall constructions and drawings. Through Saturday, May 22. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Luciano Castelli—Expressionist works by a Swiss-born artist, now working in Berlin. Through June 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Sari Dienes—Constructions, collages, and boxed assemblages using found objects. Through June 5. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Don Gummer—Wall reliefs. Through June 12. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ An outdoor sculpture will go on view at the Seagram Plaza (Park Ave. between 52nd and 53rd Sts.) starting Friday, May 21.

Alain Kirili—Tall, thin, hand-forged iron sculptures whose shapes convey a sense of movement. Through Saturday, May 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Norman Laliberté—Boxed collages and large wall hangings of painted unstretched canvas. Through May 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Charles Luce—Five sculptures, one a wall installation presenting a visual puzzle whose parts include a painted wall, words on canvas, an axe, a white dress shirt. For viewers who require additional background material, a reference library of working drawings is provided. Through Wednesday, May 26. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Knox Martin—New abstract works on paper. Through Wednesday, May 26. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Susan Michod—Large paintings reinforced by compatible tableaux on the floor in front of them—for example, a desert scene on canvas fronted by a three-dimensional field of cacti and snakes. Through Saturday, May 22. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Lois Polansky—Handmade-paper kimonos and fans, which are decorated with fresh-cut flowers inlaid in the paper while it is drying. Through June 9. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Sigmar Polke / William Wegman—Paintings done ten years ago by a German artist who was attracted to American themes like Spiderman and the Wild West. / Drawings and photographs which represent a sort of memorial to the artist's dog Man Ray, star of numerous videotapes, who died recently. Through June 2. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak—Paintings of house plants and landscapes. Through Wednesday, May 26. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Alan Saret—Sculptured tangles of wire, ranging from threads of nickel or copper to bulky lead cables, some of the pieces resembling tumbleweed and some of them hanging from the ceiling. Through Saturday, May 22. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Keith Sonnier—Sculptures. An operating pay phone and a television set are joined on aluminum posts in one of the electronic pieces. Bamboo works are in evidence also. Through Saturday, May 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Gary Stephan—Abstract paintings and sculptures. Through Wednesday, May 26. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Sullivan—Two large oils of cavorting dragons done in heavy impasto are prominent among the works in this show, which also includes figures and dogs. Through June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Christopher Wilmarth—Drawings in pastels and charcoal, paintings, and sculptures, plus a book of etchings, all inspired by poems of Mallarmé. Through Saturday, May 29. (Studio for the First Amendment, 144 Wooster St.)

Jack Youngerman—A two-gallery show of new sculptural wall pieces—brightly painted swirls of synthetic foam ranging from a couple of feet to twelve feet in diameter. The larger pieces are on view in the Washburn Gallery at 113 Greene Street, and the smaller ones at the uptown branch at 42 E. 57th Street. Through June 4.

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by twelve artists, two of whom (John Knecht and Sandra Moore) are showing drawings for animated films. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HUTCHINSON**, 138 Greene St.: Small-scale realist paintings by Sherman Drexler, Jim Richmond, and David Rohn. Through Saturday, May 29. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Two figurative paintings each (one from 1962 and one from 1982) by Sideo Fromboluti, Paul Georges, Lester Johnson, and Nicholas Marsicano. Through Wednesday, May 26. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Francis Cunningham—Paintings of figures, dated 1971-82, by a realist. Through Saturday, May 29. (New Brooklyn School Gallery, 13-15 Laight St., at Varick and Canal Sts. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays, at 11 Saturdays.)

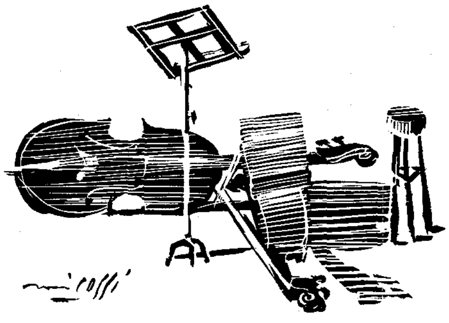
Sherron Francis—Paintings on clay. Through June 5. (Clayworks Studio Workshop, 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: The Whitney Downtown Museum has two shows here, one of eighteen drawings, paintings, and photographs that refer to movies, newspapers, or advertising. Artists include Thomas Lawson and Cindy Sherman. The other show consists of forty-one videotapes that use music. Through June 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: "John James Audubon & His Sons," a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints; some of them are by Audubon's associate Joseph Bartholomew Kidd. Through June 5. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; and Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Early works by five artists: Lynda Benglis, Joan Brown, Luis Jimenez, Gary Stephan, and Lawrence Weiner. Through June 3. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Thomas Barrow / Paul Berger—Manipulated prints, some incorporating stencilled phrases. / Recent works: related images cut from photographs and assembled together, as in a collage. Through Saturday, May 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roger Corbeau—Photographs taken on movie sets, 1932-82. Through June 25. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)



Roy DeCarava—A retrospective of photographs, some of which have been printed by him for the first time for this exhibit. Through June 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

David Heiden—Black-and-white prints of the Khao I Dang Holding Center for Kampucheans, in Thailand, where the photographer was a volunteer physician in the spring of 1980. Through June 15. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Daily, 9 to 5.)

Ezra Stoller—Photographs of the ancient temples of Angkor Wat and Bayon, taken when the photographer went to Cambodia in 1959. Through June 9. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Through Indian Eyes—The art of photography in India between 1850 and 1920 is surveyed in a show of more than a hundred and fifty hand-painted photographs that invite comparison and contrast to traditional Indian painting and to European photography (fifteen examples of each are offered) of the same period. Through July 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Forty-four watercolors and drawings of Boston Public Garden from the sketchbook of Maurice Prendergast, exhibited separately in their original sequence. . . . ¶ Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Through June 20. . . . ¶ A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through June 20. . . . ¶ The hundredth anniversary of George Bellows' birth is the occasion for a show of his lithographs (including many of the best-known boxing scenes), as well as a few paintings and drawings. Through July 4. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. . . . ¶ Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of the video artist Nam June Paik, whose latest piece consists of a pyramid of forty-eight television sets showing various Paik tapes. Through June 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings in which thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through July 11. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty figurative paintings from the past two decades by nearly two dozen artists—Arthur G. Dove, Alice Neel, Alfred Leslie, and David Salle among them. Through June 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty intaglio prints by Richard Diebenkorn, done from 1949 to 1980. Through June 6. . . . ¶ An installation combining paint and string on a gallery wall, by Patrick Ireland. Through July 5. . . . ¶ Alberto Burri's multipanelled abstract painting entitled "The Voyage." Through July 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of art works and manuscripts by new members of the Academy-Institute and by winners of honors and awards. Paintings by R. B. Kitaj, Philip Pearlstein, and others; books and manuscripts by Marguerite Yourcenar, Shirley Hazzard, and others. Starts Thursday, May 20. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings from the Yale University Art Gallery. The earliest piece, from the Shang dynasty, is a bronze pole top with two addorsed heads—one animal, one human. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of eleven Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through June 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of Americana and other items from the Library Company of Philadelphia, the oldest library collection in the United States. Among the offerings are Thomas Jefferson's own copy of his 1774 book "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," with the page turned to his handwritten notes; a draft of the Constitution, with notes in the hand of delegate John Dickinson; and an autograph manuscript of Dr. Benjamin Rush's "Lecture of Diseases of the Mind." Through June 17. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of works by Shikō Munakata (1903-75), whose set of twelve woodblock prints entitled "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha" is complemented by landscapes and calligraphy in ink. Through June 20. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The architecture of New York over the years is the subject of an exhibition of photographs, drawings, paintings, and prints. An 1885 watercolor study, by Jacob Wrey Mould, carries the title "The Central Park Lawn Tennis Club and Ladies Cottage." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show of American still-life paintings, 1801 to 1939, includes examples by Raphaelle Peale, Severin Roesen, William Michael Harnett, Charles Demuth, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through July 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Valerie Bechtol & Judith Keller (performance), Thursday, May 20, at 8:30; Michael Smith (performance), Thursday, May 27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Contemporary handmade books by East European artists, through June 19.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Steve Paxton (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 20-23, at 8:30; independent films (16mm and Super 8), Tuesday through Thursday, May 25-27, at 7:30 and 9:30 (different shows) and Thursday, May 27, at 11 P.M. (just Super 8); Juan Downey (video), Saturday, May 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of monochromatic drawings by Mark Innerst, through Saturday, May 29.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show, entitled "Space Invaders," consists of eight large-scale installations. Through May 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

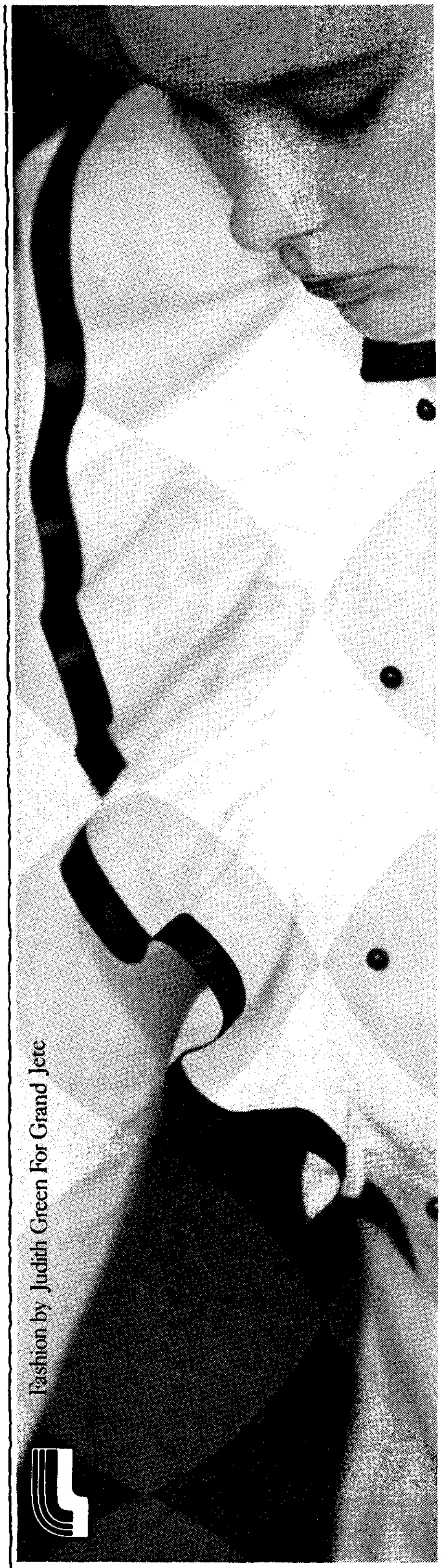
Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. 288-1485. Wednesday, May 19, and Friday, May 21, at 8; and Sunday, May 23, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The opening performances of the "Mozart & Stravinsky Festival," a series of twelve concerts presented through Friday, June 18. Wednesday, May 26, and Saturday, May 29: Rafael Kubelik directing, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; John Paul Bogart, bass; Yefim Bronfman, Stephanie Brown, Paul Jacobs, and Ken Noda, all piano; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27: Zubin Mehta conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 28: Zubin Mehta conducting, with Ken Noda, piano. (Evenings at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Wednesday, May 19, at 8, a Debussy-Saint-Saëns-Berlioz program, with Israela Margalit, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8, an all-Dvořák program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8, a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Hildegard Behrens, soprano; Dunja Vejzovic, mezzo-soprano; Peter Dvorsky, tenor; John Paul Bogart, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus.

Little Orchestra Society and the Orpheon Chorale—Dino Anagnost directing a benefit program of English music, with Gene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Boucher, baritone, and Janet Hill, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 19, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting a Wagner-Schuman-Tchaikovsky program, with Ruben Gonzalez, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 23, at 3.)

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Zubin Mehta conducting. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Sunday, May 23, at 8, a Mozart-Mahler program, with Uri Pianka, violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 26, at 8, a Schidlowsky-Verdi-Mahler program, with Leontyne Price, soprano.

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra—George Manahan conducting an all-Gershwin program, with the Marian McPartland trio. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

Violincello Society—A benefit program of six compositions written for the cello alone and for cello and other instruments, conducted, in part, by Mstislav Rostropovich. Thirty-two cellists will perform a Bach work. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 23, at 8.)

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph directing the second of two performances of a Bruckner-Mozart-Beethoven program, with Eleonor Bergquist, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; James Courtney, bass; and the Oratorio Society of New York. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, May 24, at 8.)

Concert Royal—James Richman directing Monteverdi's opera "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," in concert form, with Ann Monoyios and Johana Arnold, sopranos; Drew Minter, countertenor; Wilbur Pauley, bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 28, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth and Dennis Williams directing. (Broadway Presbyterian Church, Broadway at 114th St. Wednesday, May 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Berlioz' Requiem—Richard Westenburg directing a hundred-voice choir, with Vinson Cole, tenor. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 23, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 20, and Tuesday, May 25, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—A program of music by Berio, Doniger, Fennelly, Lieberman, and others, performed by Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; James Primosch, piano; Clifton Hardison, percussion; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, May 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

Seta Karakashian von Bartesch—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with six guest instrumentalists. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, May 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

Emanuel Ax and Yoko Ax—In a program of music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 22, at 8.)

Manhattan String Quartet and Musica Reservata—A joint concert, presenting a program that will include Beethoven's "Elegischer Gesang." (Universalist Church of New York, Central Park West at 76th St. Saturday, May 22, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chinese Music Ensemble of New York—A program of traditional and contemporary Chinese music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 22, at 9.)

Amici Cantanti—A twenty-two member early-music ensemble. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Sunday, May 23, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Harmonie Ensemble—Steven Richman conducting. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 24, at 8.)

Mara Miropolskaya—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 25, at 2.)

Susan Jolles—Harp. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, May 25, at 2.)

Palma Toscani—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 25, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 25, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 26, at 8.)

Raymond Dudley—Fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 26, at 8.)

Tanya Remenikova—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 27, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, in an all-Joaquín Turina program, with David Garvey, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Homage to Emily Dickinson—A program of solo, ensemble, choral, and danced settings of the poet's work. Seven composers are represented. The performers include Catherine Aks and Cynthia Richards Hewes, sopranos; Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Constantine Cassolas and Paul Sperry, tenors; the West Side Madrigalists; and the Felice Lesser Dance Theatre. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

Festival of Music by Black Composers—A program of vocal and instrumental music by black composers from the eighteenth century to the present, performed by Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; Alpha Floyd, soprano; Benjamin Matthews, baritone; Lionel Stubblefield, tenor; the Chelsea Ensemble; and the St. Thomas Singers. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Saturday, May 22, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

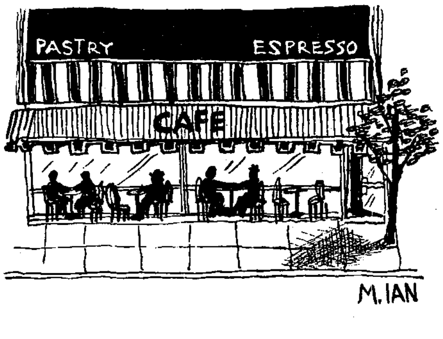
Cornelius Cardew Memorial—A benefit concert of works by the late British composer, performed by twenty-five musicians, among them Ursula Oppens, Frederic Rzewski, and John Tilbury, all piano, and David Behrman, synthesizer. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, May 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 925-3615.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, May 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Houston, Friday, May 28, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 29, at 7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, May 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Toronto, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 25-26, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets (a benefit exhibition game), Thursday, May 27, at 7.

Bicycling—A twenty-four-hour marathon around Central Park, sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company, will get under way at noon on Saturday, May 29, near the Tavern-on-the-Green. It will finish at the same spot however many huffs and puffs later.

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, May 19, through Monday, Aug. 2. The Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 19; the Acorn, Saturday, May 22; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 23; the Flash, Wednesday, May 26; and the Red Smith Handicap, Saturday, May 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, from Thursday, May 27, through Saturday, Sept. 4.



Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Sunday, May 23, at 2:30: Cosmos vs. Fort Lauderdale. . . . ¶ Two games in the Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup series. Wednesday, May 26, at 7: Cosmos vs. Napoli of Italy. . . . Saturday, May 29, at 1:30: Cosmos vs. Club Nacional of Uruguay. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Miroslav Holub reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, May 19, at 8.) . . . ¶ Maxine Kumin reading from her own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, May 20, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Bill Knott and Ginny MacKenzie reading from their own works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. Monday, May 24, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.) . . . ¶ Galway Kinnell reading from his latest book of poems. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, May 25, at 7:30.)

Lecture—Bobby Short speaking about jazz singer Ivie Anderson. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, May 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the lecture.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of the Chelsea district, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 23, starting at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 1:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, May 20, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 7: Modern and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-4781. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, immediately following the above sale: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 2: Modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 2: Bronzes by Auguste Rodin. . . . ¶ Monday, May 24, at 2, photographs by Eugène Atget, and at 7, photographs from the collection of Robert Mapplethorpe; and Tuesday, May 25, at 2, more photographs. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, May 21. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, May 19, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental miniatures and manuscripts and Islamic works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 19-20, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 2, and Saturday, May 22, at 10:15 and 2: European works of art, as well as armor, furniture, and tapestries. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 19, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 2: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 10: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 2: Musical manuscripts, autograph letters, and books. Exhibition by appointment only; for information, call 546-1195. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 1:30: Art Deco bronzes. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 22. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, immediately following the above sale: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 22. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, May 22, at 10, books, bibliography, and autographs, and at 2, photographs.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 23: "La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper;" 1962; directed by Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).
From May 25: "Iracema" (1975; Jorge Bodanzky and Orlando Senna) and "Jari" (1980; Jorge Bodanzky and Wolf Gauer), both films from Brazil, in Portuguese. Mr. Bodanzky will be present on Thursday, May 27, at 9.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 20: "Missing" (†) and "The Elephant Man" (†).
May 21-27: "On Golden Pond" (†) and "Coal Miner's Daughter" (†).
From May 28: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 20: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
From May 21: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 20: "The House Where Evil Dwells" (Kevin Connor), with Edward Albert and Susan George.
May 21-27: To be announced.
From May 28: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through May 20: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates. From May 21: "Annie" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 2: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.
Theatre 3: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 20: "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" (†).
May 21-27: To be announced.
From May 28: "Rocky III" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 20: "Memoirs of a French Whore" (1979; Daniel Duval), with Miou-Miou and Maria Schneider. X-rated.
May 21-27: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jerckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.
From May 28: "Maya" (August Augustsson), with Berta Dominguez D.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 20: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.
From May 21: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 27: "The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.
From May 28: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 27: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From May 28: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 27: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga. From May 28: "The Escape Artist" (Caleb Deschanel), with Griffin O'Neal and Raul Julia.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 26: "Deathtrap" (†).
From May 27: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 27: "Too Far to Go" (Fielder Cook), with Michael Moriarty and Blythe Danner. From May 28: "Rocky III" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.
Theatre 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through May 20: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
From May 21: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 20: "On Golden Pond" (†).
From May 21: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 20: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.
From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 20: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt. From May 21: "Annie" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Super Fuzz" (Sergio Corbucci), with Terence Hill and Ernest Borgnine. From May 21: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 20: "The House Where Evil Dwells" (Kevin Connor), with Edward Albert and Susan George.
From May 21: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Eijanaika" (directed by Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Shigeru Izumiya.
Theatre 2: May 19: "Xala" (1975; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film, in French); and "Vidas Secas" (Nelson Pereira dos Santos). May 20-22: "Effi Briest" (†) and "A Free Woman" (†). May 23-24: "Contract" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish); and "Innocence Unprotected" (†). May 25-26: "Cousin Angelica" (†); and "Boy" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). May 27-29: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira; and "Stroszek" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Theatre 2: "Quest for Fire" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through May 20: "Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers. From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
Theatre 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: "Conan the Barbarian."
Theatre 3: "Conan the Barbarian."
Theatre 4: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
May 19: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish).
May 20: "Ashes and Diamonds" (†); and "Who Has Seen the Wind" (1977; Allan King; a Canadian film), with José Ferrer.
From May 21: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 20: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From May 21: "Let There Be Rock" (Eric Dionysius and Eric Mistler), with AC/DC.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 20: "Missing" (†).
From May 21: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Smash Palace" (Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quest for Fire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 25: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici. From May 26: "Gregory's Girl". (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Marianne and Juliane" (Marga-

rethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe.

Theatre 2: "The Vulture" (Yaky Yosha; in Hebrew).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Theatre 2: Through May 20: "A Slap in the Face" (Genrikh Malyan; a Russian film, in Armenian). From May 21: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through May 20: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren. From May 21: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1975; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D. From May 21: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through May 20: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates. From May 21: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through May 20: "Super Fuzz" (Sergio Corbucci), with Terence Hill and Ernest Borgnine. From May 21: To be announced.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through May 20: "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" (†). From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†). From May 21: To be announced.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through May 20: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 21: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

Theatre 2: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 3: "Conan the Barbarian."

Theatre 4: Through May 20: "Conan the Barbarian." From May 21: "Arthur" (†) and "Body Heat" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through May 27: "The Amateur" (directed by Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer. From May 28 (tentative): "Quest for Fire" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" (†). May 21-27: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns. From May 28: "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "Mother's Day" (1980; Charles Kaufman), with Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce.

Theatre 3: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.

Theatre 4: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.

Theatre 5: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Theatre 6: Through May 20: "On Golden Pond" (†). From May 21: "Arthur" (†) and "Body Heat" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through May 20: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

From May 21: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†). From May 21: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

Theatre 3: Through May 20: "Silent Rage" (Michael Miller), with Chuck Norris; and "Game of Death" (1979; Robert Clouse), with Bruce Lee, Gig Young, Dean Jagger, and Colleen Camp. From May 21: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

Theatre 4: "Reds" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

May 19: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

May 20: Theatre closed.

From May 21: "Annie" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Carol Burnett.

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LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through May 20: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt. From May 21: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone.

Theatre 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through May 20: "Super Fuzz" (Sergio Corbucci), with Terence Hill and Ernest Borgnine.

From May 21: To be announced.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through May 20: "The Nesting," with Robin Graves.

From May 21: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Conan the Barbarian." From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

Theatre 2: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The House Where Evil Dwells" (Kevin Connor), with Edward Albert and Susan George.

Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

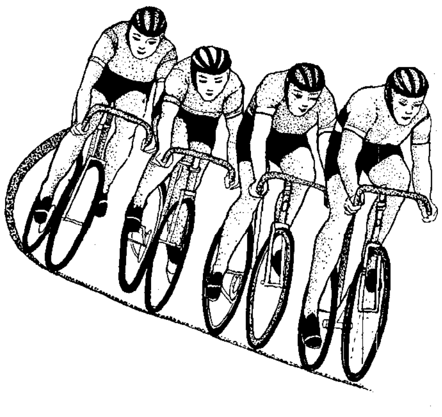
"Race d'Ep (Homosexual Century)" (1979; directed by Lionel Soukaz and Guy Hocquenghem).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

May 19: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "La Femme Infidèle" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet.

May 20: "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best; and "The Criminal" ("The Concrete Jungle;" 1960; Joseph Losey), with Stanley Baker and Sam Wanamaker.

May 21-22: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "I Vitelloni" ("The Young and the Passionate;" 1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi.



May 23: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968; Robert Ellis Miller), with Alan Arkin.

May 24: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

May 25-26: "Under the Flag of the Rising Sun" (1971; Kenji Fukasaku; in Japanese); and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

May 27: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Michel Piccoli.

May 28-29: "Escape from New York" (1981; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef; and "The Howling" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through May 20: "As If It Were Yesterday" (1982; Myriam Abramowicz and Esther Hoffenberg), a documentary.

May 21-22: "The Mackintosh Man" (1973; John Huston), with Paul Newman, Dominique Sanda, James Mason, Harry Andrews, and Ian Bannen; and "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" (1972; John Huston), with Paul Newman.

May 23: "Exodus" (†).

May 24: "Cheyenne Autumn" (†).

May 25-26: "Just Before Nightfall" (†); and "This Man Must Die" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Michel Dushaussoy and Jean Yanne.

May 27-29: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, Julie Harris, and Robert Forster.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 20: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

May 21-22: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

May 23-25: "Pixote" (†) and "Memories of Underdevelopment" (†).

May 26-27: "What's New Pussycat?" (†); and "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin.

May 28-29: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 20: "The Fox" (1968; Mark Rydell), with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood; and "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; Radley Metzger; in French), with Essy Persson and Anna Gael.

May 21-22: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder.

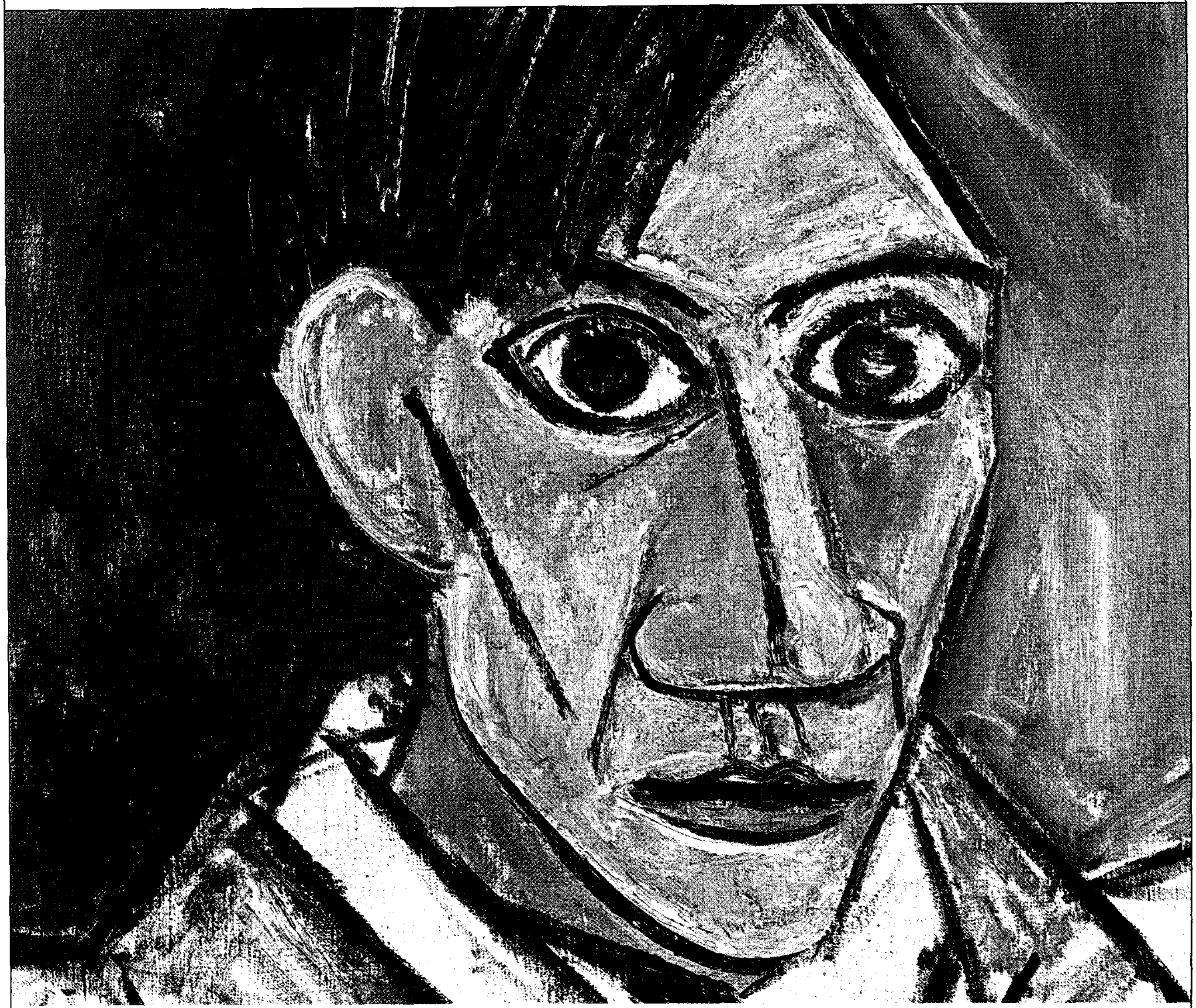
May 23-24: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "The Group" (†).

May 25: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

May 26-27: "Caged" (1950; John Cromwell), with Eleanor Parker and Agnes Moorehead; and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.

May 28-29: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Cur-

TIME



The Prague National Gallery

20th Century Man.

Modernism is our institutional culture, and Picasso is one of its Old Masters; 20th-century art is unimaginable without him.

TIME Magazine's commitment to the instructive role of journalism was seldom so taxed as in dealing with Picasso. He is a paradox: the Old Master of modern painting; the hero of a spectacularly successful exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art. His name is familiar to cognoscenti and laymen alike.

But he remains for many a perfect enigma, the man who unaccountably gives faces more than the usual complement of noses.

Difficult as it is to explain Picasso in all his variety, TIME did it with characteristic panache, accuracy, economy, and with a sharp eye for the memorable detail, to show how Picasso's individualism, his immense self-confidence, and his aptitude for translating feeling into meaning, helped make him the preeminent 20th-century artist.

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TIME

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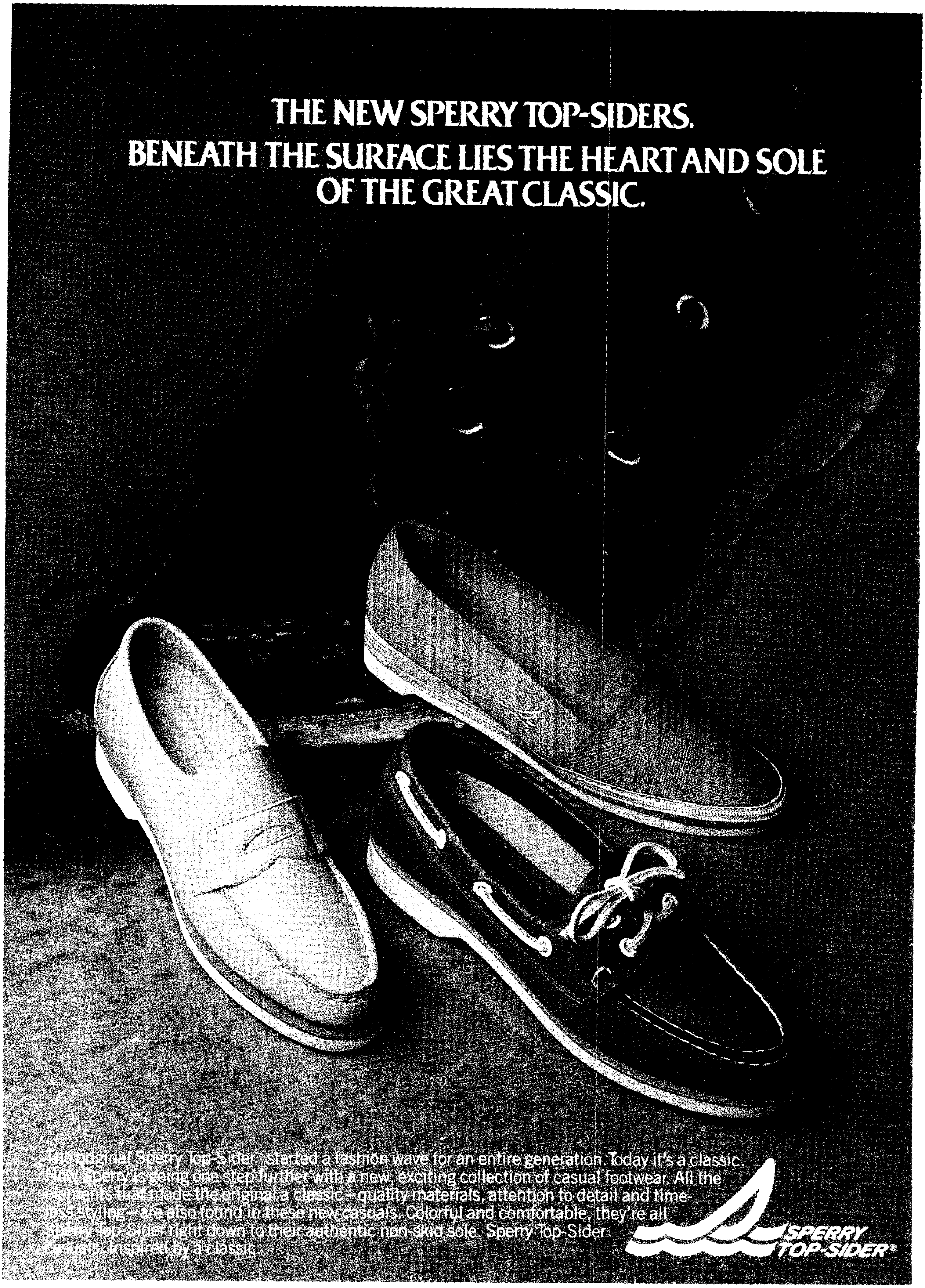THE NEW SPERRY TOP-SIDERS.
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tis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway, Gene Hackman, and Estelle Parsons.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 22: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

May 23-25: "8½" (†); and "I Vitelloni" ("The Young and the Passionate;" 1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi.

May 26-29: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 22: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Alan Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "Man with Bogart's Face" ("Sam Marlow, Private Eye;" 1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michele Phillips, and Olivia Hussey.

May 23-25: "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "Gypsy" (1962; Mervyn LeRoy), with Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood, and Karl Malden.

May 26-29: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 19: "Mother Wore Tights" (1947; Walter Lang), with Betty Grable and Dan Dailey; and "With a Song in My Heart" (1952; Walter Lang), with Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, and Thelma Ritter.

May 20-22: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake; and "I Was a Male War Bride" (1949; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan.

May 23-24: "The Robe" (1953; Henry Koster), with Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, and Michael Rennie; and "The Black Rose" (1950; Henry Hathaway), with Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, and Cecile Aubry.

May 25-26: "Pickup on South Street" (†) and "Kiss of Death" (†).

May 27-29: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954; Walter Lang), with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, and Carmen Miranda.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 19: "The Betsy" (1978; Daniel Petrie), with Laurence Olivier, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, and Tommy Lee Jones; and "I Stand Condemned" (1936; Anthony Asquith), with Harry Baur and Laurence Olivier.

May 20: "My Name Is Julia Ross" (1945; Joseph H. Lewis), with Nina Foch, George Macready, and Dame May Whitty; "So Dark the Night" (1947; Joseph H. Lewis), with Steven Geray, Ann Codee, and Micheline Cheirel; and "Guest in the House" (1945; John Brahm), with Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy.

May 21-22: "Camouflage" (1977; Krzysztoff Zanussi; in Polish); and "Story of Sin" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in Polish).

May 23: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "A Brief Vacation" (1973; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenaud.

May 24: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi; and "Submarine" (1928; Frank Capra), with Richard Dix and Dolores Del Rio.

May 25: "Cat and Mouse" (†) and "Marry Me! Marry Me!" (†).

May 26: "A Taste of Honey" (†) and "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" (†).

May 27: "99 River Street" (1953; Phil Karlson), with John Payne and Evelyn Keyes; "The Phenix City Story" (1955; Phil Karlson), with John McIntire, Richard Kiley, and Kathryn Grant; and "He Walked by Night" (1949; Anthony Mann and Alfred Werker), with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady.

May 28-29: "Tora-San's Dream of Spring" (1979; in Japanese); and "Foster Daddy Tora" (1980; in Japanese).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 19: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938; William Nigh), with Boris Karloff and Grant Withers.

May 20: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Klute" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.

May 21-22: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

May 23: "Modern Times" (1936) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

May 24: "The Stranger" (†) and "The Conformist" (†).

May 25: "Le Corbeau" (†); and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

May 26: "White Heat" (†); and "The Public Enemy" (1931; William Wellman), with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke.

May 27: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

May 28-29: "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" (1936; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as the detective; and "Castle in Desert" (1942; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the scrpt); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting May 21.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Guild; May 20.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice to him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father, Michel Auclair as the brother, and Mila Parély as a sister. Alekan was the cinematographer; Georges Auric wrote the score; Bérard did the décor and costumes. (A running account of the making of the picture—anxieties, physical ailments, mistakes and all—is given in Cocteau's entertaining 1950 book "Diary of a Film.") In French. (Guild; May 19.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue. He poses Turner as a torrid number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting May 21.)

Cat and Mouse (1978)—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. His attempts at being keen-eyed are rather slothful, for what he really wants to be is a novelist. The film is spoiled by a moony benevolence. In French. (Thalia; May 25.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

Cheyenne Autumn (1964)—A great big (159 minutes) John Ford epic that failed. The intended subject was the tragic destruction—from without and from within—of the Cheyenne Nation, but what one sees is tacky, broad, and obvious. The cast includes Richard Widmark, James Stewart (as Wyatt Earp), Edward G. Robinson (as the Secretary of the Interior), Carroll Baker (as a Quaker schoolteacher!), Sal Mineo, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Montalban, Gilbert Roland, Karl Malden, Arthur Kennedy, Victor Jory, John Carradine, and many other well-known performers—none of them at their best. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 24.)

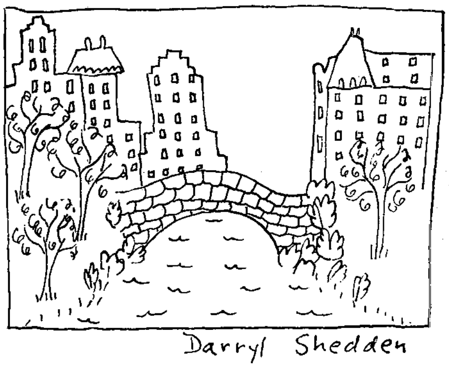
Coal Miner's Daughter (1980)—You don't have to love country music in order to have a *mighty good time* at this heartening, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (St. Marks Cinema; May 21-27.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. It's set principally in 1938. Bertolucci's view isn't so much a reconstruction of the past as an infusion from it. He brought together the décor and architecture surviving from that modernistic period and gave it all unity. Jean-Louis Trintignant, who conveys the mechanisms of thought through tension, the way Bogart did, is the aristocratic Fascist—an intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he cares about because he wants the safety of normality. Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. The film succeeds least with its psychosexual approach to the Fascist protagonist, but if the ideas don't touch the imagination, the film's sensuous texture does. It's a triumph of feeling and of style—lyrical, flowing velvety style, so operatic that you come away with sequences in your head like arias. With Pierre Clémenti as the chauffeur, Gastone Moschin as Manganiello, and Enzo Tarascio as the anti-Fascist professor (who resembles Godard). Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 24.)

Le Corbeau (1943; "The Raven")—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. At the time, the depravity and political corruption revealed in this slice of provincial life were nastily shocking; there's not a likable person in the entire film, and because it was released during the Occupation it was thought to serve the interests of the Nazis. When France was liberated, both Clouzot and the picture's star, Pierre Fresnay, were accused of unpatriotic activity. With Ginette Leclerc as the lame girl. (Remade in 1951, by Otto Preminger, as "The 13th Letter.") In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 25.)

Cousin Angelica (1974)—Carlos Saura's wonderful picture is the first film made in Spain from the position of the people who lost the Civil War. It happens in two interwoven epochs: the outbreak of the war and the seventies. José Luis López Vázquez plays both a boy and a middle-aged man. His beloved is Angelica (María Clara Fernández), first seen (in 1938) as a little girl in a sailor suit who is the child of Francoist parents, later (in the seventies) as a daughter of the original Angelica. Happiness billows through this picture. In Spanish. (Film Forum; May 25-26.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. With Scott Reiniger, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross, and David Emge. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (5/18/81) (Criterion Theatres; starting May 28.)



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Deathtrap—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. A once successful playwright (Michael Caine), who specializes in thrillers, plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." The director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version of Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (D. W. Griffith; through May 26.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Coronet.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Effi Briest (1974)—The most polished of all the films by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi is played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's phenomenal acting troupe. Here she plays a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife edge (Wolfgang Schenck). After Effi has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that the baron would have done better to have married her mother, whom he courted "twenty years ago." Not much of a start for a teen-ager. Fassbinder has an interesting attitude toward Effi, whose beauty and vivacity he communicates, but he also knows that she is ambitious in puny ways that run along the track of Prussian convention. In German. (Film Forum; May 20-22.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical phantasmagoria. Guido (Marcello Mastroianni), the director hero, is the center of the film's universe, the creator on whose word everything waits, the man sought after by everyone. He can do anything, and the possibilities confuse him. Just as "La Dolce Vita" confirmed popular suspicions about the depravity of the rich and gifted, "8½" confirms the popular view of the life of a *successful* genius. We see Guido's conflicts between his love for his wife, his desire for his mistress, his ideal of innocence, and his dreams of a harem, and we are given to understand that he must come to grips with himself as a precondition to "creation." The multi-ringed circus of "8½" is such a luxuriously externalized version of an artist's inner life that it's more like the fantasy of someone who wishes that he were a movie director—someone who has soaked up those movie versions of an artist's life, in which in the midst of a carnival or a ball the hero receives inspiration and dashes away to transmute life into art. It's a de-luxe glorification of creative crisis, visually arresting (the dark and light contrasts are extraordinary, magical) but in some essential way it's conventional-minded. The cast includes Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, Rossella Falk, Barbara Steele, Madeleine Lebeau, Guido Alberti as the producer, Jean Rougeul as the critic, Annibale Ninchi as Guido's father, and Edra Gale as La Saraghina. The cinematography is by Gianni Di Venanzo; the score is by Nino Rota; the script is by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, and others. In Italian. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 23-25.)

The Elephant Man (1980)—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. There's something indefinably erotic going on here, it's submerged in the film's rhythm and in the director's whole way of seeing. Scene by scene, you don't know what to expect; you're seeing something new—subconscious material stirring within the format of a conventional narrative. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 20.)

Exodus (1960)—Otto Preminger's painstaking reverence for the Leon Uris best-seller about the struggles among the Arabs, Jews, and British that accompanied the birth of Israel, in 1948, results in a film that runs three hours and forty-five minutes. He permits nearly everyone in the large cast to state his political convictions before and after each new turn of events, and the result is an awesome talkfest. The camera picks up a group of actors descending a stairway, trails them across a courtyard or around a corner, and follows them as they mount other stairs, penetrate a corridor, and arrive at a door. (There are more doors in "Exodus" than in the Waldorf-Astoria.) The door opens, a hand beckons, and the visitors file in silently. Oh boy, something is about to happen! But no; the talkers have gathered only to indulge again in their favorite pastime. With Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Sal Mineo, Lee J. Cobb, Hugh Griffith, Gregory Ratoff, Felix Aylmer, and David Opatoshu. Dalton Trumbo's script makes the various factions seem so reasonable that a viewer may begin to wonder why all the problems of the Middle East weren't settled over a glass of tea. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 23.)

A Free Woman (1974)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless," this film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (Film Forum; May 20-22.)

The Group (1966)—Sidney Lumet turns Mary McCarthy's novel about the Vassar girls of '33 into a carelessly busy, likable, energetic film. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Elizabeth Hartman, Candice Bergen, Kathleen Widdoes, Mary-Robin Redd, Carrie Nye, James Broderick, Larry Hagman, Richard Mulligan, Robert Emhardt, and Hal Holbrook. The script is by Sidney Buchman; cinematography by Boris Kaufman. (8th St. Playhouse; May 23-24.)

The Howling (1981)—This werewolves-in-California movie has a spoofy erotic tone and isn't afraid of being silly—which is its chief charm. The director, Joe Dante, seems a mixture—in just about equal parts—of talent, amateurishness, style, and flake. You're entertained continuously, though you don't feel the queasy, childish dread that is part of the dirty kick of the horror genre. There are no embarrassments in the cast, which includes Patrick Macnee as a plump, bland psychiatrist; Dee Wallace as a pretty blond TV newscaster; Dick Miller as a gabby bookshop owner; Elisabeth Brooks as a fiery slut; and Christopher Stone, John Carradine, Kevin McCarthy, Slim Pickens, and Dennis Dugan. When the characters turn into werewolves they transform on camera: you see the stages they go through—growing fur and fangs, their chests expanding and their teeth yellowing—and you see each long snout shoot out of the face like a locomotive. It's a funny, elegant effect, devised by Rob Bottin. John Sayles, who rewrote the Terence H. Winkless script (based on the novel by Gary Brandner), appears as an attendant at the morgue; Roger Corman, for whom Dante, Sayles, Bottin, and the editor, Mark Goldblatt, all worked together on the 1978 "Piranha," turns up waiting outside a phone booth. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 28-29.)

Innocence Unprotected (1968)—A tricky and sophisticated Yugoslavian film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—an underground melodrama made in 1942 and featuring an acrobat—by bringing the characters up to date. (Film Forum; May 23-24.)

Just Before Nightfall (1971)—Claude Chabrol's mask of prankish cynicism may be one of the most foxing visages in modern cinema. This film, written by him from a novel by Edouard Atiyah, is ostensibly about a sadomasochist killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' own wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 25-26.)

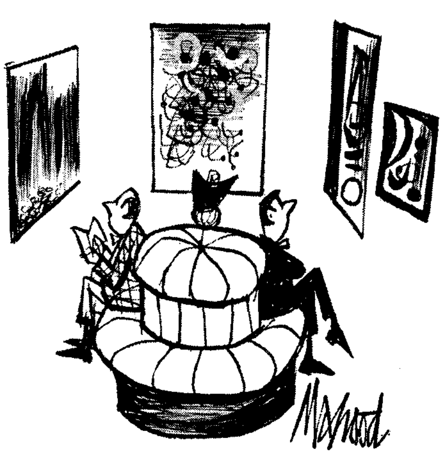
Kiss of Death (1947)—A tense, terrifying New York crime melodrama, with an unusually authentic seamy atmosphere; the director, Henry Hathaway, brought his crew in from Hollywood and shot the entire film on location, in such places as a Harlem night club, a house in Queens, the Criminal Courts Building, the Tombs, Sing Sing. Victor Mature gives an unexpectedly subdued, convincing performance as a hoodlum convict who, for the sake of his children (their mother has committed suicide), agrees to work with the police as an informer. Richard Widmark, in his film début, created a sensation; he's a giggling, sadistic gunman with homicidal mania in his voice, and when he grins his white teeth are more alarming than fangs. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the script, from a story by Eleazar Lipsky. With the talented, refreshingly unactressy Coleen Gray as the hero's new wife, and Brian Donlevy, Taylor Holmes, Karl Malden, Anthony Ross, Mildred Dunnock, Millard Mitchell, Robert Keith, Harry Bellaver, and Patricia Morison. Cinematography by Norbert Brodine; in the night-club sequence, it's Jo Jones on drums. (Remade in 1958 as "The Fiend Who Walked the West.") (Regency; May 25-26.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey (1964)—An Irish braggart on the make in Montreal. Faultlessly acted by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Thalia; May 26.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressures on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (Thalia; May 25.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Cinema Village; May 23-25.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. (Hendrik Höfgen is based on Gustav Gründgens, who was married during his early years to Thomas Mann's daughter Erika; the movie is loosely adapted from the 1936 novel "Mephisto," by her brother Klaus Mann, who is believed to have been Gründgens' lover.) Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who has no substance, who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive, impish smile, suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. The film is gripping but its stern air of rectitude produces discomfort; essentially Szabó seems to be condemning Höfgen for being an actor. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. This West German–Hungarian co-production was originally two hours and forty minutes long; the version showing here runs two hours and sixteen minutes. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema I.)



Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (St. Marks Cinema, and Festival; through May 20.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinner-time conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (72nd Street East, and Criterion Theatres; through May 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; May 21-27.)

Pickup on South Street (1953)—Richard Widmark as a scroungy petty gangster who sneaks a look into a woman's handbag, turns up some microfilm, and finds himself dealing with Communist agents. Samuel Fuller wrote the script (adapted from Dwight Taylor's story treatment) and directed, in his fast, flashy, essentially empty-minded style. The film isn't boring—there's always something going on—but you come away with nothing. (It isn't that Fuller's insensitive, exactly; it's that he's totally unconcerned with sensitivity—it would get in his way.) With Jean Peters, Thelma Ritter, Richard Kiley, Murvyn Vye, Milburn Stone, and George E. Stone. (Regency; May 25-26.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Thrown into a reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote watches as several of the larger boys gang-rape a kid not much older than he is, and his truculent baby face is indifferent, but he's a little camera taking it all in. A group of boys, including Pixote, break out, and he and three others snatch enough purses and

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wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing in cocaine. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen. She's the whore spawned out of men's darkest imaginings, and in her scenes the movie achieves a raw, garish splendor. The script by Babenco and Jorge Duran is based on the novel "Infância dos Mortos," by José Louzeiro; cinematography by Rodolfo Sanches. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Cinema Village; May 23-25.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Waverly, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting May 28, tentative.)

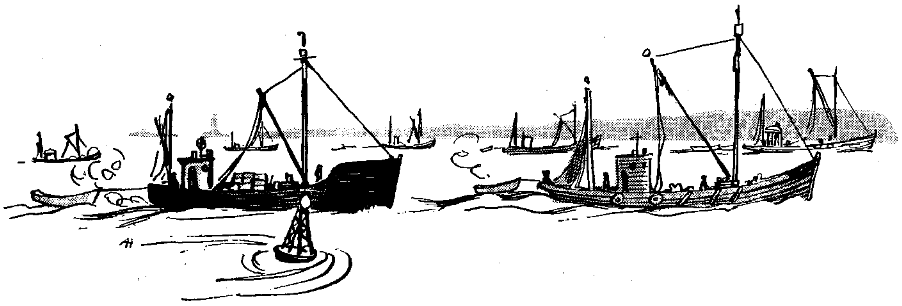
Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Embassy.)

Richard Pryor Live in Concert (1979)—Probably the greatest of all recorded-performance films. Pryor has characters and voices bursting out of him. He personifies objects, animals, people, the warring parts of his own body, even thoughts in the heads of men and women—black, white, Oriental; when he tells us about his heart attack, he is, in almost the same instant, the helpless body being double-crossed by its heart, the heart itself, a telephone operator, and Pryor the aloof, dissociated observer. Watching this mysteriously original physical comedian you can't account for his gift and everything he does seems to be for the first time. The film retains the impetus of a live performance. (34th St. East, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres; through May 20.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—To those of us who thought his 1979 film was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, this new one-man show may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. The vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and New Yorker; through May 20.)

The Stranger (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni plays Meursault, the Camus hero, very simply, with scrupulous intelligence and concentration. Directed by Luchino Visconti, the movie has great passages and is highly effective in suggesting the atmosphere of the novel—the Algerian heat, the sudden, unpremeditated violence. What's missing is the psychological originality that made the book important. The novel was a definitive new vision—a more honest view of human behavior. But by the time the movie was made, that vision had already entered into the modern sensibility, and the concept of alienation had become cut-rate and conventional in movies. And so, although the film is set in the correct period—the thirties—this doesn't help to relate it to what Camus's vision meant in the post-Second World War years, and the movie seems merely a factual account of Meursault's crime and trial. With Anna Karina, Bruno Cremer, and Bernard Blier; cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 24.)

Stroszek (1977)—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself to be like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (Film Forum; May 27-29.)



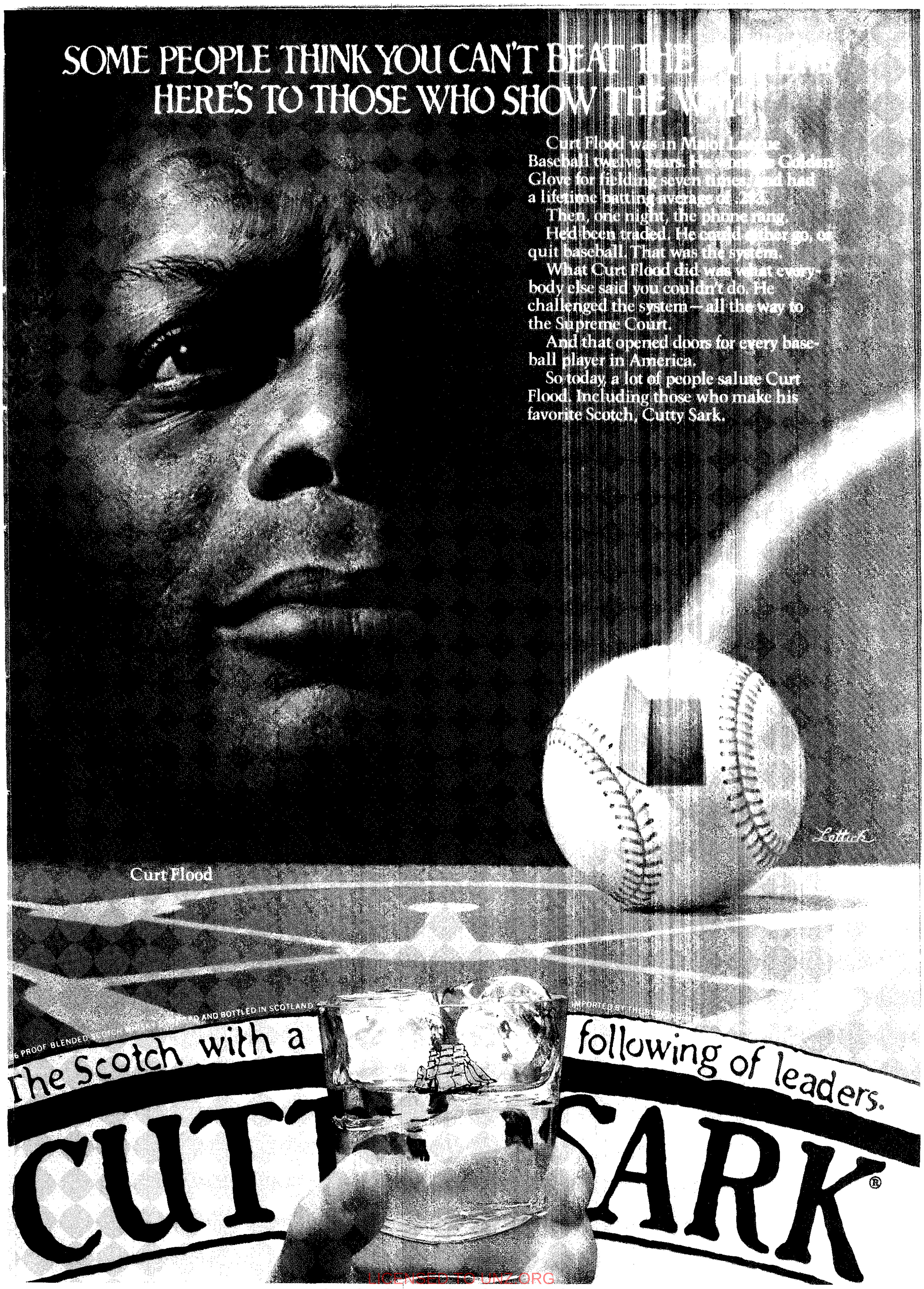
A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia; May 26.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. The picture is at its yeastiest in the slapstick embellishments of the preparatory sequences; when the infuriatingly sane and distant Julie Andrews finally gets into men's clothes, there's nothing remotely funny about it. And you don't believe that she could successfully impersonate a woman on the stage. Edwards pulls laughs, though. He does it with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. (This is yet another movie in which a girl's best friend is a homosexual.) James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards ties tin cans to her tail—he makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (Ziegfeld; through May 20. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, 68th St. Playhouse, and Guild; starting May 21.)

What's New Pussycat? (1965)—The script for this lavish production, set in Paris, is by Woody Allen, and his oblique humor is occasionally weird and alienating in this expensive context. It's a frenetic but generally funny psychiatric farce. Peter O'Toole plays a fashion-magazine editor who consults a psychiatrist (Peter Sellers) about how to cure his susceptibility to the girls who pursue him; inevitably, Sellers goes berserk trying to discover the secrets of O'Toole's success. Sellers is in the Woody Allen role, but Woody turns up, too, and there is a trio of beautiful, zingy comediennes—Paula Prentiss (who gets to read a poem called "Ode to a Pacifist Junkie"), Romy Schneider, and Capucine. Directed by Clive Donner. (Cinema Village; May 26-27.)

White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is very obvious, and it's so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems to have been made much earlier than it was. But this flamboyance is also what makes some of its scenes stay with you. James Cagney plays the tough guy who sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and runs amok in the prison mess hall when he learns of her death—a horrible sobbing whine comes out of him, and it just keeps coming, as he punches out anyone who gets near him. This is perhaps the most daring sequence Cagney ever performed; he does his most operatic acting in this film, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, Paul Guilfoyle, and Fred Clark. The script by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts was based on a story written for the screen by Virginia Kellogg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 26.)

SOME PEOPLE THINK YOU CAN'T BEAT THE SYSTEM. HERE'S TO THOSE WHO SHOW THE WAY.



Curt Flood was in Major League Baseball twelve years. He won the Golden Glove for fielding seven times, and had a lifetime batting average of .293.

Then, one night, the phone rang.

He'd been traded. He could either go, or quit baseball. That was the system.

What Curt Flood did was what everybody else said you couldn't do. He challenged the system—all the way to the Supreme Court.

And that opened doors for every baseball player in America.

So today, a lot of people salute Curt Flood. Including those who make his favorite Scotch, Cutty Sark.

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The Scotch with a following of leaders.
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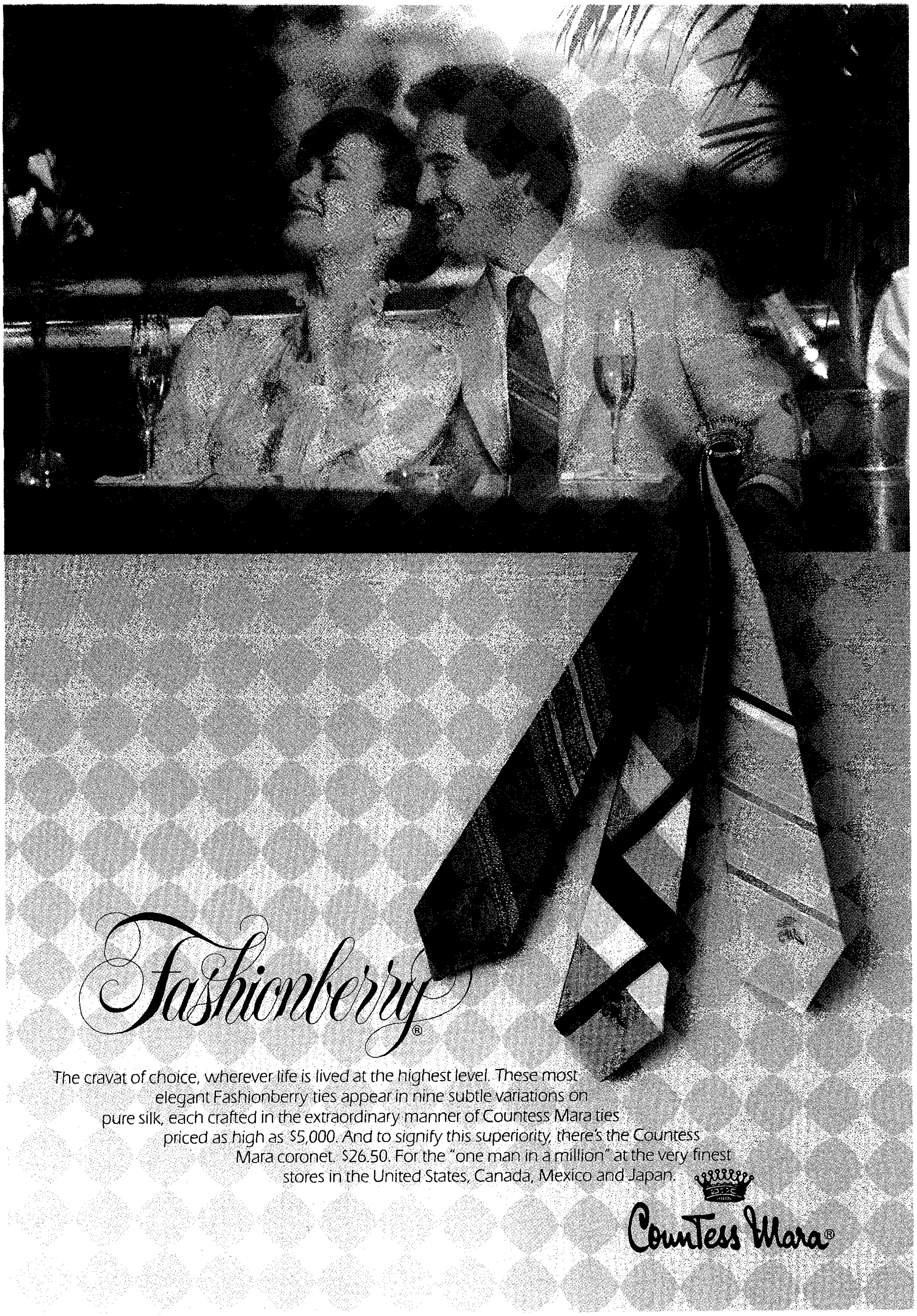

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The cravat of choice, wherever life is lived at the highest level. These most elegant Fashionberry ties appear in nine subtle variations on pure silk, each crafted in the extraordinary manner of Countess Mara ties priced as high as $5,000. And to signify this superiority, there's the Countess Mara coronet. $26.50. For the "one man in a million" at the very finest stores in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Japan.

Countess Mara®

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

Last Sunday, a windy day, my twelve-year-old daughter and I went for a drive in the country. During the night, the temperature had dropped sharply, but by noon there was warm sunshine, and we decided we'd stop and take a walk if we saw a good place. We drove through a village, passed a gas station; then woods began. "This looks nice," my daughter said. We parked at the side of the road, got out, and walked into a low forest—mostly pine trees. Soon we were out of the wind. Sunlight slipped down through the branches, and there was a thick, soft floor of pine needles and leaves underfoot. The place had a benign, dreamy aspect. We strolled through light and shadow, smelling the pine smell, talking about funny things that happened long ago—the brother who did this, the sister who did that. Then, suddenly, coming over a rise, we saw monstrous shapes ahead: jagged old cars jammed between the tree trunks, heaped as high as the first branches. It was an automobile dump, a rusted city of wrecks and junkers, leading back from the gas station and extending for several acres into the woods. As we got closer, the cars and vans and trucks looked as if they had been dropped into the woods from a great height. A station wagon lay upside down on the roof of a sedan. Cars leaned against each other at steep angles, their cracked headlights pointing into the sky. We hesitated, then walked cautiously into the strange place. The cars were so close together it was hard to find a path between them. We walked down a narrow alley between two towering piles, made a turn, and found that the passage ended; we had to retreat and start again. No vehicle was totally intact. Wheels were gone, upholstery gutted, windows and mirrors shattered. Doors and trunk lids were open, or missing. Hoods gaped, revealing skeletal engines, packed with twigs and leaves. Paint was peeling, chrome flaking. Everything was dented, twisted, or crushed. Worn tires lay on the ground, along with old exhaust pipes, jacks, pedals, gears, steering wheels, windshield wipers . . . The area was silent and eerie—a violent graveyard, full of restless emanations. In a cemetery, cool white headstones confirm a distance between the dead and the visitor, but here there was an immediacy, an intensely personal quality, to each wreck. "Let's get out of here," my daughter said. We threaded our way through the battered metal bodies, stepped over a final heap of broken glass, and walked back through the woods to where our car was waiting at the roadside. We jumped in; it started right up, and we drove away.

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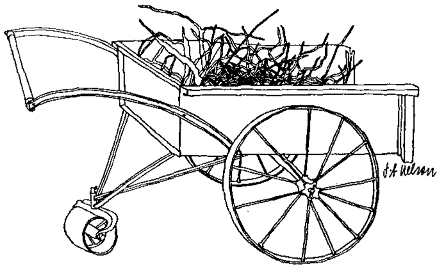
Fashion Artist

A DRAWING in a fashion ad not only must show what a dress, for example, looks like, indicate what it is made of, and suggest on what occasion it would be worn and by what sort of person but must deliver this information in a spirited and compelling way, inviting the reader to admire the dress, covet it, and—ideally—rush out and buy it. If, in addition, the drawing stands up as a good one in itself, so much the better. The New York fashion artist who most skillfully accomplishes all these missions on a daily basis is Fred Greenhill, who has drawn Lord & Taylor ads for the past thirteen years. His drawings are clear, strong, and elegant, with a generous line that is both loose and precise, and are splashed with lively lights and darks. We went to see him one afternoon last week at his apartment, on the upper East Side. Greenhill, a lean, soft-spoken, white-haired man, who was dressed in a blue polo shirt and tan slacks, was in his studio—a cheerful white room with a white marble floor, lots of big plants, and a door leading to a balcony. On the walls were a framed drawing of Sir Jacob Epstein by Topolski, a Ben Shahn, and two watercolors by the late fashion artist Eric. A soap opera was emanating from a television set, and on a green towel near the middle of the room was standing an attractive woman with reddish-brown hair—a model called Bobbie Smyth—wearing a royal-blue-and-white pinstriped dress that had a price tag hanging from one sleeve. She was about to pose, and Greenhill was gazing at her. "A ponytail, I think," he said, and he reached into a cabinet and handed her a red ribbon. Then he extracted a bunch of necklaces and bracelets from a manila envelope; they discussed what jewelry she should wear, and settled, finally, on a string of pearls. Greenhill sat down at his drawing board—a nearly vertical wooden board, blackened by years of India ink and charcoal—and checked a layout for a newspaper ad which had been sent him by Lord & Taylor. It was a rough sketch of four women in different dresses. Greenhill had finished drawing three; now—working under a tight deadline—he began the last figure. "Turn your head over here a little bit," he said. Bobbie Smyth moved this way and that experimentally until she found a pose



that pleased him. Then she froze, and Greenhill, sitting very straight, legs crossed, chin tilted upward, started sketching with a charcoal pencil. "Don't ever say that again—not even in jest," said a man's voice from the soap opera. (The set was to Greenhill's left, the screen just out of his sight.) Sometimes holding his charcoal pencil between thumb and forefinger, pointed upward, sometimes holding it in a writing position, Greenhill drew the face and hair. There was a soft scraping sound as the charcoal pencil outlined the neck, a shoulder, then the bunching of a sleeve. In five minutes, the basic drawing was there. Greenhill used a heavier charcoal crayon to darken the hair, then swiftly indicated sweeping folds on the dress. As he peered at the drawing through a reducing glass held in his left hand, he sharpened the charcoal pencil in an electric sharpener with his right. "Nola! What in the world are you doing here?" said a man on the soap. Greenhill sprayed fixative on the drawing. Suddenly, there was a scratching noise. Greenhill got up and opened the door to the balcony, and a small, furry white dog hurtled in, wagging its tail. The dog circled the room, then settled under an open drawer of a file cabinet, on which the layout was resting, and soon fell asleep. Greenhill added a wash to the drawing—a mixture of India ink and Kromo-Lite, which is a solution that makes newspaper reproduction better—darkening the dress with a wide brush in swift, easy strokes. Then he told Bobbie Smyth to rest. She had not moved a muscle in eight or ten minutes, and had maintained a very thoughtful look. We asked her what she had been thinking about. She laughed, and nodded at the TV. "This one is 'The Guiding Light'—heavy-duty soap opera—and I had to find out what's happening," she said.

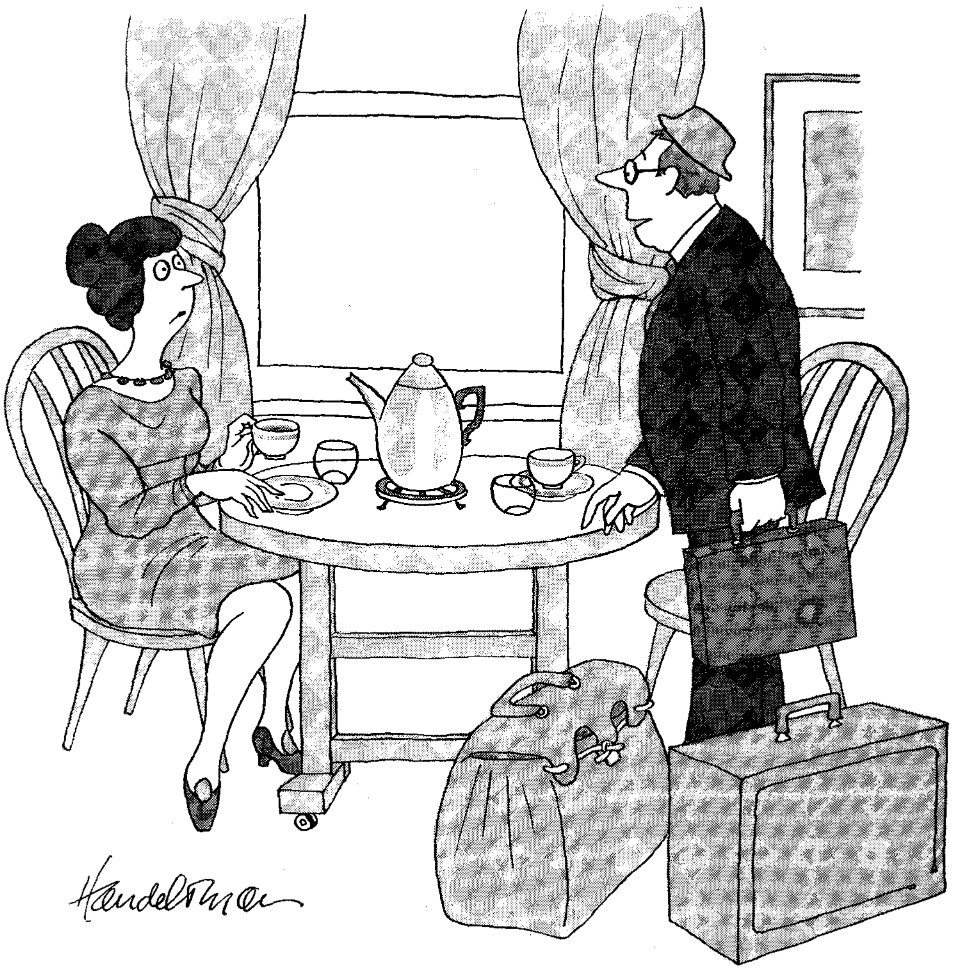
"I listen to them," said Greenhill, "and I get the models hooked."

During the break, Greenhill, speaking in a slow, reflective way, told us, "As long as I can remember, I've always drawn. Nobody in my family was artistic—I just did it. My father was a golf pro in Texas. I grew up at country clubs. When I was real little, Daddy cut some golf clubs down for me, but I never was good. My parents have told me that the day after dances at the country club I'd draw pictures of the women in their evening dresses, but I only vaguely remember that. After high school, I took some art courses at the University of Texas. Then, in 1948, I came East to the Parsons School of Design, here in New York. I thought I'd be a fashion designer. I went back to Texas and did some free-lance dress designing in Dallas for a year or so, but then I got a job as a fashion illustrator for a store in Fort Worth. I worked at Sanger Brothers, in Dallas, briefly, and then went to Neiman-Marcus in 1953, and stayed there for four years. It was the happiest time. I learned more there than I could have learned in any art school. Stanley Marcus had incredible taste, and the good sense to hire the best artists and leave them alone. He respected them. The buyers weren't allowed to go into the advertising department—weren't allowed to see the artwork, let alone change a drawing. It was a joy to work there. You were so protected. There were eight of us artists, each with his or her own model. The art director and the advertising people were very patient. I remember one new artist who was assigned to draw a fancy lace dress. Lace is not the easiest thing in the world to draw, and she spent two weeks trying to draw that dress, and every day she said, 'I *know* they're going to fire me.' But they didn't. Working with models, you can render the patterns and textures of the materials as they are worn, and see how a pattern—a check or a plaid, say—moves over the body. Photographs of clothes are fine, but you really should draw from the body, if possible—you get a much more relaxed feeling, less stiffness. In 1957, I came to New York. A lot of the Neiman-Marcus people were here, or came later. I drew for Saks for twelve years, and then went to Lord & Taylor, where I've been ever since.

"I work very simply—basically, in charcoal, because it makes a more interesting, varied line than a brush. I have models here all day four days a week. Lord & Taylor will send a messenger with the layout and the clothes, shoes, and accessories—and a due date. They may send five ads at a time or just one. They try to plan ahead, but sometimes there's a lot of pressure. Occasionally, I may turn in an ad as late as Friday that's going to run on Sunday. Some days, it's just a disaster. I've spent all day on one figure—you struggle and struggle, and think you'll never get it. Other times, it will be a miracle—the first drawing of the first half hour. I like to draw, but I never like anything I do. I don't even like to look at the ad in the newspaper anymore—you see things that you wish you had changed. But sometimes, if the head isn't too small, or the legs too long, and the body is in proportion, and if the line is good—well, then you feel all right.

"I love the Impressionist painters, and Bonnard and Vuillard, and some of the Germans, like Schiele and Klimt. Vuillard is my favorite. I always think that when I retire I might paint. Painting is not linear. There's no line around everything." He looked up at the framed pictures on the wall. "I bought five Erics after his death. I miss the work of the great fashion illustrators, like Eric—his real name was Carl Erickson—and René Bouché. I was very aware of Bouché and Eric when I was in my twenties. When they died, the fashion magazines pretty much stopped using drawings, and switched to photographs. Today, art students don't know who Eric and Bouché were. I don't understand that. If you talk to an opera student, he knows who Caruso was. Art schools are trendy, and everybody's brought up on photography. I've never bought a camera. I always say I'm going to, but I never do. A photograph in a newspaper ad doesn't work for me. I just find such ads gray, and they all look alike." He paused. "At least, art does look a little bit different."

Greenhill went back to his drawing board, and Bobbie Smyth resumed her pose. He began using white paint with a fine brush, putting in stripes, making small changes, adding highlights to the pearls. The phone rang. Greenhill picked it up, wedged it between his shoulder and his ear, and listened and talked as he worked. When he had hung up, he said calmly, "They're screaming for this ad." He continued working, at the same careful rate. Within a few minutes, the drawing was finished. Bobbie Smyth left the room to change for another ad; Greenhill rolled up the drawing, along with the layout and the three other drawings, and sealed the cylinder with a strip of tape. "The Guiding Light" came to a climax. "Hmm," said Greenhill, leaning forward and, for the first time, peering around at the screen. "Surprise ending."



"Well, goodbye, Emily. It's May 19th. You may remember my having mentioned some time ago that I was going to leave you on May 19th."

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Cordial

Chemical Bank recently gave a preview of its new headquarters, at 277 Park Avenue, between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets. The feeling was cordial. An executive of the bank told the audience, "I'd like you all to feel very much at home here." The audience—representatives of the press, employees of the bank, and employees of the New York Botanical Garden who had overseen the planting in a section of ChemCourt, the building's streetside plaza—was gathered in a large room on the third floor of the new headquarters. The room was appointed for corporate ease. Its walls were covered with a coffee-colored fabric, and it had a carpet that absorbed the sound of footsteps. There were some potted plants in a corner. Windows overlooked Forty-eighth Street. Chairs upholstered in hunter green faced a lectern and a large screen on which were projected flowering orchids as a background to the words "Welcome to ChemCourt." From certain seats, a wide column obscured the view, as at the old Yankee Stadium. Next to the screen, at a table, sat several representatives of the bank, several members of the design firm that had worked on the project, and Gordon Davis, the city Commissioner of Parks. Mr. Davis got a lot of laughs when he told the audience, "I'm delighted to be here, but I don't know *why* I'm here."

The executive introduced the designer who had remade the interior of the building. He was a tall, confident man, with a mustache and glasses. He said, "Let me show you a few slides to give you an idea of the design vocabulary." Picture of a hallway, doors on either side: "Dark crown and base molding, and vertical feature strips add height to the low ceilings." A table: "Here's an egalitarian table, nice and round, no head. The bank felt divorced from the people, so we gave it round tables." He flipped through slides, searching for a particular one: "The building needed a substantial amount of electrical and mechanical retrofit." A conference room: "The style is transitional, not 'Star Wars' and definitely not traditional." Open office space, with low partitions, desks, overhead lighting: "The design affords ample room for open-plan areas." Sitting room: "Yet confidential discussions can occur in private sitting areas which can't take place in open-plan areas."

After the talk, the executive led a tour of several floors. The people on the tour walked in a group down carpeted halls along which hung new paintings done in a variety of styles. The executive said, "In our old building, down on Pine Street, we didn't have as much art." At one stop, he said, "This is the boardroom, which we think is the best boardroom in the country. Notice the horseshoe-shaped table. It's thirty-six feet long. The chairman sits at the head, and the less important members of the board sit at the ends. It gives a feeling of community." Comfortable chairs surrounding the table were made of leather and had nameplates along the crown. The executive said, "Behind that wall is the most sophisticated audiovisual and video equipment you can think of." He touched a button by the table, and the wall opened quietly to reveal a screen and the slide with the orchids and "Welcome to ChemCourt."

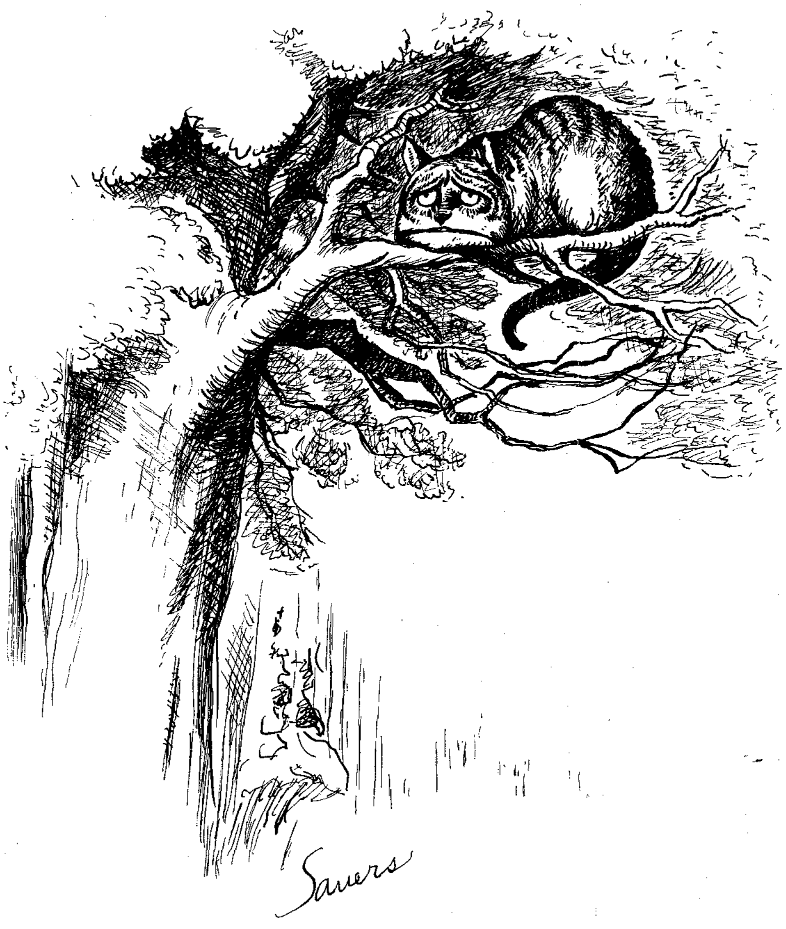
At another stop, the executive said, "These are the executive offices." On a table in one office was a book that had "Hong Kong/82" on the cover above a picture of an Oriental woman in traditional dress. Through the door of another, a lighted globe was visible. Each office had a separate sitting room, with a couch and two chairs. The executive said, "Sometimes these guys have five or six people coming in, and they need somewhere to go."

The tour ended in ChemCourt. There was the scent of chlorine in the air, from a fountain. A woman on the tour who worked for a magazine on interior design said that she had toured the White House recently and it wasn't as good. A man from the design firm said, "In the design for ChemCourt, we went back to what we all thought in the sixties was the right way to handle a public place. Plazas are a great thing for the city." The executive said, "With three years of hindsight, I can say it's been very satisfying to work on this project. And for a banker to get visual satisfaction is very rare. Usually, we finance it for someone else."

Crane Man

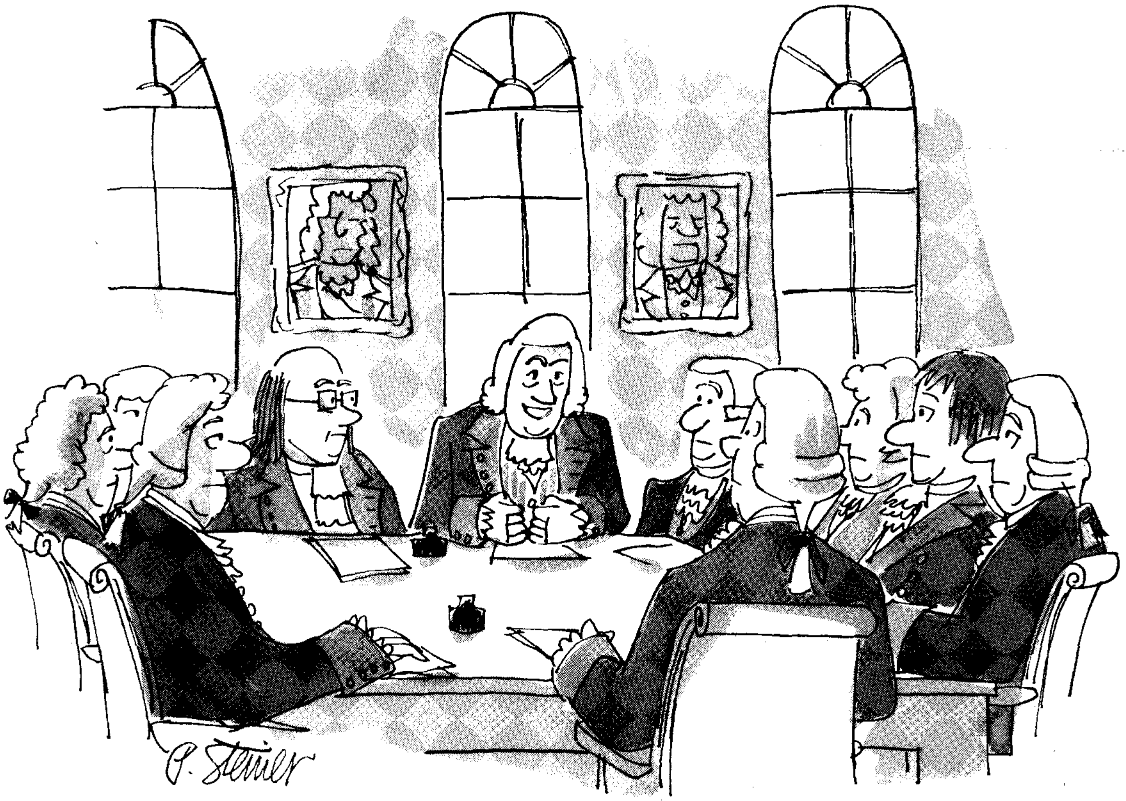
GEORGE ARCHIBALD fell in love with cranes—the long-legged, long-necked birds so familiar in Japanese art—while he was studying them at the Alberta, Canada, Game Farm sixteen years ago. Since then, he has become famous among bird people as the only man with whom a crane has fallen in love. But there is more to Archibald's story than that. We heard some of it when we met him the other day, having been introduced by a bird person who'd told us that among cranologists Archibald is a legendary figure. Archibald was in town to ask Exxon for money. The International Crane Foundation, situated in Baraboo, Wisconsin, is about to move to new quarters and needs several million dollars to rebuild and expand. A hatchery and chick-rearing complex alone will cost a hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars. Archibald, who is co-founder and director of the foundation, showed us sketches of the planned buildings. "Do you think Exxon will like them?" he asked anxiously, riffling the pages. "I'm such a worrywart," he added, suddenly flashing a smile so sweet and friendly that we felt that Exxon's dollars were as good as in his pocket. With the help of this smile, Archibald has made friends among scientists and politicians in Japan, Russia, China, South Korea, India, Iran, and Afghanistan, and drawn them into his effort to save endangered cranes in those countries. He recently spent an hour with Indira Gandhi, and at the end of it she expressed warm support for his work.

Archibald is thirty-six, a slender, slightly rumpled man with tousled brown curls, gentle brown eyes, a round face, and a disarmingly modest manner. He summarized his personal story for us: Born in Nova Scotia. First memory is of crawling in fascinated pursuit of a family of ducklings. Second is feeding them shredded coconut as they dabbled in a brook. Third is anger when his father brought home a brace of dead ducks for dinner. Skipping quickly, we find George at Cornell, 1968-71, acquiring a Ph.D. in animal behavior. By studying sound recordings of the mating duets of cranes, he learned to distinguish males (deeper voices) from females (shriller voices). Determining the sex of cranes is a vexing problem to breeders, so this discovery (which holds true for all but three species) had considerable value. Archibald worked with cranes begged or borrowed from zoos. A talk with William Conway, the director of the New York Zoological Society, helped to shape his future. When he asked for a loan of some cranes, Conway replied flatly that study without conservation was a waste of time. Archibald pondered the remark and discussed his thoughts with a fellow-student, Ronald Sauey. They decided to work together to conserve cranes. Sauey's parents, Norman and Claire Sauey, owned a large piece of land in Baraboo and leased it to George and Ronald for a dollar a year. On this land, the International Crane Foundation was established ten years ago. It now houses a hundred and forty cranes, representatives of fourteen of the fifteen existing species; only the black-necked crane, from Tibet, is lacking. There is just one whooping crane at Baraboo—Tex, a female, who was reared at the San Antonio zoo. She looks upon George as her mate. We asked him how this odd situation came about, but he insisted on first telling us something about cranes in general.



The Cheshire Cat Revisited

Cranes are large wading birds that generally nest in northern wetlands and flock together in autumn for long migrations to a warmer habitat. Climbers on the slopes of Mount Everest have seen cranes passing high overhead. The voice of the crane sounds like a bugle and can carry several miles through still air. North America has two species: the rare whooping crane and the abundant sandhill. Eight species live in Asia. Some of them summer in Siberia, Tibet, or northern China and winter in southern China, India, Japan, South Korea, or Iran. Five of these species are critically endangered. The Siberian crane numbers fewer than two hundred; the red-crowned crane, of Japan and China, fewer than fifteen hundred; the white-naped crane, of China and Mongolia, between two and three thousand; the hooded crane, of Japan and Siberia, perhaps six thousand. The black-necked crane, which once ranged from the Tibetan Plateau to India and China, is down to three or four hundred birds. The drainage of wetlands is a major cause of the decline of all five species: American development teams are helping the Chinese convert marshes to agriculture, and the Japanese have shoved whole mountains into swamps to create arable land. In primitive areas of Afghanistan and Pakistan, nomadic herdsmen shoot migrating birds. Tibetans, whose culture formerly protected all animals, are being taught to kill by the Chinese invaders. And so it goes.

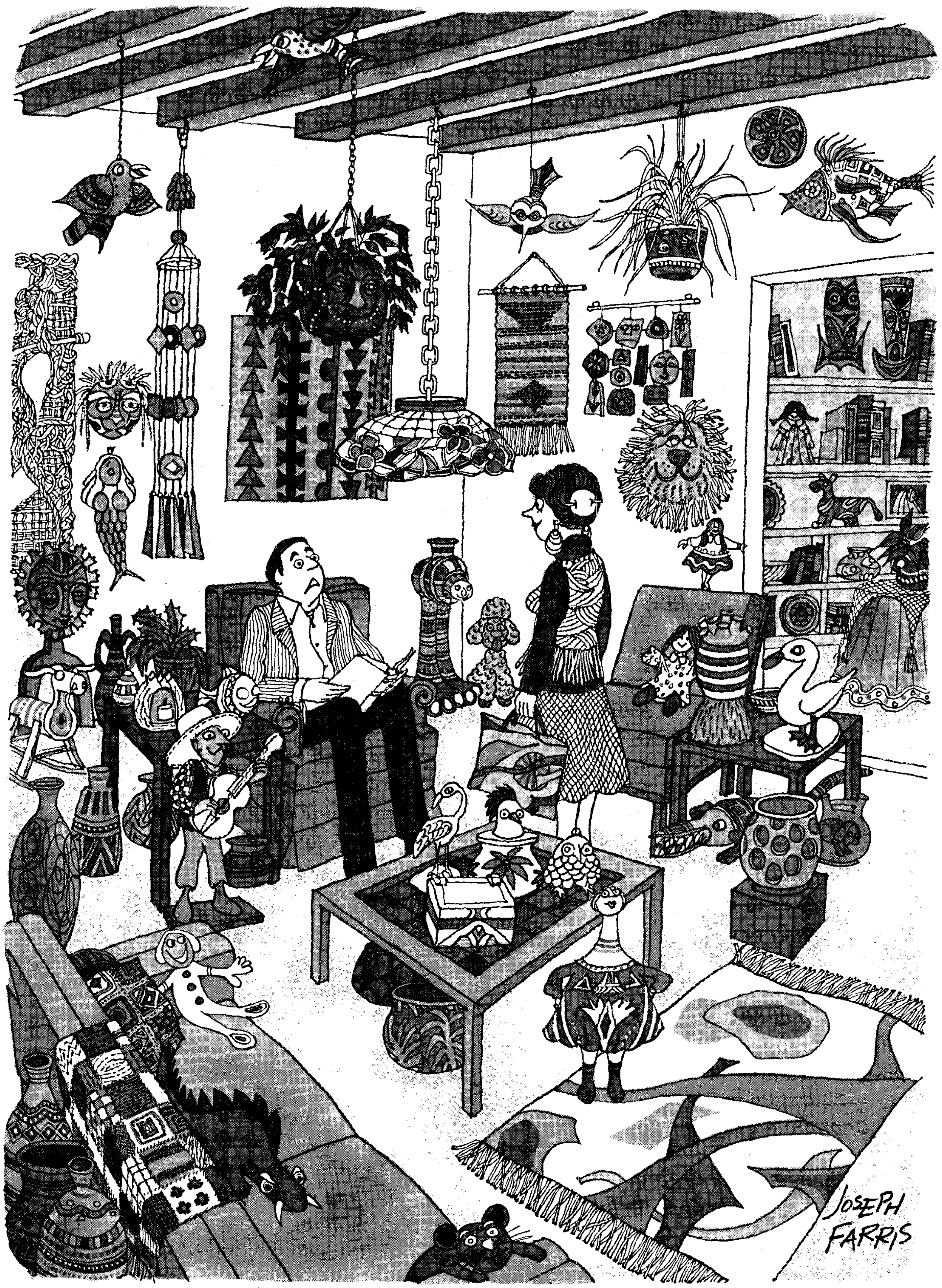


"Remember, gentlemen, we aren't here just to draft a constitution. We're here to draft the best damned constitution in the world."

• •

In addition to breeding cranes for restocking, the Crane Foundation seeks to inspire conservation projects in Asia and Africa. The effort is complicated by the fact that many of the governments in those parts are not on speaking terms. Archibald travels to most of the countries involved, cultivating friends and suggesting programs to save the cranes that the countries have in common. "The red-crowned crane is the most beautiful of all cranes," Archibald said. "It breeds in northern Hokkaido and in old Manchuria. Some of the red-crowned cranes fly to the Kuril Islands. The Japanese, the Soviets, and the Chinese should coöperate on these birds, but the Japanese won't work with the Soviets until they give back the Kurils, and the Chinese claim the part of Soviet Siberia in which the cranes nest, and won't work with the Soviets, either. Then, some birds winter in the Demilitarized Zone between North Korea and South Korea—two countries that don't even have ordinary telephone connections. I visit all these countries—except North Korea, which I haven't cracked yet—and bring scientists word of what is happening to their cranes while they are in another country's jurisdiction. Rivalry can work in the birds' favor. If the Chinese hear that the Soviets have banded six birds, it inspires them to band ten. I'm hoping that, bit by bit, I can get the scientists talking to each other. It seems weird that this little organization thousands of miles away in Baraboo, Wisconsin, is the only contact between biologists in neighboring countries. Except, of course, for the cranes themselves, which fly over the borders without giving it a thought."

Archibald acquired Tex, the whooping crane, in the spring of 1976. She was nine years old and had refused to mate with captive male whoopers. "I guessed that she was imprinted on people, and decided to see if I could form a pair bond with her by playing the male role," Archibald said. "This would trigger ovulation, and then artificial insemination would succeed. When she arrived, I put my bed in her house and slept there for a month. I talked to her all the time. As the spring advanced, I began to dance, and she responded. Dancing is how whooping cranes initiate mating. It worked. We built a nest together out of corncobs and hay. She laid an egg, but the semen we used was poor and the egg was infertile. The next year, we went through the same routine, and this time the egg was fertile. I was so excited! I felt like a father. I could hear the chick peeping in the shell, and then it died just before hatching. What a blow! We tried again in 1979, but the egg was soft-shelled. In 1980, I was too busy, and a Japanese ornithologist took my place, but she didn't like him. Last year, Michael Putnam, our head aviculturist, danced with her seven days a week for two months, but it was no use. She shied away from him. She won't settle for anybody but me. From New York, I'm going to Washington to pick up some frozen whooping-crane semen from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and then back to Baraboo and Tex." Archibald smiled the smile that had melted Mrs. Gandhi. "When I talk about Tex, I hope I don't sound like a screwball. I know it sounds off the wall, but I'm very serious." He closed his eyes prayerfully. "God, I hope Exxon comes through with the money. There's so much that needs to be done!"


JOSEPH FARRIS

"Don't you think we've already been to one crafts fair too many?"

TREADING WATER

(More Sturm und Drang from Cosima Wagner's Diaries)

Sunday:

Richard's good humor at breakfast makes me fear the worst. He taps out "If Volsa was your father" with his coffee spoon, all the while throwing sugar in the air. Struggling to put my torment into words, I remark that no man can expect a daily ration of jam on the bread rolls of Life. Richard at once plunged into deep and uncreative gloom. There are abysses from which not even my love can reclaim his genius. Nurse says children have mumps.

Monday:

Long-awaited letter from Munich, stamped with royal seal. Contains elegiac poem in royal hand. No mention of elegy about royal letter of credit. R. weeps and goes back to bed. Find him burrowed into eiderdown quilt. Feathers everywhere. Read children sublime one-act play about the gross treachery of an oboe player in Dresden. Nurse much affected. Cannot shake off the curious certainty that I am the reincarnation of a cavalry officer from Pomerania.

Tuesday:

Richard dreams I am a sailing ship whose captain knows no rest. At the end of the dream, he says, I was sinking over the horizon, while the captain, who had jumped overboard, was treading water. Nothing in mail but arrogant claims from creditors and insolent letters from admirers in Vienna. R. truly gifted at discerning the jeers and taunts that underlie all praise. Nurse makes paper wings for children out of discarded bills. As children climb on table, attempting to fly, I murmur, "The angels!" R. says, "What?" I reply, "THE ANGELS!" Cannot hear his answer.

Wednesday:

Professor Nietzsche to lunch. He wears tight boots, which give him a walk without charm or distinction. Decide to write him a letter about his feet. Unable to show letter to R., who locked his door in a fit of absentmindedness. Read letter through keyhole. Wanted to send for locksmith, but Nurse says they are all Jews now.

Thursday:

Say to Richard, "A letter from poor Hans." R. says, through door, "Poor Hans who?" Reply faintly but decisively, "My husband." Hans writes that his new house is too small for a wife and five children and that I might as well stay where I am. Read children harmonious essay about how they make rye bread in Zurich. Nurse reflective. Pick R.'s lock with crochet hook, find him asleep under bed. Wake him up and tell him about this haunting feeling I have of being a reincarnated cavalry officer. Must have soothed him, because he sank into a deep sleep after about a minute.

Friday:

R. still under bed. Sit on floor and analyze our love (quality, quantity, and life expectancy); also, describe long dream I had about the Thirty Years' War. R. bursts into tears, says he no longer believes in the predominance of the string section and has run out of schnapps. It is sad indeed. Throw him a kiss. Children's bathwater cold—probably the work of French critics.

Saturday:

Spend fulfilling day drawing up list of enemies. Intend to classify names according to income, generosity potential, musical discrimination, and annoying personal habits. Dreamed I was a lieutenant colonel in the Hanover Fusiliers. Said nothing to R., who happened to remark at breakfast that our love can probably transcend the occasional silence.

Sunday:

Looking everywhere for R., find him shut up in the piano. Read him a book about how Belgians train dogs to draw milk carts. It is all love; love transcends the gap between an average Belgian and an average cart. R. climbs out of piano. A week ago today he was cheerful at breakfast. Tears overflow as memory of Sundays past, not to mention the prospect of an infinity of Sundays to come, overwhelms me. Children sit in wasp nest, probably left in garden by ungrateful tenor.

Monday:

Impertinent Viennese critic compares R. favorably with Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, and Napoleon, but leaves out Philip of Macedon. Write letter of exquisite firmness pointing out omission. Richard paces house, exclaiming, "That is no woman!" In the evening I remark, "My dear Richard, I do hope that our love can transcend certain impulsive declarations." R. laughs heartily, then cries. Realize later he must have had Professor Nietzsche's sister in mind.

Tuesday:

Letter from Munich with royal seal. Contains royal photograph. Add King to list of enemies.

Wednesday:

R. dreams he has received royal money order to be drawn on a fabulous bank, built by giants, towering in the clouds. Ask why I am nowhere in dream. R. explains that I am on top of a bleak mountain, surrounded by an impenetrable ring of fire. Obtain promise that tonight he will dream the same thing differently: this time *he* can sleep on top of the bleak mountain and *I* can take the money order to the fabulous bank.

Thursday:

Messenger in royal livery gallops up with sealed message for royal bank manager. Wafted to heights that only death can transcend, ask R. what he is thinking *at that moment*. R. replies, "Bismarck." Nurse arrives to say all the children have fallen out second-floor window. Tell R. that, as a matter of fact, I *did* hear a series of thumps but mistook them for the beating of my heart.

Friday:

Richard busy again! House rings with the golden sound of royal coins being tested on marble-top table. Try to judge by ear what it all amounts to, R. having accidentally locked door and stuffed candle wax in keyhole. Remember I am Mother, read children biography of Genghis Khan. Remove King from list of enemies, but feel distressed because removal leaves untidy blank. Children look spotty at lunch. Observe to Nurse they could probably do with a wash. Nurse explains they have Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Truly, our enemies give us no rest. Richard in tears at dinner, says royal order a little on the short side. Day ends transcendentally as children eat royal coins, Nurse gives notice, and Richard sobs under dining-room rug. Ponder the Fate that made me Spouse, Muse, Materfamilias, and Household Divinity, instead of a field marshal under Frederick the Great. Restore King to list of enemies, and reflect that new Nurse probably a lot easier to find than new Genius.

—Mavis Gallant

GIACINTO

AFTER dark, and a four-hundred-mile drive, Lorenzo approaches Milan. The city, Italy's busiest, glows so that the stars are seen only dimly. Somewhere, contributing infinitesimally to that glow, is Anna's home, and in it a child who is his, though the child doesn't know it. Giacinto is the boy's name, and Lorenzo has had nothing to do with the naming.

As he drives, watching for an exit that might lead him to a restaurant and a telephone—no, he had better get a little nearer; she might have to explain a long-distance call—he again thinks of the night he learned about the birth, twelve years before. He sees himself back at the dinner table in his family's home in Umbria where he and his wife, Emilia, and their two children had come from America, as they did each summer, to look after his ailing father, the house, and the paying guests they took in to make ends meet; he hears the telephone ringing, and the steps of the maid coming toward the dining room. The call was for him, and he went to answer.

It was Anna, calling from Florence—an hour's drive away. He hadn't heard her lilting voice in two years. She had driven down from Rapallo, she said, and could she see him.

"Splendid! Can you come over and stay the night with us?"

"I've already got a room in a hotel, and I'd rather you came here," she said. "I have something to tell you."

"Oh? What?" he said faintly. Prefaces of this kind always made him apprehensive.

"I'd rather tell you when you come. I think you'll be interested."

"Well, all right, I can come tomorrow."

"Could you come tonight?" she said. It sounded to him almost like a command.

"Tonight?" He thought of the music he'd meant to work on.

"Yes," she replied peremptorily.

"Fine, I'll be there around ten. Where shall I meet you?"

She gave him the name of her hotel and told him she would be waiting for him in the lobby.

When she hung up, Lorenzo lingered by the telephone, recalling her family's two-week stay at the villa two summers before. He remembered Anna then—small, white-armed, blond, in the frilly light summer dresses she wore; her two young daughters; and her husband, Walter, a tall, wiry man with a trim beard, chief of the Milan branch of a Swiss pharmaceutical firm. And he remembered the day—almost at the end of their stay, while Walter was off at a medical conference—that he met Anna in front of the house, their walk to the wood, the brown crisp leaves where they had lain, there where the seeds take hold, while above them the green leaves waved, and their brief love, and the mosquitoes like more insistent lovers, and her telling him he was the only man she had ever made love to other than her husband. The next day, on Walter's return from his trip, the family left for Milan.

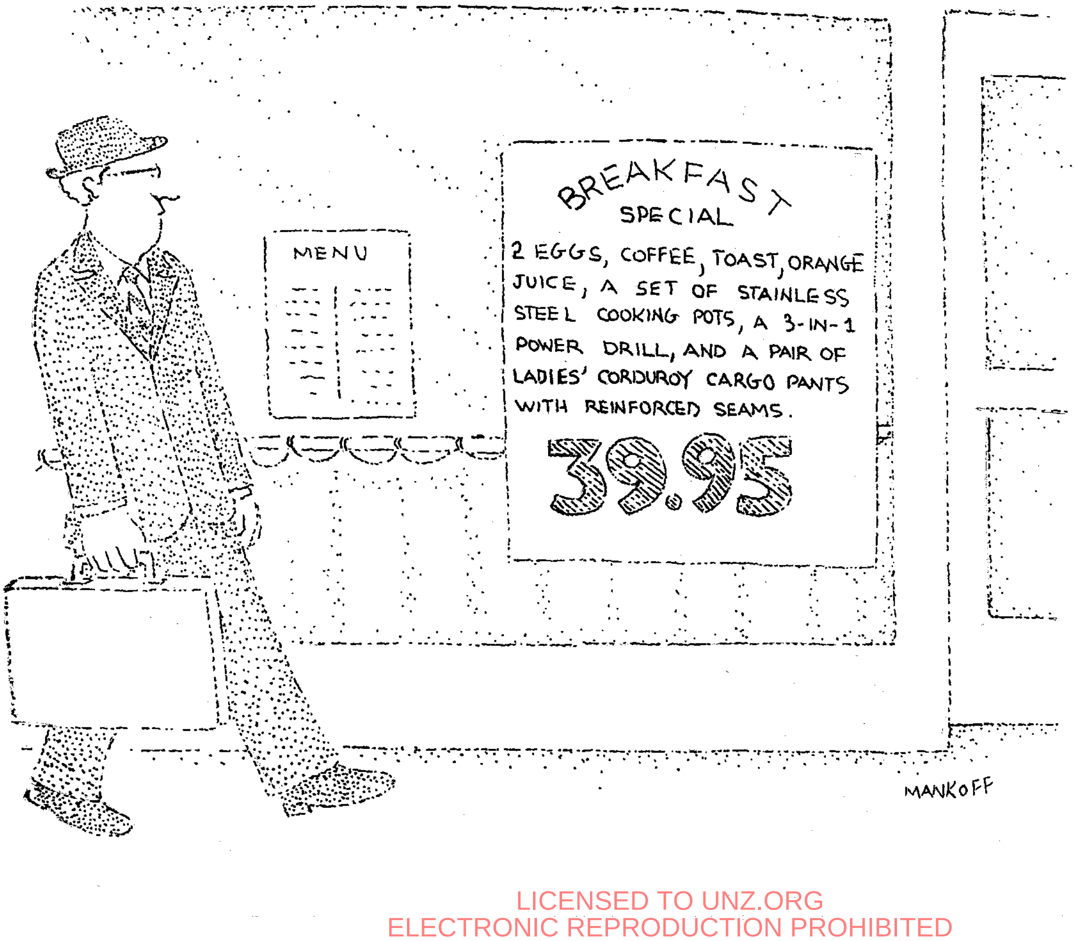
Lorenzo went back to the dining room, where dinner was nearly over; minutes later he left, hardly noticed by his wife, his children, his father, and the guests.

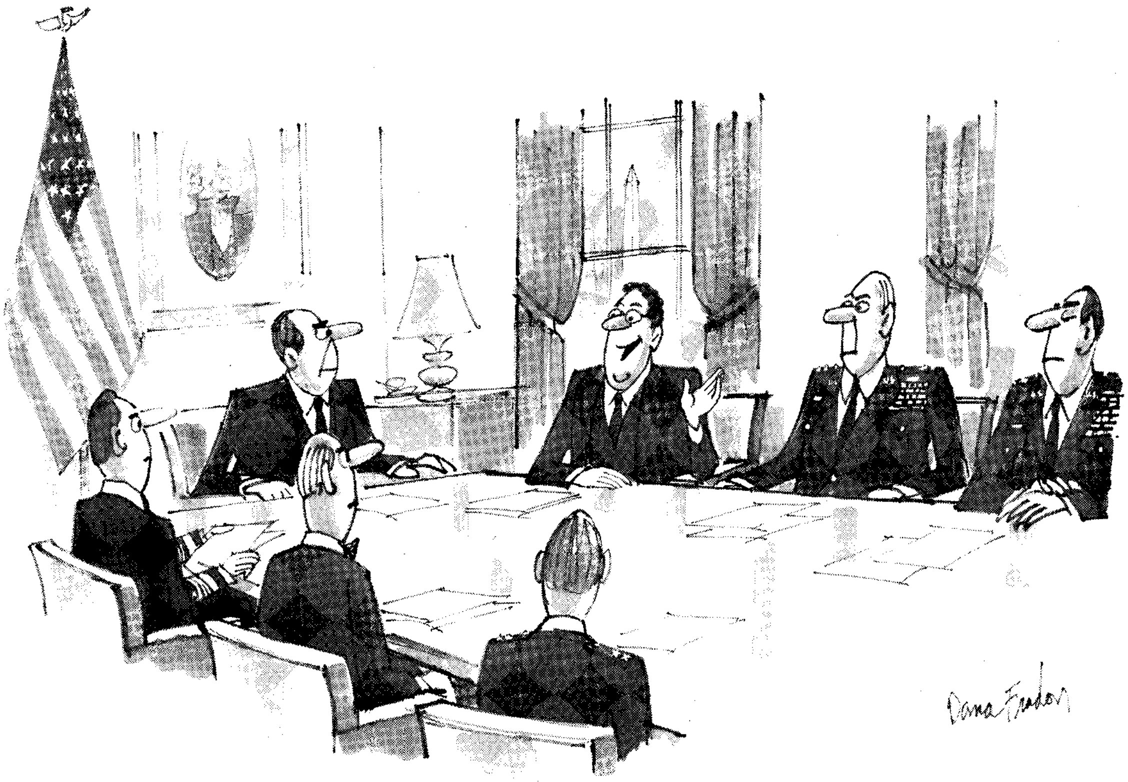
Quickly he drove, with the window open in the balmy night air. Anna had sounded so serious, almost solemn. What could be the matter? Because there certainly was something the matter—he could sense it. Oh well, we'll see; perhaps she's just lovesick, he thought, with a smile. But again, No, there's something, he told himself; and he never once thought of the obvious.

He parked in the Piazza Pitti and walked across the Ponte Vecchio to her hotel. Through the lobby windows he saw her sitting on a divan, reading a magazine, and not in a light summer dress but in something slightly heavier—travelling clothes, businesslike. As soon as he was through the revolving door, she came toward him, slender and fairylike despite the suit. He kissed her on both cheeks and held her in his arms for a good moment. She seemed a little older. Not quite as pretty as he remembered her. Time's scrawl—shades, shadows of it—on her face.

The lobby was dull, nondescript. He suggested a café in the Piazza della Signoria. They went to Rivoire's, and sat looking at the Palazzo Vecchio and each other.

"Well," he said, and wondered when she was


MENU
BREAKFAST SPECIAL
2 EGGS, COFFEE, TOAST, ORANGE JUICE, A SET OF STAINLESS STEEL COOKING POTS, A 3-IN-1 POWER DRILL, AND A PAIR OF LADIES' CORDUROY CARGO PANTS WITH REINFORCED SEAMS.
39.95
MANKOFF



"Hey! After we spend the Russians into the ground, if there's any money left let's give a little party!"

going to disclose to him whatever it was she had in mind.

They ordered coffee. Then, as the waiter left, she said—as calmly as she could manage, yet not without a tremulous note—"The news I have for you is that fifteen months ago, on May 12th of last year, you became the father of a baby boy."

"I did?"

She nodded.

He said, "I am sorry, I—"

"It takes two people; it's my fault, too."

"Fault? It's hardly a fault. What is his name?"

"Giacinto."

"Giacinto," he repeated after her. It was strange to hear his son's name for the first time, over a year after his birth. "In the woods . . . a hyacinth."

"Yes, I had that in mind."

"And he's all right, is he? I mean, he's well?"

"He's perfectly well. He's a beautiful baby."

"And where is he now?" All these questions that a father shouldn't have to ask, he thought.

"He's in Rapallo, with my two other children. We rented an apartment by the sea for a month."

He looked down and paused for thought. "We are not so young anymore to have children," he said. "It must have been hard for you."

"It wasn't easy," she said, with a little nervous laugh.

"No." He thought of his other children—the immense care, the fretting, the anxiousness, the pain, the expense, the nights that were never peaceful. With this one he had missed all that, been free of it, had had to bear none of it. "My dear," he said, and couldn't help touching her arm and leaning over to kiss her. He looked at the other people in the café talking about this and that, so casually, while he sat among them taking in such a momentous piece of news. He felt very different from them.

"And you never considered . . . an interruption?" he asked her.

"Oh, I did. But even though it came as a surprise, I wanted, needed the baby—something of you. I was so unhappy."

"A new baby is always a great hope."

"Yes," she said enthusiastically.

"Why didn't you ever write me?"

"I started to, more than once. But I couldn't bring myself to finish the letter and mail it. I've never told anyone except my psychoanalyst."

"You go to an analyst—yes, I remember. And Walter doesn't know? He thinks the boy's his?"

"He may know, but I never told him. He knows and he doesn't know. I think he wonders. Once or twice he's joked about a possible lover. The baby doesn't look anything like him. You know how fair Walter is—well, his hair is gray now, but it was even lighter than mine. And Giacinto is the image of you."

"Is he?" Lorenzo felt lifted by a wave of tenderness for the unseen child. "He has black hair?"

"Yes."

"And his eyes?"

"That's it. I think he's going to have brown eyes. You can't be absolutely sure yet, but they're greenish brown now. We both have blue eyes, Walter and I."

"And so? Blue-eyed parents can have a brown-eyed baby, can't they?"

"No, it's against Mendel's law."

"Damn Mendel! There are exceptions; I think I read there are."

"Well, there may be—but rare, extremely rare. So I'm keeping my fingers crossed."

He felt a little hurt, irritated. "It doesn't matter anyway, does it? I mean, it's slightly unpleasant, discussing the baby's color, even if it is only the color of his eyes."

"Yes, he's wonderful—that's all that matters," she said, her eyes shining.

"So Walter doesn't know," he said, almost to himself.

"Not for sure. He's been very good about it. He's always so busy, so absorbed in his work, really dedicated. And he's not at all inquisitive."

"I know; he's a good man."

"He's been good to me, even though . . ."

"What?"

She shook her head. "He's such an

STOPPING ON THE EDGE TO WAVE

. . . light is on the edge—
the last thing we know
before things become too
swift for us.
—*C. S. Lewis.*

The scene always takes place
at the gate   Outside the wall
And the assumption always is

I can no longer even remember
It's more a condition   Like light
Our condition always is

That I have the key
That you have the key
That we know what we are doing there

or here or anywhere   There is no key
We stand atop whatever we can find
to climb up on   Arm in arm
Peering over the wall
There is no wall

What is it then
What is it we hope

to see on the other side   The vacant
streets lined with buildings   Nothing
moves   There is no color   Over the cobblestones nothing
moves   There is no sound   Behind the brick walls nothing
moves   As if we'd stopped off
in a photograph
on our way

Where

There is no where
& no when   As in a picture
of such emptiness   As if to speak
of such emptiness   Nothing moves

at the center
It is the light
There are no sides
The light falls

from the buildings into the streets
like the last thing
What more could we have

come all this way to know   Hoping
to find our way

back to the room
of flowers   The bed
The familiar stories   Everything

on the edge is familiar
Where nothing is

The last thing we see
Like this light
Before things get too swift
for us   We thought we were

alone & indeed there is no other
It is the light waving back
We thought all things
change & indeed

There are no streets   No buildings
The light falls
on white egrets
in the grass
next to black
cattle grazing   The pasture falls

down to the sea   The light
has come all this way
bearing us with it   Each morning
at our backs the crater   Each night
the sea   We are farther back
than we know   Nothing

does move
In the form
of a white bird
it lifts off
& flies away
into itself

taking us with it   Light
& then dark & then light
again   Farther than we can see
The sky
Empty

—James Baker Hall

• •

optimist. He won't admit there's anything wrong with our marriage, just won't recognize our differences. That's why I've been going to a psychiatrist. That's why I wanted a baby. It's strange to have this secret; I always have an urge to tell it—especially to Walter. But I haven't. My psychiatrist says that if he has learned anything in medicine it's that when there's a question of doing or not doing a thing, then it's better not to do it."

"All you must have been through!"

"Oh, it's not the sort of thing I mind, though the baby takes a lot of caring for. He's so different from my other children. Bigger, stronger than they were, and he won't let me out of his sight. He screams!"

Lorenzo remembered his own mother telling him that once she had left him at home with his father while she went to the village and his father, unable to stop his crying, had to carry him to the village to look for her.

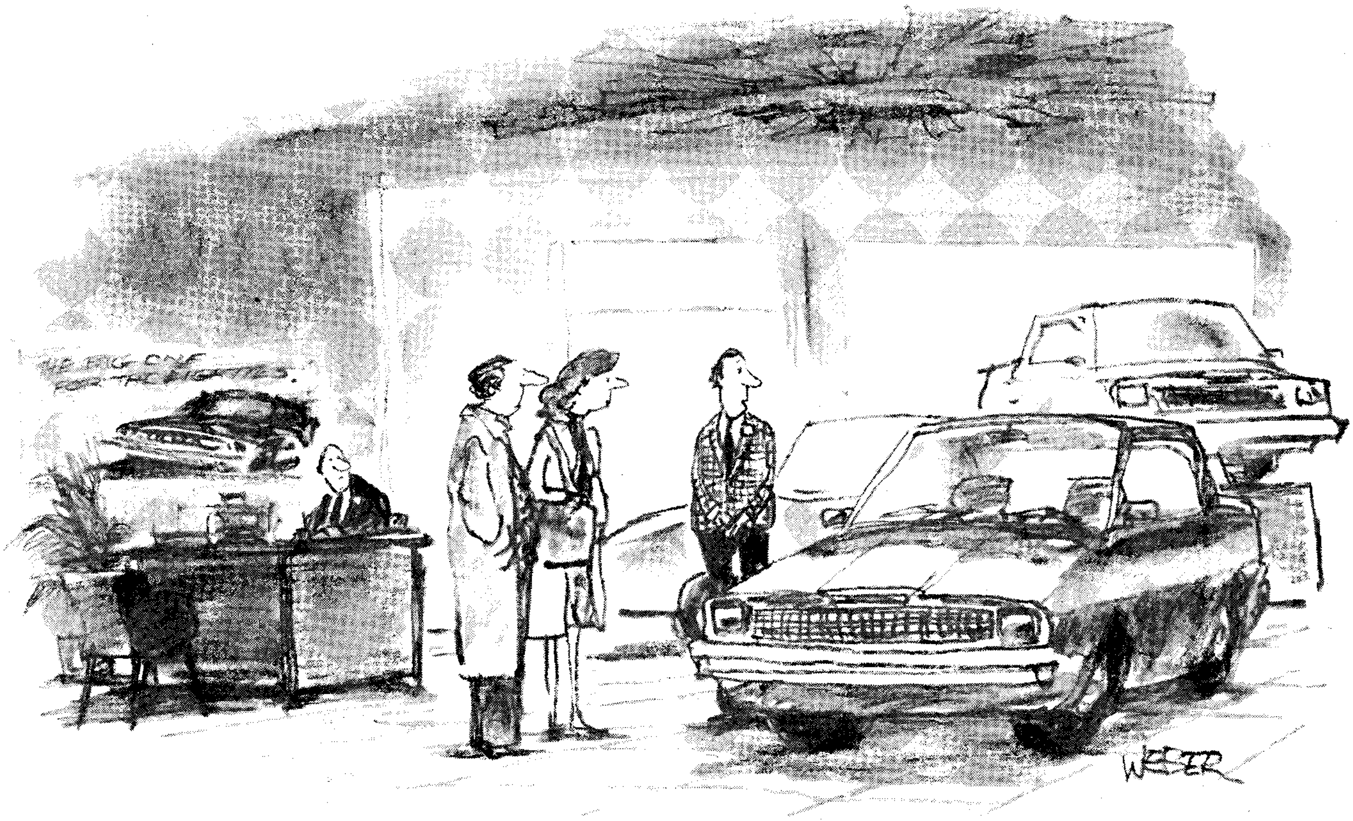
"Wasn't Walter married before?"

"Yes, in Switzerland."

"He has a child from that first marriage, hasn't he?"

"Yes, a daughter."

"Well, it makes for symmetry."


THE BIG ONE FOR THE EIGHTIES.

"Quality? Good question. Hey, Ted, what's the story on quality?"

• •

She laughed. "I feel better talking to you. I didn't know how you'd take it."

"What did you think? That I would walk away?"

"You might have."

"No, imagine, another child, and without any trouble! It hardly seems fair, does it?"

He couldn't get over it. A son, fifteen months old, whose existence he had never suspected—and he thought he was telepathic! The pregnancy, the delivery had all happened without his being even remotely aware of them. Oh, he had thought of Anna a few times, and that Christmas he had sent her a card—or had he? He tilted his head and winced, trying to gain a clearer perspective.

"Well, I'd like to see him," he said. "Can I see him sometime, do you think?"

"You can see him."

"In Rapallo?"

"Yes, Walter's going to Switzerland for a few days at the end of the month. You could come then."

Lorenzo nodded. For a moment, he gazed at the piazza, with its largesse of statues. "He's lucky to have such a fine mother," he said finally. And her husband, he thought—he's a much better man than I am, in so many ways: even-tempered, mild, busy, and important; he's rich, he's considerate and kind. While I—what am I? A composer with little to show for it. Always full of doubts, and so often sad. The child, the mother are both lucky not to have me around the house. Or am I being hard on myself, he wondered. My wife and I aren't as close as we were, or might be; still, she likes me, despite my faults. So do my children, really. At least Ada does—she always comes to sit on my lap—and Silvio calls for *me* when he hurts himself. And after all, how well do I know Walter? He can probably be very disagreeable, too.

Two families, he thought. "Perhaps you should marry me," he told Anna.

"Your first responsibility is toward Emilia and your children; don't forget there are three people there."

"I don't forget," he said. She had borne him a child, in silence. Then she had taken it on herself to come to see him, from Rapallo. He felt like a second husband to her—that she was his second wife.

The traffic had gone from the square; there were only a few people left at the café. "Where shall we go?" he said. "To your hotel?"

They walked back. They sank into the deep armchairs of the lobby for a while; then they casually crossed to the elevator and went up to her room. Within half a minute, the telephone rang. "Would you please tell that gentleman to come down immediately," she was told.

"Yes, we'll be down in a second."

He was in a fury, a tiger whose quarry had been snatched. Downstairs, he strode over to the desk clerk. "Why don't you leave people in peace?" he said.

"Hotel rules."

"In America there's nothing like this."

"But you're in Italy now."

"To my misfortune."

"Then why don't you leave?"

The clerk had all the answers, and he had only his flaming rage. Anna took him by the hand and pulled him outdoors.

"I'm sorry I made a scene."

"That's all right; he was mean to you."

She wasn't displeased. Perhaps she

was proud of him, proud of having been wanted that badly.

"Well, it seems only the woods don't care," he said.

AFTER about two weeks and a note from Anna, Lorenzo arrived in Rapallo by the evening train. They had agreed to meet in a café by the sea at ten. She arrived after eleven. "Any other woman than you, and I would have left," he said.

"Walter was supposed to phone me from Basel at nine, but the call didn't come through. Finally, I gave up. It was either you or him, and I decided in your favor."

His mind was on the little boy. "Where can I see him tomorrow?" he said.

"Come to the apartment," she said. "It's quite a place, and I'd like you to see it. The maid will know right away—one look at you, and she'll put two and two together. But come there anyhow—I'm tired of doing things under cover. He's such a lovely baby. It isn't fair to him."

Lorenzo, who had imagined a furtive meeting in a piazza—the baby arriving in a pram, his picking him up, holding him for a moment and then setting him back, all very brief and secret—wanted to say, "Yes, but that isn't the point, is it? We just don't want to hurt anybody." But tears stood in her eyes, and he refrained; he said only, "All right."

Late the next morning, he knocked at the apartment door. The maid opened it—she was one of those saucy, knowing lasses right out of a Goldoni comedy. She showed him into the dark, sprawling, old-fashioned apartment. The two little girls—Nina and Laura—appeared with their governess; he greeted them. But, barely able to wait, he watched the door eagerly for his own child.

A moment later, Giacinto arrived in his mother's arms. Anna gave him to Lorenzo. He held the child's face to his own, and the firm, round cheek filled his hollow one. It was good to feel a baby's tenderness again, and smell the talcum powder. The boy's dark hair was soft and lustrous, and his eyes seemed to shine for Lorenzo, intense and full of meaning. His child . . .

"He has more hair than the other two put together," Anna said, smiling, and she ran her long, white fingers through Giacinto's loose curls. The girls' hair was blond and wispy.

Lorenzo took Anna and the three children to lunch at the best restaurant in town, and they rode to it in a carriage pulled by a white horse. He paid the exorbitant fare with a free hand, and at the restaurant he urged everyone to order expensive dishes. But the two girls just nibbled at some pasta and asked for another round of soft drinks. "Only this one is interested in food," Anna said, and she looked fondly at the baby sitting on her lap. Indeed, the little boy ate heartily; his hands, lips, chin were all smeared with tomato sauce. Anna wiped him clean. Annoyed by the interruption, Giacinto again dipped his fingers into the pasta.

Walking them home, Lorenzo carried the baby. How solid and plump he was! At first he cried, but he soon got used to Lorenzo, and looked at him gravely with his green-brown eyes. "He's a very serious boy," Lorenzo said.

The diaper was moist on his bare forearm, and soon his arm began to ache with the weight. He shifted the boy to his other arm and bore him on gladly. He wondered if the child had ever seen such hairy arms or such black hair close up. Giacinto kept staring at him, and Lorenzo felt at one with the boy, part of the same substance.

A few steps from the apartment building, the two girls clustered around a vender at a little stall. They were drawn not so much by the plastic toys he sold as by the man himself. He was talking to a customer, and for a moment didn't notice them; they touched his hand gently and gazed up at him. When he did look down, he made a great fuss, lifting each of them up for a kiss.

"He does this every day," Anna said.

Lorenzo saw the apartment again that night, after he and Anna had dined alone in town. The children were all asleep, the baby in the room with the governess. The two walked to the threshold of the master bedroom and looked in. The sumptuous bed seemed to be asking them to occupy it, but Lorenzo only gazed at it in the speckled light of a Moorish lamp. "Where shall we go?" he said, as if lying on it were proscribed.

"Here."

"Here? What if the governess comes in to call you?"

"She never does, but I'll lock the door."

Still he hesitated. "I'd feel rather odd, sleeping in that bed."

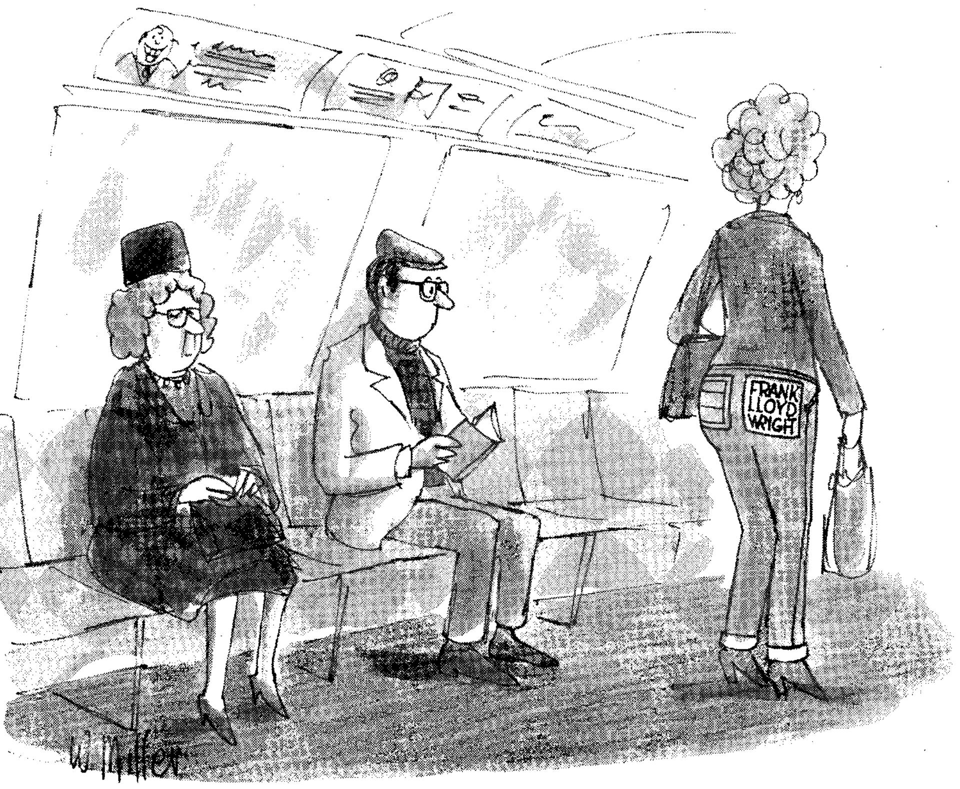
"But why?"

"I'd feel like an intruder."

"There's a little terrace on the roof. Shall we go there?"

"Yes, not a bedroom. Leaves or the stars for us."

They climbed a narrow stairway up to the terrace. There, above most other rooftops, and level with the bell



tower of a church, they were invisible—shrouded in darkness, hidden in the open, as they'd been in the woods. They lay on the cool tiles in the warm night, while below them slept the town, and her daughters, and their son.

The next day, they all had breakfast at a nearby café, where the waiter made as much fuss over the children as the toy seller had. And then Anna walked with Lorenzo to the station, and didn't leave till the engine pulled him out of sight.

He stared at the compartment ceiling. Tomorrow, he thought, Walter will come back, and the boy will call him "Papa." And I—his real father—will be forgotten, like the coachman, like the toy vender, or the waiter at the café.

THAT winter in America, Lorenzo thought often and longingly of Anna and the little boy, especially when his other children were unfeeling or rude to him. He yearned for news of his young son, yearned to see him again. One night, he wrote Anna a long, and discreet, letter, but she never answered. Lorenzo's father died of his long illness, and by spring the house in Italy was sold. When, how would he see his child again?

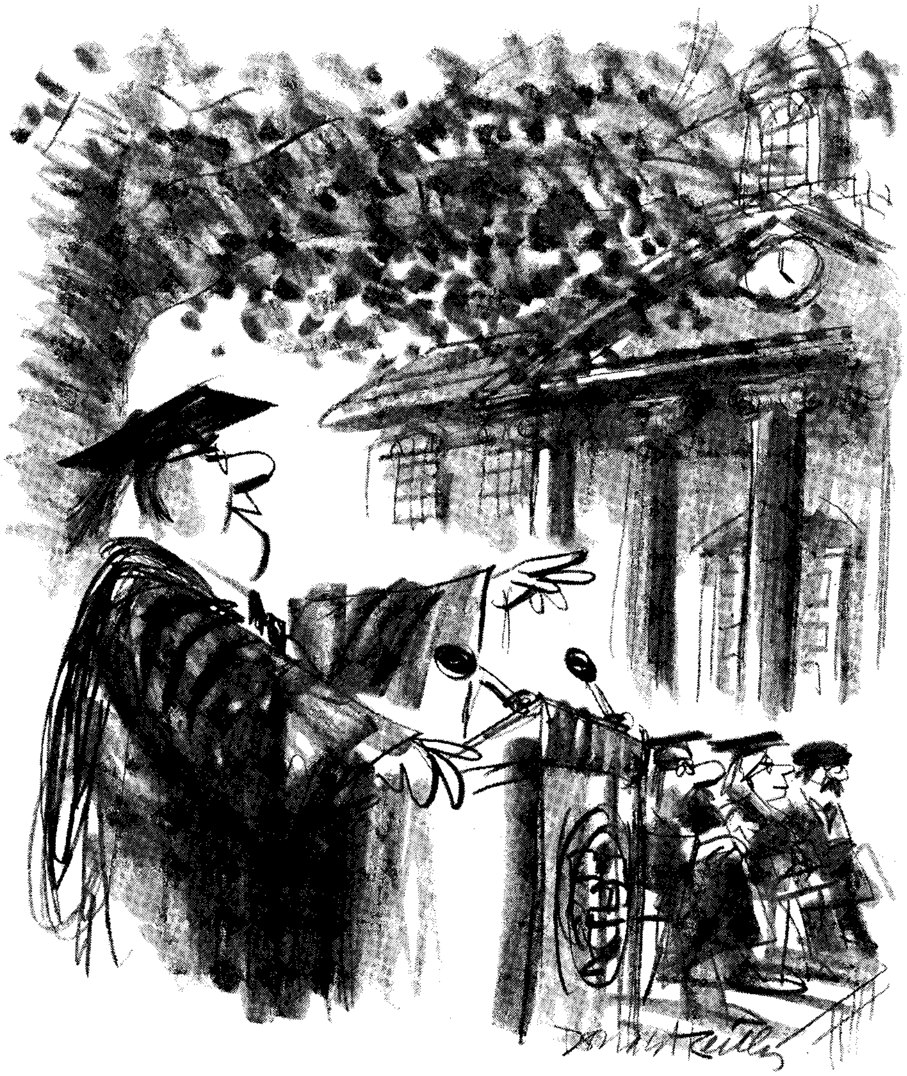
Two more years passed, and he told no one about Giacinto. It was strange to have such a secret; he felt the richer for it. And yet he had an urge to tell someone—to tell his wife. There was little else about him that she did not know, and her ignorance of this fact seemed like a chasm between them, he persuaded himself; then he thought of Anna's psychoanalyst's advice, and resisted.

But one night, while he and Emilia were alone in the kitchen, he could not help himself. He told her.

At first, she could not believe it. But he insisted, and finally she said, "You should go to her. She's your wife now."

"No," he said, "you don't understand. I'm not in love with Anna. If I left you, it wouldn't be for her. And she has no intention of leaving Walter."

Slowly, Emilia accepted the news. She got over her astonishment and resentment. It always surprised him how soon she forgot or forgave his failures. It was her nature, her gentle disposition, really: a need to keep things unruffled, and mend any break, lest life in the house become too painful to bear. And she was reassured as another year passed and Lorenzo seemed at peace.



"One final note, then, as we wish you all Godspeed. Those of us now inside academia most heartily encourage those of you outside academia to stay outside academia."

• •

But if his thoughts of Giacinto were less frequent, they were more urgent when they came: the boy was growing beyond his reach, and what had become of him? Was he well? Was he even alive? There was only an awful blank.

To phone Anna from America was beyond Lorenzo: suppose Walter should answer, or question her about a transatlantic call. The last thing he wanted to do was cause her pain or embarrassment. No, even if he had to go out of his way for it, or interrupt a journey at considerable expense, Lorenzo decided, a local call was the only solution—a casual call in which he could say, with some truth, that he was passing through and thought he'd say hello.

Five years after seeing her in Rapallo, the occasion presented itself. He had business to attend to in Rome, and on his flight from New York he stopped over in Milan. He arrived on a Sunday and stayed the night, thinking that on a Monday Walter would be less likely to answer the phone and recognize him.

But when, the next morning, he called, it *was* Walter who answered—and after a moment Lorenzo hung up without a word. He felt fainthearted and unworldly—but it was done now, and calling back would make it worse. Not for another four years, on another stopover in Milan, did he try to call Anna again.

It was a Friday night, and this time a child answered—Giacinto, he was quite sure. But Anna, the child said, was out.

"Thank you. I'll call again. Will she be in tomorrow morning?"

"Oh, yes," the child said.

Lorenzo wanted to prolong the conversation, hear more of that sweet voice, but words failed him.

The next morning, a little after ten, he called again. A woman answered. "Anna?" he said.

"Yes."

"Oh, Anna, this is Lorenzo. I was just passing through on my way to Rome, and I thought I'd call."

"Lorenzo!" she exclaimed with delight, and immediately he felt at home in the strange town. "You're here! You must come over."

"Well, I'd like to, but maybe I shouldn't. Walter might not want to see me."

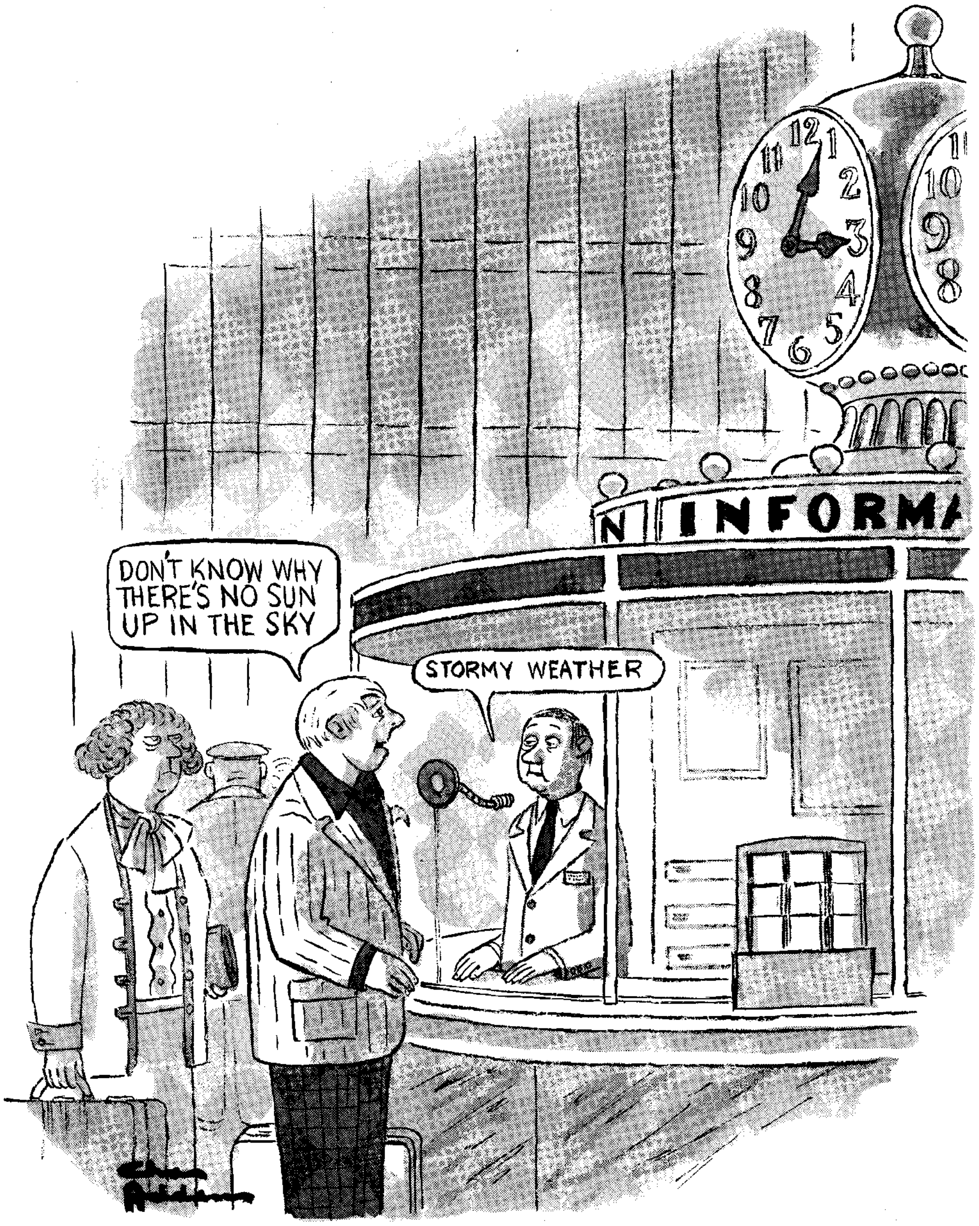
"Oh yes, he would. I'd come and pick you up, but we're all getting ready to go to the children's school. There's going to be an art show at eleven with a few of Nina's paintings. Then we're going to have lunch here, with some friends. Could you come and meet us?"

"Yes, but are you sure?"

"We'll all be glad to see you," she said, and gave him the address.

Had she told Walter? And had he come to terms with the situation, as Emilia had?

They lived miles away, in the outskirts of the city. When he arrived at the school—after a good deal of wandering, for the taxi-driver wasn't familiar with the suburb—someone was giving a speech. The hall was full. Lorenzo climbed to the balcony and tried in vain to see Anna in the crowd below. He thought of himself, here for such a different reason from everyone else.


INFORMA
N
DON'T KNOW WHY THERE'S NO SUN UP IN THE SKY
STORMY WEATHER

When the talk ended, he went to the balustrade, and finally he spotted her. From a distance, she might have been in her twenties, instead of her forties—small and supple, with a cascade of waving blond hair down to her shoulders. She was talking to a friend but looking around as well; he couldn't see Giacinto. He went down the stairs. When she saw him, she seemed to blush a little. She introduced him to the friend, and to her two tall daughters. And then another child came toward them, a boy of about ten, with deep, thoughtful eyes and Anna's longish face. He drew close to his mother and looked at Lorenzo with a smile. "And this is Giacinto," Anna said.

Lorenzo shook his hand, as he had done with the two girls, though he wanted to kiss him. Giacinto's hands looked like his own even more than his other children's did; and so did the boy's roundish nose, and his small mouth, and his tapering chin, and the sturdy legs and strong arms. God, the resemblance was astounding! Did any of Anna's friends see it, now that he stood beside him?

Walter came over, smiling. He had once struck Lorenzo as a Boy Scout leader, but no longer; he had aged a lot, and looked like an elderly minister. He, too, was very friendly. Did he know? He must, and yet there wasn't the least look of resentment in his eyes. Amazing, Lorenzo thought; so full of good will, so very nice, while I . . .

He drove to the house with a married couple, Teresa and Orlando. Turning in the front seat, Teresa said, "You know Anna's ill, poor woman."

"No—I didn't know."

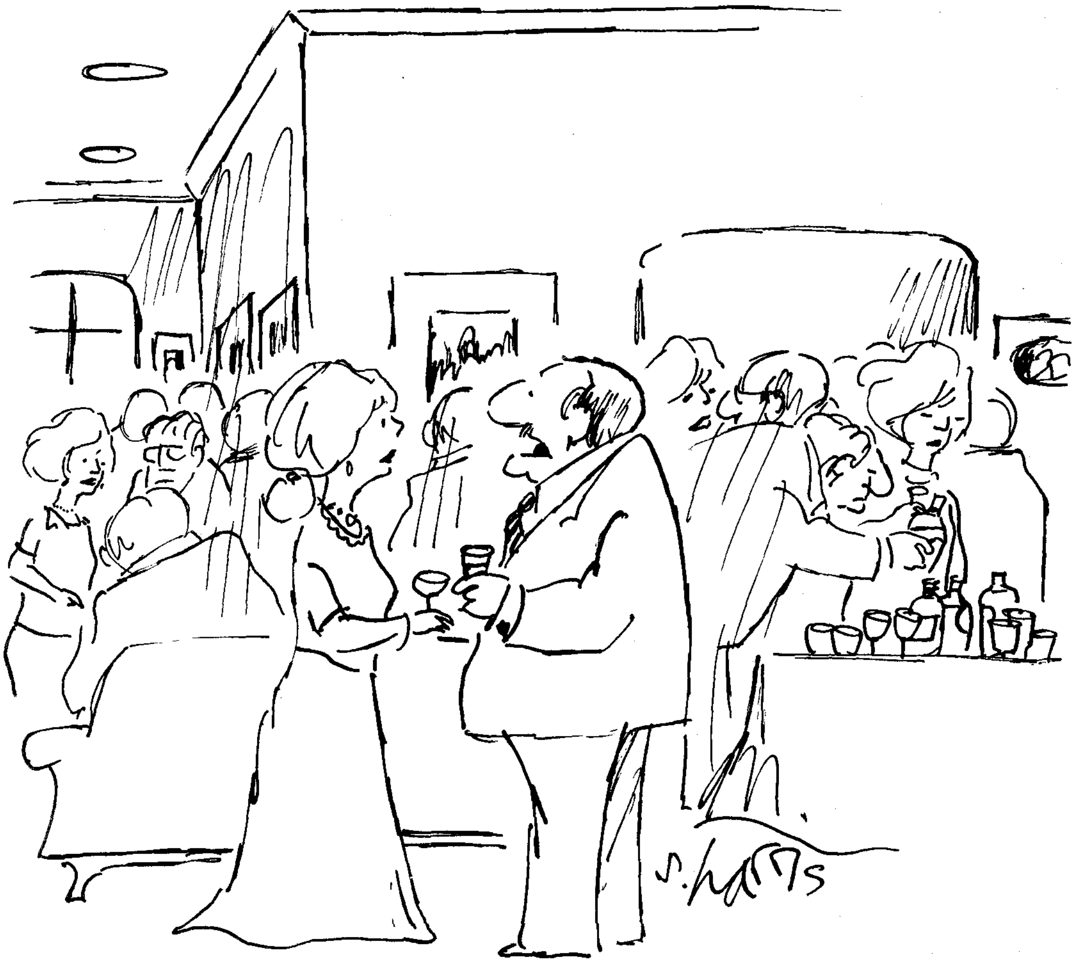
"Oh, yes. What she's gone through! They found Hodgkin's disease."

"Oh."

"It's a kind of lymph cancer."

Hodgkin's! Lorenzo knew it could be fatal, though he'd heard there were treatments for it now. Yes, she did look pale, he thought, and he felt on edge in the back seat of the large, comfortable car. He wished this woman had let Anna tell him.

They reached the house. It was beautiful—a house such as he could never afford. There was a profusion of red geraniums, in the garden, on a terrace, and up a flight of stone steps. Geraniums reflected themselves on a pond, tinging it their color.



"This is not exactly my kind of gathering. What I like is when everyone sits around the table, each person airs his views, and then we vote."

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There were two bicycles on the terrace and lots of toys in disarray, much as at his own house in America. The furniture was slightly worn, which made it look all the more inviting. The guests—there were a dozen of them—moved about setting out a buffet lunch. Each had brought something. Only he had come empty-handed.

Anna took him aside and showed him into a study. She gave him a picture of Giacinto as a baby, and another, quite recent one. "He's so very affectionate," she said. "Much more than the others. It's strange. Like you perhaps—you were very fond of your mother, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"He's so like you."

He smiled.

"I don't know what he'll do when I—" she said. Quickly he looked at her. "I haven't been well."

"Teresa told me in the car."

"She did?"

"Yes. But Hodgkin's can be treated now, can't it?"

"So they tell me. And I feel fine at the moment."

He held her hand tight, so tight it must have hurt. "You won't die," he said. "You can't. You won't."

She looked at him for a second, her eyes brighter than he had ever seen them.

"You'll be all right."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes," he said. But in her eyes there was a wistfulness, an autumn look.

They returned to the living room, where the picture was very much one of life—drinks, food, children playing. In a moment, she had merged with the guests and was the busy housewife. But at one point he heard Teresa say, "No, Anna, let me do it."

Giacinto darted in and out of the room, and Lorenzo watched his every move, trying to retain his image. Fleeting moments, small change that he would have to treasure. He had missed him, and would miss him for years and years more.

After lunch Anna took Giacinto by the hand and asked him to show Lorenzo a tree house Walter had built for the children in the garden. She went along. For a moment, the three of them were together, a separate family. They wandered under the trees. Up high in one of them was the tree house. He, too, had once built a tree hut for his children in his own back yard, but it consisted of a few boards. This was a veritable little house, with walls and floor and ceiling and windows.

"Would you like to go up there with Giacinto? I don't think I will," she said. The boy led him up, and they sat in the tree house side by side, and swayed with the wind.

When they returned to the living room, Giacinto ran to tell Walter about the climb. "Papa, Papa," he called. Lorenzo felt strange hearing him say it. Yet why? Walter *was* his father, and Lorenzo was an outsider, a trespasser—his father only for a moment, at the inception, there in the wood hundreds of miles away. His first, but incidental, father.

Little by little, the guests began to leave. Lorenzo lingered; someone had offered to drive him to his hotel but had gone to do an errand first.

"Perhaps I ought to get a taxi."

"No," Anna protested. "Alberto will be back soon. Wait for him."

In a far corner of the living room, Walter and Giacinto played with a complicated electric-train set. The boy was straddling the man's knee, and, as the train gained speed, he bobbed up and down as if he were riding a horse. Walter's mouth was a semicircle, like a cartoon of joy; his little eyes, peering from behind his glasses, were excited, almost gleeful. From a distance, Lorenzo watched the two, thinking, He is a better father than I am. Then he thought, There's certainly nothing to feel guilty about—the boy's a boon to have around. He makes one feel more rooted to this world. Anna, watching them, too, said quietly, "At first, Walter was a little cold. He acted as if Giacinto was someone he had little or nothing to do with, and now they are like—buddies. I think he always wanted a little boy."

A few minutes later Giacinto came over to Lorenzo of his own accord to show him a picture book. The boy seemed to like him, to seek him out, more than the two girls did. He talked and laughed with Lorenzo as they leafed through the book.

Walter said, "I don't think Alberto will be back. You'd better call a taxi, dear, or I can drive Lorenzo into town."

"No, he'll be back," Anna said.

"I don't know," Walter murmured doubtfully, and Lorenzo felt that Walter wanted him to go.

My only link to Giacinto is Anna, he thought.

Alberto arrived at last, and Lorenzo said goodbye. The girls hardly answered, but Giacinto gazed up at him from the sofa; he seemed a little sad to see him go.

On the train to Rome later, Lorenzo often pulled out the snapshots Anna had given him. There was Giacinto, smiling. Would he ever see him again? Perhaps not. Well, then, the boy would smile at him this way forever; he'd never have the chance to grow rude and uncaring.

AND now nearly three more years have gone by, and once again Lorenzo is approaching Milan. He has thought about all these things time and again; they are more distinct to him than what he did yesterday, or even this morning. In his rented car, he reaches the highway that angles around the city, and he doesn't know whether to turn right or left, go counterclockwise or clockwise. He turns right, and soon, at random, he takes an exit ramp, and along another road he finds a restaurant. After a quick meal, he goes to the phone. He has waited so long to call, but at last he feels he is in the right place—in position—and he takes out his address book, lays it squarely in front of him, and dials Anna's number. He is relieved to hear her voice, though this time he would have gone through with the call and asked to speak to her even if Walter answered.

"This is Lorenzo," he says, and he almost manages to sound casual.

Again her voice is welcoming, warm. They are all well. Walter is in Zurich on business. She invites him to stay at the house. "We have an extra bedroom, you know. I'll come and fetch you if you tell me exactly where you are."

He tells her. It's on the other side of town. "I'll come to you," he says. "I'll find my way."

She gives him directions and tells him she'll meet him at the first traffic light he comes to off her exit, because it would be hard to find her house at night in the maze of little roads in her neighborhood. "It's about thirty kilometres," she says. "I'll be at the light in three-quarters of an hour."

"Make it an hour," he says. "I drive slowly."

"In an hour, then."

He asks the cashier how to get back to the expressway. "The third right," she says. "The third right," he repeats in the car, but the third right—or what he takes to be the third right—doesn't lead to the expressway. He gets out of the car at a red light and asks another driver. The light turns green, and before he gets a clear answer everyone is speeding on. Now he's lost. He has no idea in what direction he's going. He looks for a service station, a bar, a pedestrian. But there are only speeding cars and trucks. Then he does find a man, standing still and alone on the sidewalk. "I've only been in Milan a few days," the man says in a Sicilian accent, looking more lost than Lorenzo himself, and Lorenzo thinks of the beautiful temples by the sea, and of the almond trees and orange groves of Sicily and their

Street Scene

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fragrance, and of the squalor of this street. Trusting only his poor sense of direction, he rushes on, furious with himself. He crosses a railroad track and, swerving too far right, runs over a curb. The low-slung car hits it hard, so hard he's sure something must have cracked; he remembers cracking the radiator of his own car on a rock back in America, and the water all leaking out. He drives on, the car apparently undamaged. No road signs to the expressway. A woman tells him, "There's a fire station there. They always know. You ask them." The fire station is locked. He drives on toward lights. He has already lost half an hour. Then he hails a man in a car. "Follow me," the man says. "I'm going to the expressway."

Back on the expressway at last, he's going in the right direction—or is he? He's so confused he can hardly tell what he's doing. But he had better just keep driving. He switches the light on and looks at the map. From a sign on the road he can tell that he's a very long way from her exit. It would have been quicker if he had gone the other way. But it's too late now to change. He drives on. Since this is more or less a circle, he knows that he'll get there. He drives faster and faster. It must be at least an hour since the call, and he has a good twenty kilometres to go. He thinks of Anna waiting, probably not feeling as well as she said, and he drives even faster. And when at last her exit comes up, he is driving so fast he can't make the turn. He takes the next one, and reënters the expressway. He goes back to her exit and down the ramp. He comes to a traffic light. There's no one there. Did she mean here? Is he on the right side of the expressway? He drives back toward it, under it, then another mile.

There are no traffic lights on this side. He must return to those he saw. But again the place is deserted. Slowly, in despair, he drives around looking for her. He feels inept, a fool, mad. For a moment, going back and forth—away from and toward the traffic lights—he feels dead; perhaps he *is* dead, died instantly in an accident, died without knowing it, and now he is a ghost, condemned to drive on forever. But no—this is the car he rented. He stops. It's almost eleven—nearly two hours since he called her. He must find a phone and call her again. This direction leads back to the expressway. He brakes. He must back up to the traffic light to turn. As he does so, looking back through the rear window, he sees a figure. Perhaps that person will tell him how to find her street. It can't be far. Or a telephone. He backs up carefully and leans out the window. She waves. It is Anna.

He hugs her as a shipwrecked sailor hugs a life buoy. Worried about him, she had gone home to ask if any calls had come in, then had returned to this spot. She drives ahead of him slowly. It is a short distance to her home. The children are asleep. The house is perfectly quiet and still, but if he doesn't focus he sees the road advancing toward him. Slowly, with a drink in his hand, he rests.

They go to look at Giacinto. She says, "Till not long ago, he used to like me to tuck him in every night." He remembers his mother saying the same thing about him, and tucking him in, till, to his delight, the bed looked like a boat's deck.

"So, you are well?" he says, back in the living room. "You look well."

"I'm all right," she says.

But as they sit in their armchairs, they both seem to be recovering—he from a long drive, she from an even longer and more wearisome journey. Anna shows Lorenzo to his room, and they kiss good night at the door.

A YEAR later, an envelope reaches Lorenzo from Milan. It contains no letter—only a printed card announcing Anna's death, and a newspaper obituary with her picture. She is survived, the clipping says, by her husband and their three children.

He looks at her picture. He sees her in the wood, and in Florence and in Rapallo, and in her home watching Giacinto sleep. He sees her framed by the rear window of his car, a solitary figure waiting for him in the dark.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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Washington would have found it difficult to make his way in modern politics. He would have been uncomfortable selling himself to the people and would not have been effective on television. And Washington was not very good at taking criticism.

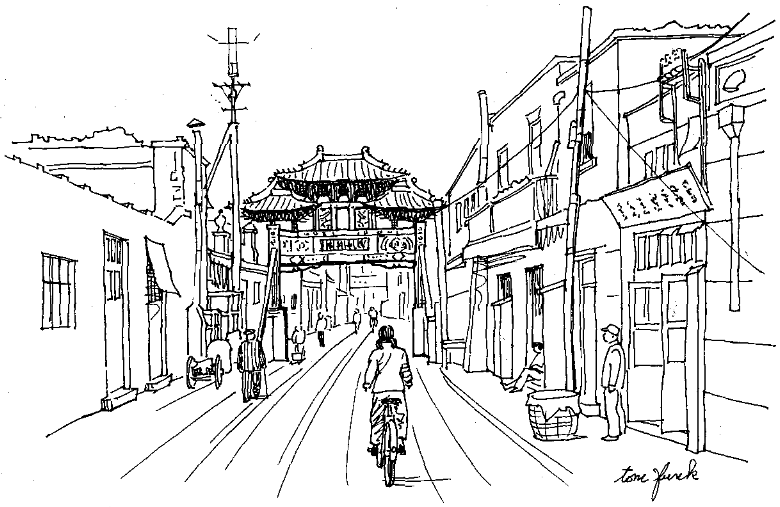
Moreover, he would have found it very difficult to become a partisan politician. Even before his death, he was unhappy with the party system that was arising in the country.—*U.S. News & World Report.*

Later on, he felt better about it.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HOMECOMING

III—THE LONG LIFE OF THE FOUR OLDS



"TO see the real Tientsin, you must go to Gou Bu Li," a Chinese friend told me not long after I arrived in that North China city on a recent visit. Gou Bu Li was the name of a restaurant, and it meant, roughly, Dogs Wouldn't Pay Any Attention. The place, my friend said, served *baozis.*

In that case, I said, we'd have to go. I had been born of missionary parents in Tientsin sixty-seven years before, and though I had lived there only until I was eleven, the taste of *baozis* was still strong on the palate of my memory. This Tientsin specialty had always been served at banquets given my family by Chinese friends. *Baozis* are little subtly spiced scoops of chopped pork wrapped in delicate envelopes of dough and cooked in steam. They are fat and round, and a couple of inches across. Badly made *baozis* lie like chips of flint in the stomach, but when *baozis* are just right you can eat a hundred and still be ravenous for more. Or at least, as I remembered, a boy about ten years old could.

On a Wednesday noon, four of us went to have lunch at Gou Bu Li. As I looked back on this cheerful lunch later in my stay, I found it had cast a strange kind of backlight on one of the subjects I was most interested in during this revisit to Tientsin: the current state of cultural and intellectual life in China.

My host, the friend who had suggested going there, was a man named Ye Dezhuang, a distinguished research professor at the Chinese Academy of Agricultural Sciences in Peking, who was engaged in a lifelong work of translating the complete writings of Charles Darwin into Chinese. I had made Ye's friendship during my last trip to China, in 1946, three years before the Communists came to power. He was learned, generous, and sunny, and he had grown up in Tientsin and had a wide acquaintance in the city. Before leaving the States on this trip, I had written to ask whether he might somehow get permission to accompany me on my sentimental revisit to my—and his—native city.

When I arrived in Peking, the officials who met me told me the sad news that Ye's superiors had decided he was "too busy" to go to Tientsin with me. I then had dinner with Ye—Lao Ye, or Old Ye, as I had come to call him—at his two-room apartment at the Academy, and in spite of the frustration we both felt over the authorities' denial of his request I found him still as bracing and lively as he had been more than three decades before. He had in his makeup a combination of traits often seen among educated Chinese: a most sensitive courtesy laced with a slightly combative keenness of mind, the latter quickened by, sometimes hidden under, a rippling sense of humor.

As it turned out, to my delight, Ye was finally able to persuade his bosses that his busyness had in fact come to a pause, for he had just finished translating the last of four volumes of Darwin that he had been readying for publication in 1982, the hundredth anniversary of Darwin's death. Permission was given for him to join me. What was more, he had arranged to bring with him the advantages of the bright mind and good English of a niece-in-law of his, named Li Lailai. She was on the staff of *China Reconstructs*, an English-language magazine published in Peking that happened to be edited by a Tientsin elementary-school friend of mine named Israel Epstein.

Lailai made a third in our party that day, and the fourth was a crusty elderly friend of Ye's named Zhang Guofeng. Before the revolution, he had been a journalist working for the government newspaper *Da Gong Bao* ("Greatly Just Newspaper"). Now he was a scholar in the Tientsin Institute of History. He was a gaunt man with heavy, dark-rimmed glasses, which kept sliding down his nose, so that he squinted out from above them with what looked like amused disbelief at a world he apparently could not quite see.

When we entered the foyer of the restaurant, I thought we would never get a table. There must have been two hundred people, mostly men, jostling and shouting and jockeying for admittance. It turned out, though, that Ye had reserved a private room for us upstairs. Soon we were settled there, over bottles of wine and beer and some cold appetizers, at a round table much too large for four. In a few minutes, the manager came in for a courteous exchange with his old friends Ye and Zhang.

"I should tell you," Mr. Zhang then said to me, "how Gou Bu Li got its name. This manager's grandfather, whose name was Gao Guiyou, founded a restaurant in 1900. It was originally in the business center on the edge of the old Chinese city. He had been an apprentice in a *baozi* shop, and he worked hard and finally discovered an especially good flavor for the stuffings. So he took his secret off and started out on his own. He had a strong character. He never spoke. When people tried to talk to him, he angrily drove them away. Finally, one day somebody said, 'Even a dog wouldn't have anything to do with that man.' And that caught on. From then on, he was Gou Bu Li."

The restaurant, the manager told us, now served fifty thousand *baozis* a day, to three thousand customers. He rushed off to take care of the hundreds of people who were downstairs.

Mr. Zhang got talking about the

strange period in Tientsin's history—beginning in 1860 and lasting through the Second World War—during which the city had been divided up into enclaves belonging to nine different foreign powers: Britain, France, the United States, Germany, Japan, Russia, Italy, Austria, and Belgium. The United States had never actually administered its area—a little one, he said, in what was now called the Small White House district of town; but when America gave its land up, at the turn of the century, it did not give it back to China but assigned it to the British. All together, these concessions were eight times as large as the Chinese city. Rich Chinese and Chinese compradors began speculating in land in the concessions. There were two kinds of land deeds: authentic ones, with red seals stamped on them, and fraudulent ones, which lacked the seals. Foreign speculators encouraged all sorts of chicanery and bribery by Chinese merchants who wanted to get "white" deeds changed to "red." "So here," Mr. Zhang said, "we had British and French people selling Chinese land to Chinese people, and doing it corruptly. Do you wonder that we have bitter memories of those days?"

Our *baozis* arrived. Old Ye recognized a waiter, and told me that he was a great-grandson of Zhao Yuanli, a famous calligrapher. Most of Zhao's priceless works of the brush, the grandson said, had been burned during the Cultural Revolution.

The *baozis* tasted delicious to me, but Mr. Zhang, who had grown a little cranky over all the bad history he had been reciting, said they weren't as good as they used to be. Refrigerated meat, now, instead of fresh. And the cooks used to be very particular about making exactly fifteen tucks in each *baozi;* now no one seemed to care how many there were. All the same, he wanted me to know about the great men who had eaten Gou Bu Li *baozis:* the emperor, in 1903; and later, Mao Zedong, Deng Xiaoping, Hu Yaobang. "Also your American Mr. Bush."

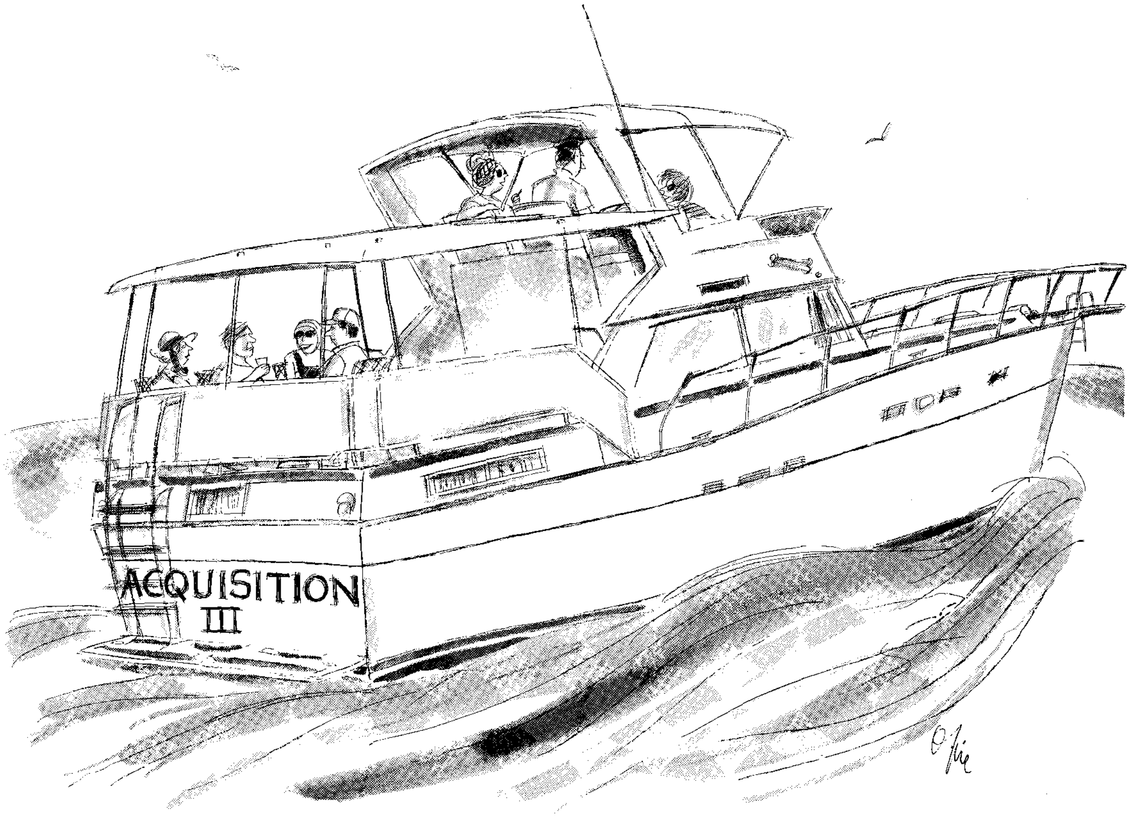
A few minutes later, he asked me what sights I had seen. I said I had visited, among other places, the famous Tientsin clay-figure shop that had been founded more than a century ago by the man everyone called Clay Man Zhang.

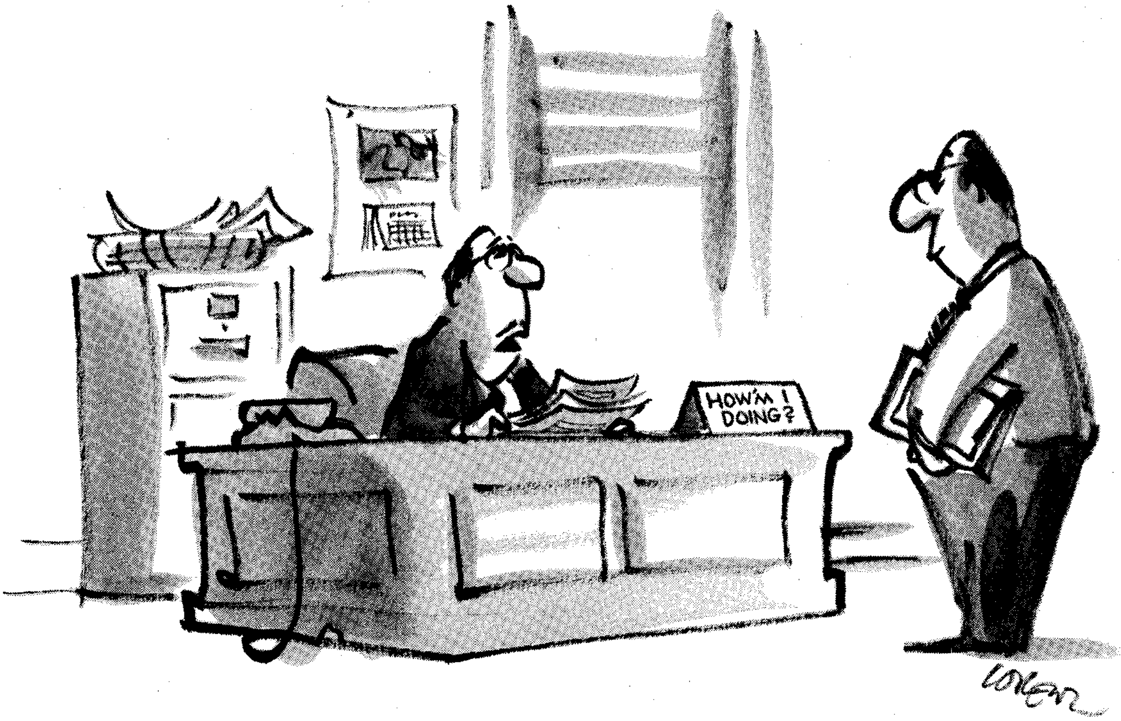
Ye then told a story about this Zhang Mingshen. When he was nearly ninety years old, the Clay Man was granted an audience with the great scholar-official Li Hongzhang, who tried to westernize and modernize China's armaments and machinery in the last half of the nineteenth century. Much intimidated by the dynamic statesman, Clay Man Zhang humbly stood in his long-sleeved gown with his right arm behind his back. In the hand hidden in that sleeve, he held and worked a lump of clay, and at the end of the audience he finally brought forward his right arm and extended the hand from the sleeve. In it was an astonishing likeness of Li's head, which he had shaped while they were talking.

Soon Ye and Mr. Zhang were joking with each other about experiences they had had during the Cultural Revolution. On the surface, their anecdotes were trivial, but their explosive laughter suggested a powerful intensity deeper down. Ye said that in one remote reform center he had encountered an old friend. The friend asked Ye what he was doing there. Ye replied, "I don't know. What are *you* doing here?" The two men howled over that.

When our meal was over, Ye paid the bill. The entire feast for four of us, including drinks, cost six yuan, or the equivalent of three American dollars and twenty-five cents.

WHEN the bureau that was sponsoring my trip to China, the Commission on Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, asked me in Peking what sorts of things I wanted to do in Tientsin, I had said that one of the subjects I was particularly interested in was the life of writers in China, and I would be happy to meet some of them. The Commission had therefore arranged for the Tientsin branch of the Chinese Writers' Association to co-sponsor me during my stay in the city. One of my first visits was from the director of the Tientsin Writers' Association, Zhou Jilang. He told me a bit about the Association. It had the fundamental power over Chinese literature of deciding which men and women should be officially designated professional writers. It guided its members to suitable subjects, gave them transportation for research, rented quiet places for them to work,





"You needn't respond to that, Hopewell. Merely Miss Benning's attempt to be humorous."

• •

and engaged them in helping train gifted factory workers and peasants to become writers.

Mr. Zhou said he had arranged for three or four of Tientsin's best-known writers to come and talk with me. The Tientsin Writers' Association, he said, wanted to give me a small dinner party, but it might take a few days to arrange, because all the authors in Tientsin were rather busy at the moment. They were attending classes, where they were studying the resolution adopted at the end of last June, at the Sixth Plenary Session of the Eleventh Congress of the Communist Party of China—the widely published document that had assessed the strengths and the mistakes of Chairman Mao. Writers were not the only group studying this resolution; all organizations nationwide were having their members review it.

Back in the States, before I left on this trip, I had heard rumors that even the pragmatic and relatively relaxed government that had done in the so-called Gang of Four had begun to worry about how far it had allowed a new and luxuriant freedom of speech to go, and that there were signs in China of a new tightening up of constraints on intellectuals. And when I arrived in Peking I learned that I had indeed arrived in the country at a somewhat touchy moment.

MOST of the constrictive periods in the painful history of modern Chinese literature had opened with an attack by a critic on a specific novel, play, or film, and I had heard in Peking that the intellectual community in the capital was tense about criticisms that had been levelled against the script for a film called "The Sun and a Man." The criticism was aimed not at the picture, which was seen by only a few élite viewers before being withdrawn, but at its original script, entitled "Bitter Love," by an Army writer named Bai Hua. In its story, an artist grows up poor in pre-revolutionary China, goes abroad to America, becomes a successful painter, and, out of patriotism, returns to China when the People's Republic is founded. He is honored at first, but he is cruelly persecuted during the Cultural Revolution. At the end, he is seen to die in a winter landscape, his last, stumbling steps tracing a question mark in the snow.

What frightened intellectuals, who remembered the harsh role played by Lin Biao, of the Army, in the Cultural Revolution, was that the first attack on this script had come in the military paper *Liberation Army Daily*. The article picked out two scenes in particular for criticism. In one, the painter's daughter wants to marry a foreigner and go abroad with him, and the father forbids it, saying that her place is in China, whereupon she protests, "Father! You love this country of ours, but does this country love you?" In the other, there are images of a golden Buddha blackened by too much incense smoke—suggesting a Mao ruined by too much adulation. Army leaders were said to be angry that Small Man, as some people have nicknamed Deng Xiaoping, had allowed too much criticism of Old Man, Chairman Mao, in the June resolution that the Tientsin writers were now studying. Authors, dreading another full-dress campaign, were going to some lengths to avoid having to join the attacks on the script—taking sick, leaving town. Said to be irritated by their silence, Party Chairman Hu Yaobang, who, being even shorter than Deng, was being called Tiny Man, had lashed out, just a few days before I arrived in Peking, at failures to speak out against "bourgeois liberalism."

My sponsors from the Cultural Relations Commission had given me a dinner, in Peking, to meet some writers, and one of the guests that evening was the author of the first signed attack on "Bitter Love," a man named Huang Gang. During the evening, the senior cadre present pointedly said to me, "People are tired of hearing about sufferings in the Cultural Revolution. They need more hopeful things to think about, and I am sure my friend here"—indicating Huang—"agrees with me." That was the official line. Enough about bad times.

THE day after Mr. Zhou's visit, the most prominent of the Tientsin writers, Liang Bin, came to call on me. Exactly my age, he was a short, ruggedly built figure, and he settled with an air of heavy calm in one of the two huge, squarish over-

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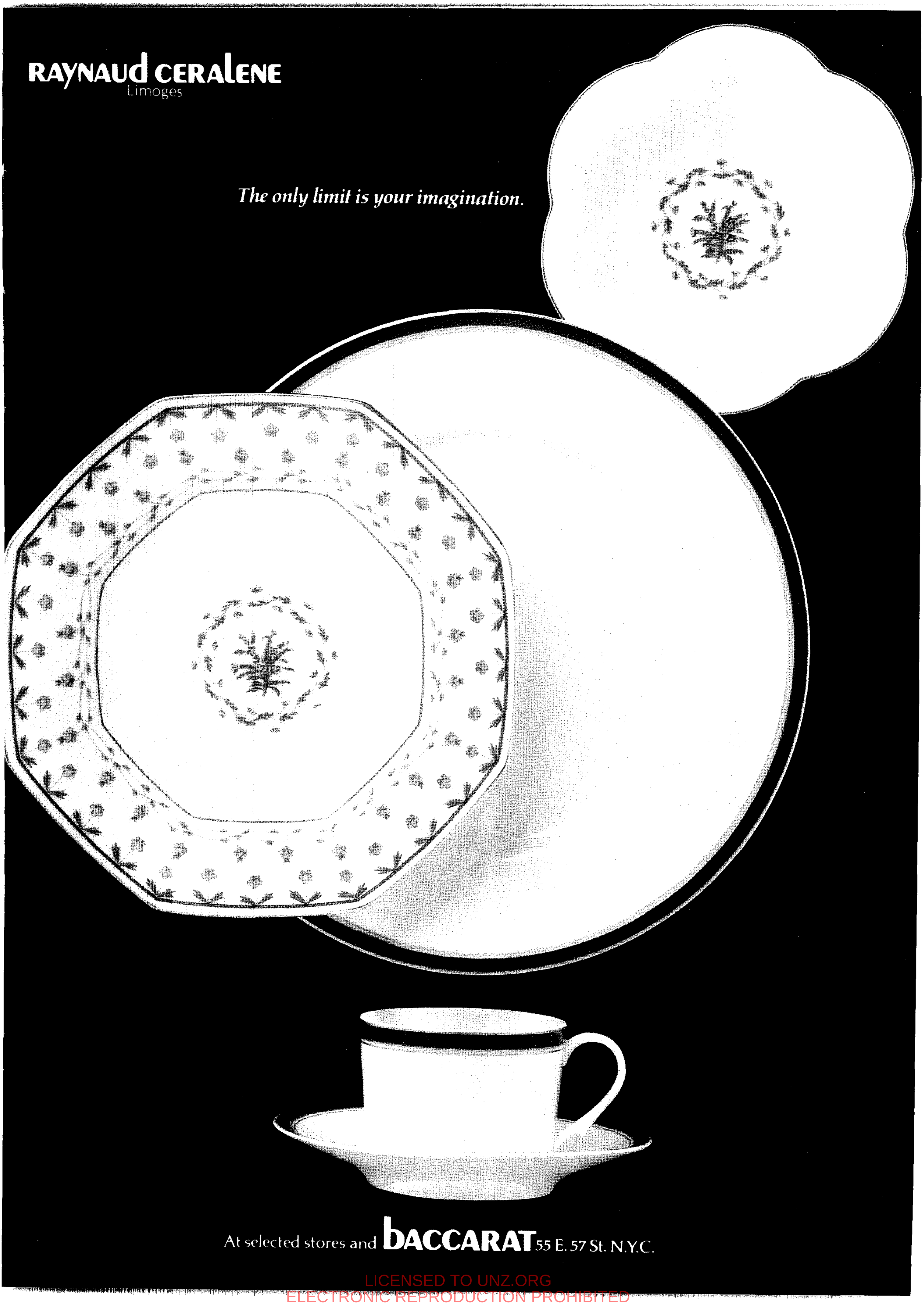

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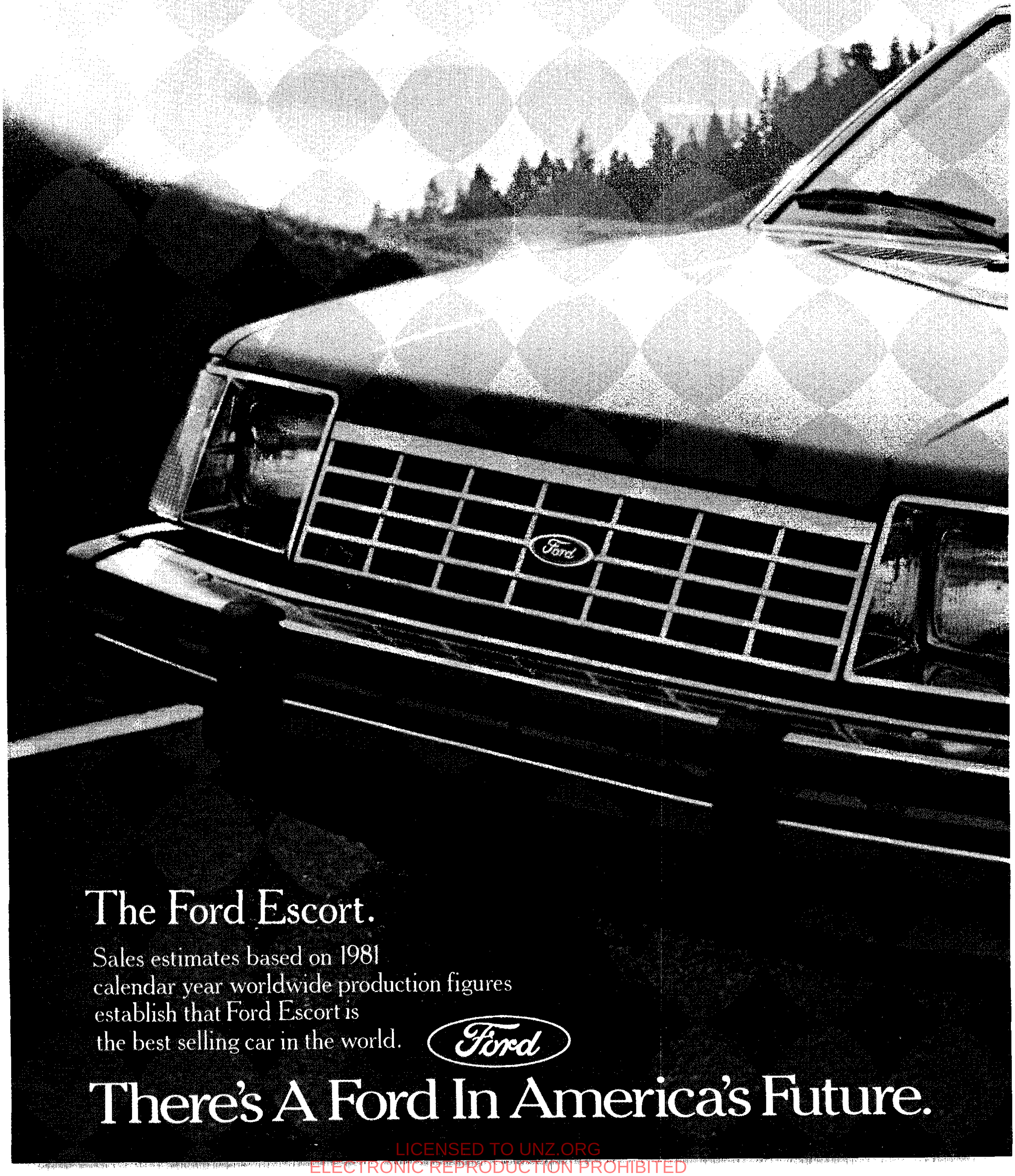

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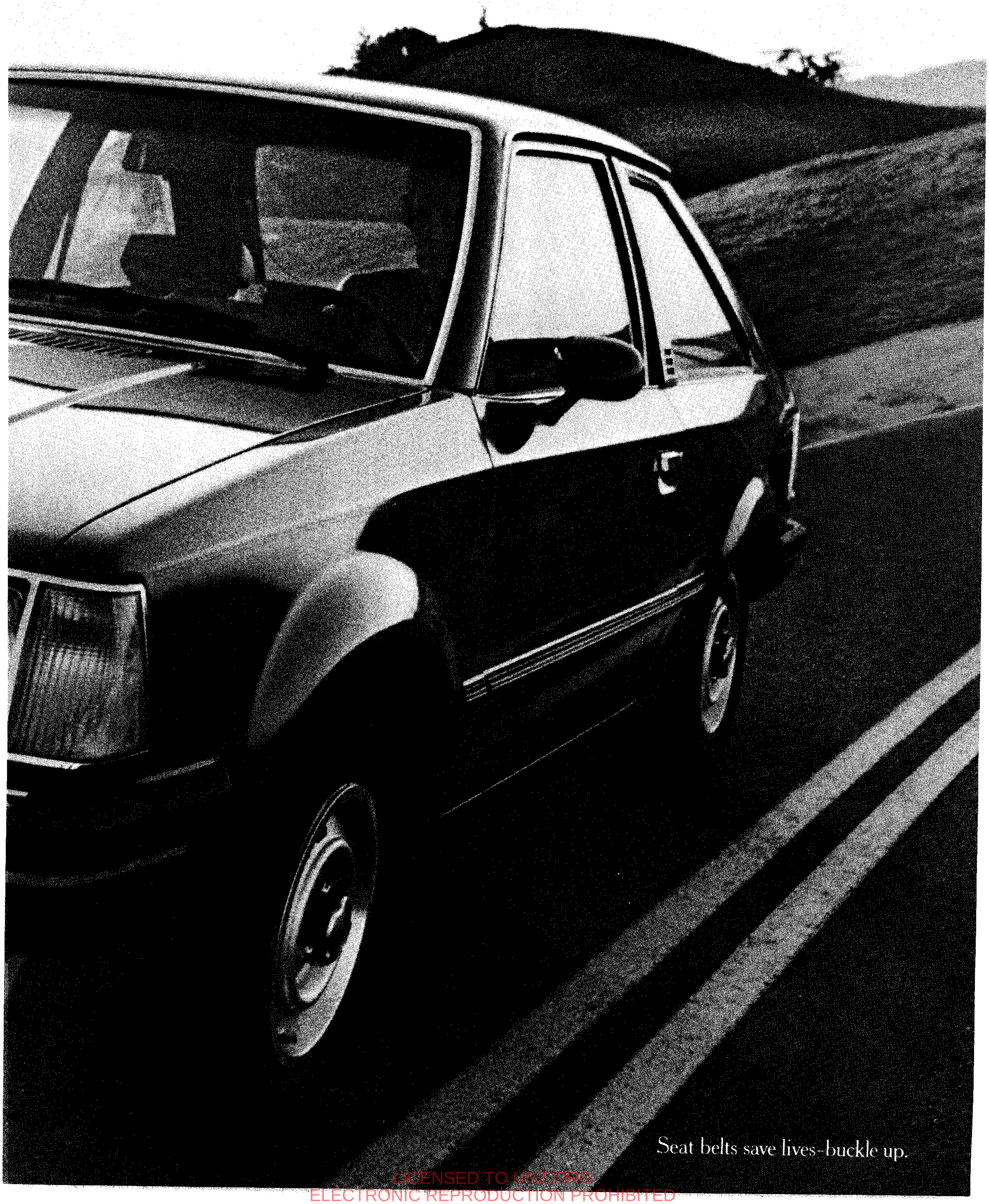
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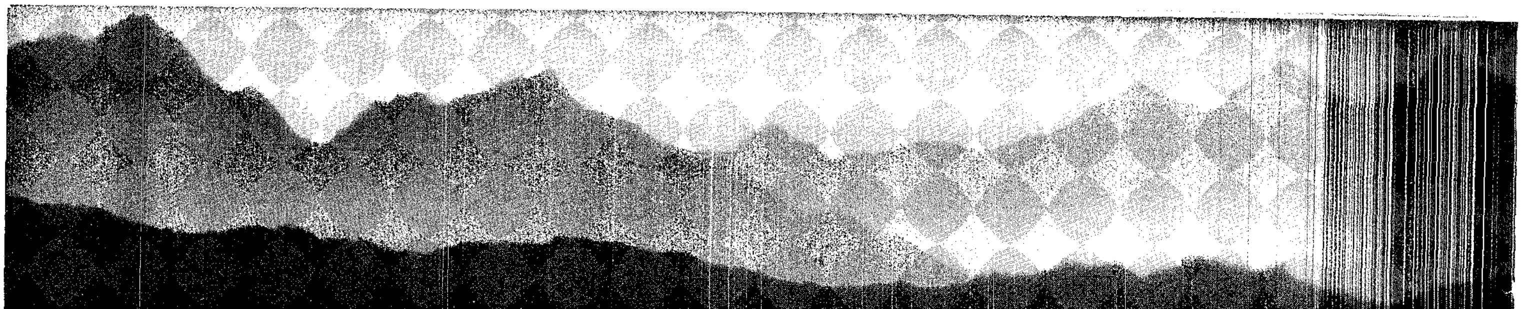

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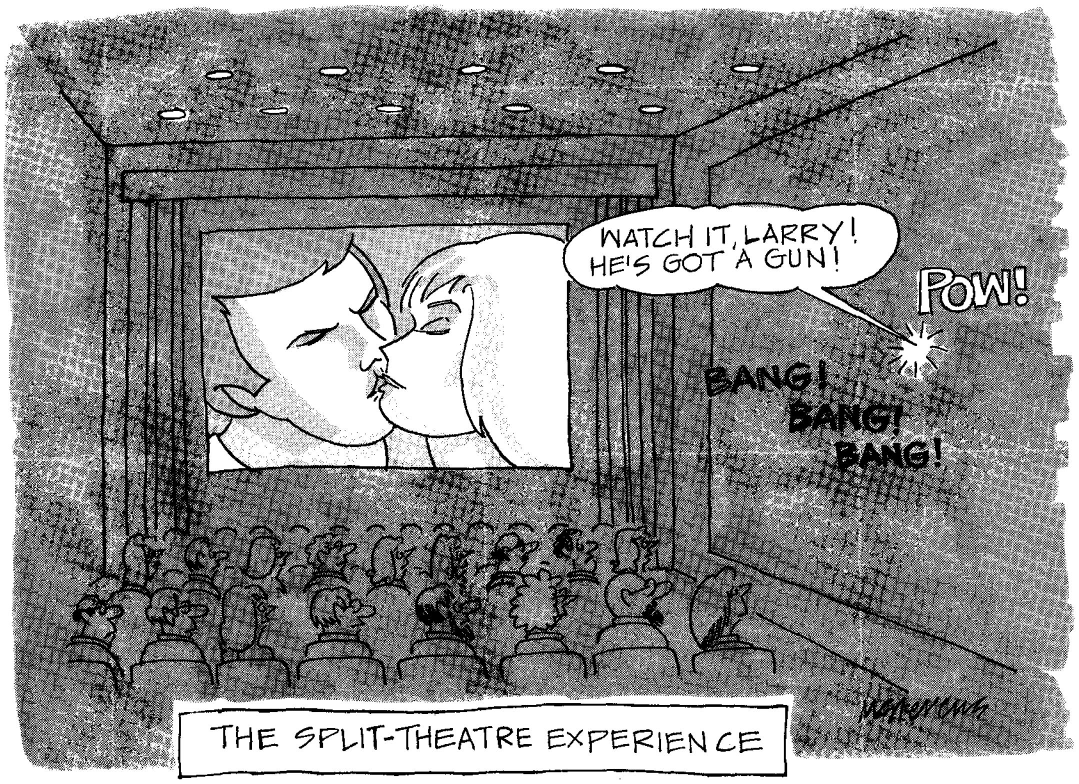
WATCH IT, LARRY! HE'S GOT A GUN!
POW!
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THE SPLIT-THEATRE EXPERIENCE

stuffed chairs that are to be found set against the wall in every room in China in which serious conversation may be expected to be undertaken. Between the chairs was the obligatory low table holding a large thermos of hot water, a tin box of tea, and some covered cups. After we had brewed tea in two of the cups, Mr. Liang told me about his life. In the year when I was studying Emily Brontë, Thackeray, and George Eliot at the Hotchkiss School, he was kicked out of No. 2 Normal School in the city of Baoding for radical activities; in the year when I took "The Age of Johnson" from Chauncey Brewster Tinker at Yale, he was briefly imprisoned as a subversive in Peking. Released, he went to a drama school and began writing. By the time the Communists took over, he had put out more than a dozen novels and plays, but his fame in China did not come until the early sixties, when a long work of his entitled "Keep the Red Flags Flying" was highly praised by official critics. Only a few years later, he was taken down from his eminence by Cultural Revolutionists. He was able to resume publishing in 1977.

Mr. Liang described his working habits to me. He started very early in the morning—at four or five—and kept writing, it seemed, all day. I later found that all the Chinese writers I met spent many more hours each day at their desks than most American writers of my acquaintance are in the habit of doing. But Chinese in all fields are almost unbelievably industrious; and most mainland Chinese seem to be spurred to work harder than ever these days by the shared ambition to make China a so-called advanced nation.

After we had talked for some time, I could see that Mr. Liang was not the person with whom I should try to open up the whole complex and delicate subject of Chinese literature under Mao and since. Liang was stolid; his answers to questions were laconic. Furthermore, his work stood on a particular kind of hard and protected ground: though his fame had come after what all Chinese speak of as Liberation, his *chef d'œuvre* dealt with the uncontroversial period before it. Of course, this distancing had not protected him during the Cultural Revolution. In the course of our discussion, I heard, for the first time, the telling expression Chinese intellectuals use for the method so effectively employed over the years—not just by Red Guards but all along by the official literary establishment—to straighten out writers judged to be off line: reëducation through labor, or, in other words, sending them to remote places to do the meanest kind of peasant chores. "Oh, yes," Liang said, quite serenely. "I was put in the cowshed for a year."

IN 1942, in a series of talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art, Mao Zedong made a pronouncement that has ruled Chinese literature ever since: Literature must serve politics. "Some things that are basically reactionary from the political point of view may yet be artistically good," Mao said then, "but the more artistic such a work may be, the greater harm will it do to the people, and the more reason for us to reject it. What we demand is unity of politics and art." The fascination in Chinese writing ever since that time has lain in the tension between this limitation and the impulse of the best Chinese writers to reach for the whole truth of life.

The history of post-revolutionary Chinese literature has been a kind of breathing, in which periods of opening up and of tightening have followed each other as if the very life of literature depended on this rhythm. The Communists came to power in 1949. It was clear that the revolution needed all the support it could get from intellectuals, and the next year the Department of Cultural Affairs in the State Council, headed by the novelist Mao Dun, invited the publication of all sorts of literary works—classical, modern, translated, whatever; and in that period of euphoria after Liberation most intellectuals responded with enthusiasm. But in 1951 the Party launched a thought-reform campaign; by 1954 this had been relaxed. In 1955, another tightening campaign was started by attacks against Hu Feng, a poet and critic who had long been urging Chinese writers to break away from old Chinese conventions and learn from Western realism; this campaign peaked in July, with the arrest of Hu and his followers as "anti-Party." Then, in early 1956, Zhou Enlai, before a special Party conference on intellectuals, urged a relaxation of controls, and in May Mao Zedong issued a call: "Let a hundred flowers bloom and a hundred schools of thought contend." Such a profusion of flowers then popped out that in 1957 a new campaign of sup-

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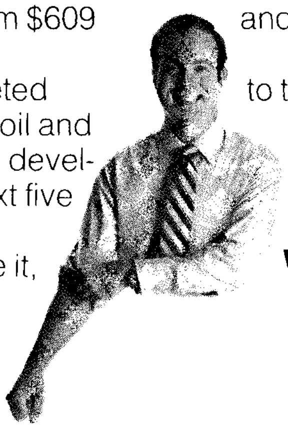

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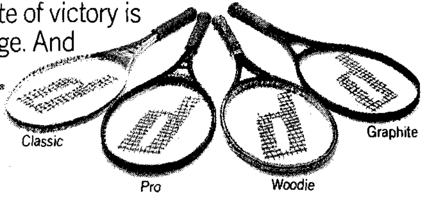

pression began, this time against writers seen as "rightists," including the prominent novelist Ding Ling and the poet Ai Qing. There was a brief relaxation in 1959, but it fell victim to the disastrous Great Leap Forward. By 1961, the Great Leap had failed, and the influential *Literary Gazette* began calling for an opening up of literary themes and styles, and at a meeting on "story films" Zhou Enlai urged democracy in literature. It is easy, in retrospect, to see why Zhou has become such a hero among Chinese intellectuals. But the very next year Jiang Qing, Mao's wife, began attacking all traditional Peking operas —and soon it was clear that she meant all literary works—that did not have a class-struggle theme. The next breath of fresh air came in 1962, when a writer named Shao Quanlin proposed that there should be what he called "middle characters," arguing that it was untrue to life to present fictional characters as either all good or all bad. In 1963, a Politburo member called for "bold writing" for ten years. Mao soon countered with an attack on the Department of Cultural Affairs as a bunch of "emperors and generals, feudal scholars and dainty maidens" for not having sufficiently supported revolutionary operas, and in 1964 the middle-character theory came under attack. Toward the end of 1965, Yao Wenyuan, later named as one of the so-called Gang of Four, wrote a denunciation of the play "The Dismissal of Hai Rui," by Wu Han, and this signalled the start, in the spring of 1966, of the convulsion now called the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Sooner or later, all important writers—in fact, nearly without exception all Chinese intellectuals, all those who worked with their minds rather than their hands—were taken down; some of China's best and bravest writers were hounded all the way to death. Many Americans have tended to think of the Cultural Revolution as an episode of the late sixties, more or less co-terminous with our own much less violent student disturbances; but the Chinese now consider the Cultural Revolution to have lasted a whole decade—not ending until 1976, when Mao died and his widow and her associates were finally overthrown. The pragmatic leadership that followed, dominated by Deng Xiaoping, recognized the appalling damage done to the society by the total destruction of its educational system, and took steps to reinvigorate intellectual life. A number of writers began producing some works with a biting tone that would not have been tolerated during the previous two decades. Now, I gathered, many writers were wondering whether the attack on "Bitter Love" was the first cold breath of a new tightening.

THE day after I saw Liang Bin, two more writers, named Lu Li and Yuan Jing, came to call. I knew that Lu had been, in 1950, a co-founder of the Federation of Literary and Art Circles, the parent body of the Chinese Writers' Association; he had been attacked as a rightist in the fifties and put in the cowshed in the sixties. He turned out to be a thin, wiry man with a shock of gray hair standing up straight from his head, and eyes that seemed to open in on a white-hot charcoal brazier. Yuan Jing was a very short, very round, very jolly woman. She was a novelist, the author of a large work called "New Heroes" and of writings for children; she had also had a hard time in the Cultural Revolution. The two sat down in the two fat chairs in my room. We brewed some tea.

After we had chatted awhile, I asked whether, in the discussions they were having of the June resolution on Chairman Mao's contributions and errors, any Tientsin writer had suggested that the Chairman's dictum, at the 1942 Yanan Forum, that literature must serve politics might have been one of his mistakes.

YUAN: I thought of the Jinan Incident, when the Japanese massacred one thousand Chinese every day. I was only fourteen years old. I cried. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. I wondered: How could it be that a Chinese official had his nose and ears cut off, yet the Chinese government *apologized*? . . . I went to Yanan. . . . I am a writer trained in the light of Chairman Mao's remarks at Yanan in 1942. It's my thought that politics and literature cannot be separated, and never really are. Some details of what Chairman Mao said then might be changed now, but the main spirit of his remarks is still the guiding ideology for workers in literature and art in China.

YARD SALE
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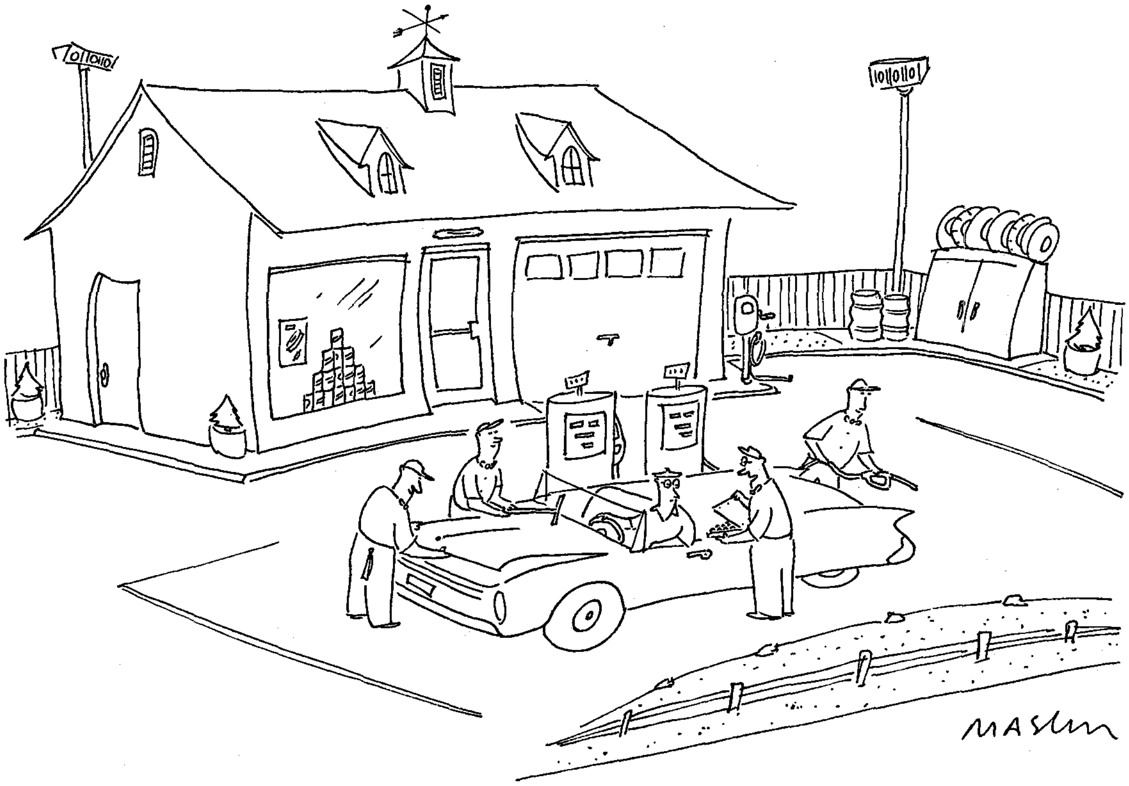
LU: All writers in China often think about the issue you have raised. A writer cannot shut himself up in a house away from the world. When a writer writes, he thinks about the forging of the nation—about people, about the human race. Writers in this era have to think first about society. Our work should rouse enthusiasm in the people and help them to overcome all the obstacles in the society and make society more reasonable. Art for art's sake has no effect on the human race. If an author writes only for himself or for the sake of aesthetics, he can't win a large reading public. Art for art's sake is a flower without a root. The reason Shakespeare was able to write so many brilliant works is that he thought and wrote about the life of the people. The criterion of true art is whether it evokes a bright future. If there is no ideological content in your writing, there is no soul. On the other hand, we're opposed to writing that has nothing *but* ideological content, and has no form—that's just slogan writing. We advocate works of high artistic quality that have soul—we aim for both.

YUAN: During the Cultural Revolution, all of us were attacked. Our works were criticized and our selves were criticized, and the whole society was in great disorder. For the ten years of the Cultural Revolution, we couldn't write anything. After the Cultural Revolution, we were very cautious. But the Central Committee assured us that a tragedy like the Cultural Revolution would never happen again. My books that were criticized during the Cultural Revolution are being published again. I should say that the period of caution has passed.

LU: Chairman Mao taught us that bad things can be changed into good. There's no doubt that political movements brought suffering to writers and damage to their work for long periods of time. But our country is the biggest country in the world, in terms of population. We are following a course that is unprecedented in human history and is very complicated and full of unexpected difficulties. So the Party has naturally made mistakes, and because of those mistakes progress for the people as a whole has been intermittent—and we writers are people, too. After the end of the Cultural



"Bonbon?"

• •

Revolution, the Party thought about the damage done in all those political movements, and devised the slogan "The Emancipation of the Mind." So good has come from bad. In recent years, many new writings have appeared, some of which surpass the works that were produced in the period from the nineteen-twenties to the nineteen-fifties. We are confident of an upsurge now. We believe that our literature can begin to meet international standards.

A FEW days later, the Writers' Association gave me a small banquet. Present were three of the writers I had met—Liang Bin, Yuan Jing, and Zhou Jilang—and two officers of the Association, one of whom appeared to be what the Chinese call "a leader;" that is to say, the organization's senior Party supervisor. The banquet took place in a side alcove of a large, modern entertainment hall called the Friendship Club. It was on the grounds of the old Tientsin Country Club, and was obviously a gathering place of relatively privileged people. The food was good, the toasts were frequent.

During the evening, I learned from my hosts how Chinese writers make their living. They are paid a salary by the government. Their income is guaranteed. "A Hong Kong writer came to us recently," Mr. Zhou told me, "and he said, 'If I stop writing, I stop eating.' But on the mainland if you stop writing you can still eat." Mr. Zhou candidly added that a shortcoming of this system was that with a guaranteed income a writer "might not write a good book for several years." The leader told me that writers are chosen for professional standing in the Association, and are thenceforth awarded salaries, by "a joint voice of writers and leaders." Once approved, a writer goes on a ladder of fourteen grades of pay. There are two categories of members: "high-standard members," who belong to the national Association and would probably be in grades one to eight, and "less high-standard," who belong only to the local Association and earn less. Tientsin, I was told, had thirty-five of the former, two hundred and twenty-five of the latter. No one could name me a Chinese writer currently at Grade One, which would draw a salary equivalent to about two hundred dollars a month. Liang Bin was said to be at Grade Three, earning about a hundred and sixty dollars a month; Yuan Jing and Lu Li were at Grade Four, with a salary of about a hundred and thirty dollars. A writer at Grade Eight would earn about eighty a month. I was aware that these equivalences didn't mean much, because the cost of living and the price structures in China's socialist society were so very different from ours. The one or two rooms a family lived in could be rented for between two and six dollars a month. It was, though, clear to me that the craft of writing was relatively well rewarded in China, because I had been told that in 1980 the average monthly income of Tientsiners who worked for state-owned enterprises came to about forty dollars a month. Furthermore, besides the salaries, writers receive sums for the publication of their works. Publishing houses decide what they will publish and what the fees will be. The national government has set a schedule of recommended publishers' fees, but publishers may depart from the schedule if they wish. Yuan Jing told me that a long novel of hers that was about to be published had brought her about three thousand dollars—a huge sum in China's economy.

THE following week, I had a long talk with Ye. We were good friends now, and it was strange to think that we had grown up as children so near to each other, unaware of each other, here in Tientsin—my home in the British Concession, and his just across the river in the Russian Concession, not far from the railroad station. Culturally, we had been light-years apart. I had lived an essentially foreign life as a missionary child. Ye had been privately tutored as a child in a wealthy Chinese home. Later, his family sent him to middle school every day in a carriage. Like many other Chinese intellectuals, he went to Japan for his higher education, intending at first to study architecture, but then, seeing the thrifty efficiency of Japanese farming methods, he decided he could help his country most by studying Japanese agricultural science. Back in China, he eventually joined the Democratic League, which at first tried to find a middle ground between Chiang

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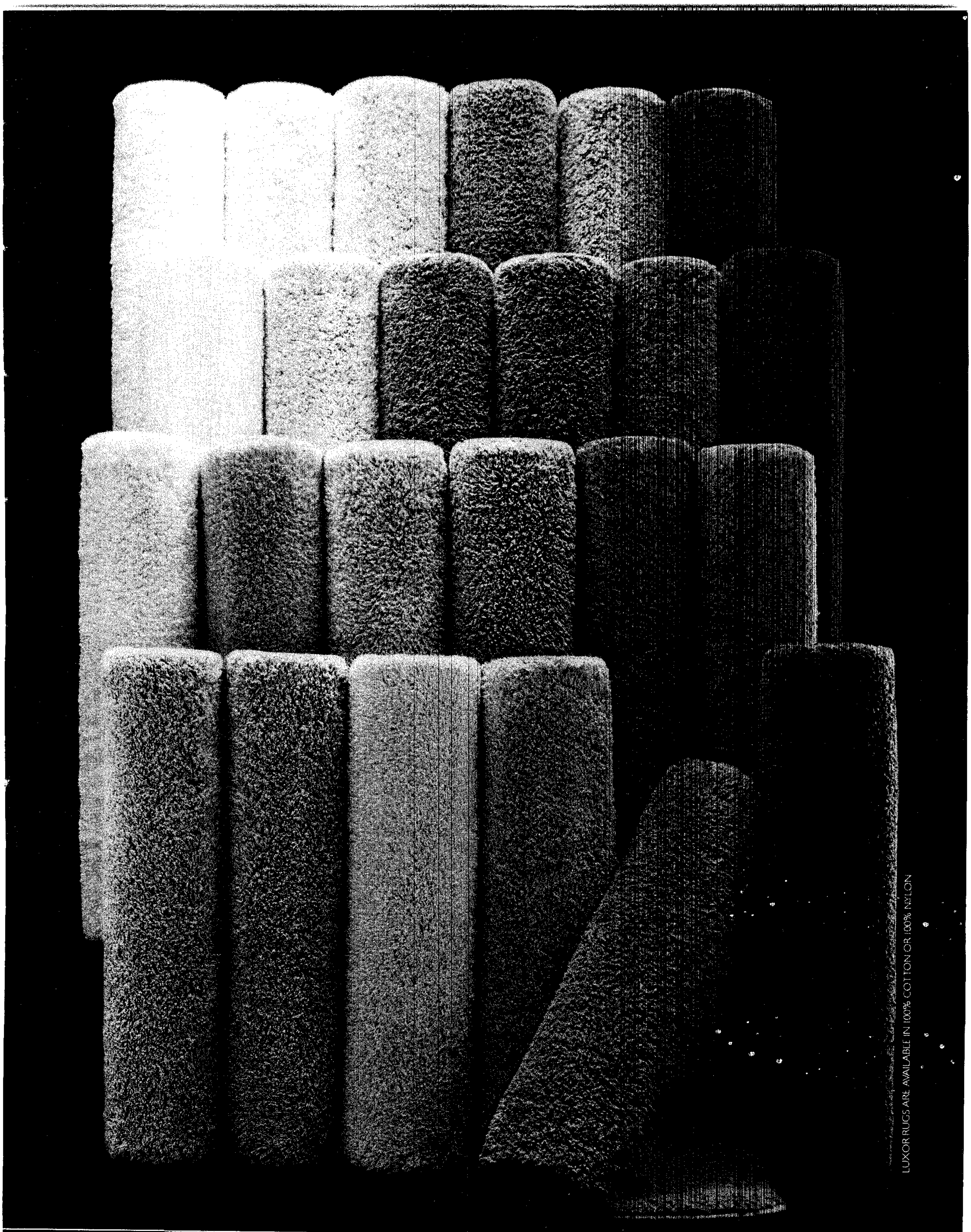
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Kai-shek and the Communists but later broke with Chiang. By the time I met Ye, in 1946, he had chosen the left.

I had learned from others that Ye had suffered terribly all through the decade of the Cultural Revolution. He had been reticent with me about that period. One reason for his reticence that I sensed was a decent motive of patriotism: He didn't want me to think badly of China's revolution on his account. But I did want to talk with him about those years, because of something I had noticed, beginning at that lunch at Gou Bu Li and running all through my conversations with elderly Chinese men and women—both writers I'd met and some of the friends of my family Ye had found for me—all of whom had been put through unspeakable degradation during the Cultural Revolution. I had seen in all of them an amazing resilience, a return to a remarkable serenity and good humor and, yes, to a loyal yearning for a bright future for China. They didn't seem to be bitter. All of them, I supposed, had had the support of the knowledge of their essential innocence; all of them loved China; and they were survivors. Still, there was what seemed to me a miraculous return to both tranquillity and enthusiasm in all of them. If I could understand this stability of theirs, I might have a clue to the Chinese writers' acceptance of the ups and downs of their literary lives.

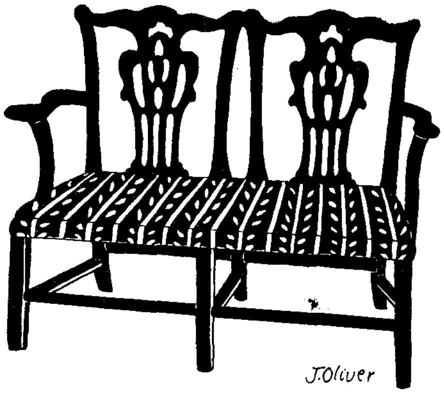
I knew already that Ye had been imprisoned on what turned out to have been egregiously false charges. In the forties, he had had an American friend named Graham Peck, a painter and writer, who lived in Peking and adored everything about China, and who happened to work for a time during the Second World War for the innocuous Office of War Information, or O.W.I. In the frenzies of the Cultural Revolution, Ye's accusers apparently got initials mixed up, and had it that Peck was an operative of the O.S.S. and/or C.I.A., and that his friend Ye was therefore a spy. Before his early death, Peck wrote three books about China's years of revolution, the gist of which would have made the C.I.A. tear its—or Peck's—hair out had he been one of theirs. After the fall of the so-called Gang of Four, every bit of this was fully "clarified," as the Chinese say, but not before Ye had visited all the circles of Hell.

There is an old Chinese convention that when a man becomes famous even his dogs and chickens can strut, but when he is disgraced all his nine connections are blackened: his kin for three generations, his wife's for three generations, his teachers, his friends, his followers. More or less because of this convention, Ye's family had absolutely to deny him while he was imprisoned. His wife, a gifted painter and costume designer for films, died of liver cancer during his absence. Today, in Ye's simple two-room apartment in Peking hang two portraits that she painted and left for him—of Darwin and Zhou Enlai, his two heroes. One of Ye's three daughters, also a painter, and her husband share the crowded space with him. Another daughter works for films, and the third is studying archeology, in the hope of one day threading together the traces of Chinese culture, unearthed by digs, along the silk route from China to the Middle East and Europe.

A friend of Ye's had told me that during one period of his punishments Ye had come so near starving that he had been reduced to eating frogs, mice, and beetles. Much worse, it seemed to me, was this story: Denied paper and pen, he had over many months, using a stolen needle tied to a stick, translated most of one of Darwin's works into the spaces between the lines of a cheap Japanese book he had got his hands on; during a raid, Red Guards, seeing from its cover that the book was Japanese, had burned it.

When I started questioning him, as tactfully as I could, during that afternoon's conversation, all Ye would say at first, in the same joking tone he had used with Mr. Zhang at Gou Bu Li, was, "I was put in every kind of place. I was put in the best, and I was put in the worst."

Then, suddenly serious, he said, "In all the ten years of my troubles, I thought of committing suicide only once. It was when I was on the reform farm. There were not many suicides there, because someone was always watching you. But one day I found myself alone in a field, and I saw that I had a chance. Beside the field there was a dike, and beyond that a canal. I climbed over the dike and went down the other side to within a few feet of the water. I didn't know how to swim—I would have drowned. I felt calm. I could distinctly hear the birds singing overhead. Autumn leaves were drifting down off the trees. Just as I was about to jump, I heard my youngest daughter—who, of course, was hundreds of miles away—calling out to me, 'Baba! Baba!' I scrambled up to the top of the dike, and out in the field I saw my daughter very clearly. I saw her high forehead shining and her hair standing up straight and blowing in the breeze. Her arms were outspread, and she was calling to me, 'Baba! Baba!' I never thought of suicide again."



A few minutes later, Ye gave me what may have been the essential clue to the tranquillity I had noticed. All through that time, he said, even though he was being punished for crimes he knew he had not committed, he had kept asking himself what he could do to help China advance itself. The effort he put into the lost translation was, he had thought, one contribution he could make. Then he said, "Let me tell you about a successful experiment I carried through on the reform farm. There was a fish-culture section on the farm. I felt that we were losing many fish because of the difficulty the embryo had in breaking out through the thick skin of the egg sac. Many baby fish never got out of their prisons. It had been found that a culture made from bean curd provided an enzyme that helped break down the membrane of the egg, but the trouble for us was that the beans for the curd were so expensive. I devised a way of producing the same enzyme by using a very small amount of bean with larger amounts of grass powder, which cost nothing. Furthermore, my culture, when I'd perfected it, broke down the hide of the egg in twenty-four minutes instead of the twenty-four hours that the process normally took."

Here, even in a suffering prisoner, had been at work a yearning for China's modernization which had had a long, continuous history. People like Ye and the writers I'd met and my family's Christian friends all seemed to have felt themselves to be in the flow of that continuity, and so much so that their personal pain in the Cultural Revolution could be felt, in memory at least, as pain for China—that this continuity had been so rudely broken, and the nation's progress interrupted. The chain reached back at least to the nineteenth-century Self-Strengthening Movement, led by Zeng Guofan and Li Hongzhang, the man whose likeness Clay Man Zhang had modelled in his sleeve. It ran through the abortive Hundred Days of Reform, led by Kang Youwei, in 1898; Sun Yat-sen's 1911 overthrow of the Manchu dynasty; the renaissance in education and language during the teens, which was given impetus, in part, by the missionary enterprise; the students' May Fourth Movement of 1919, which many Chinese think of as having been the starting point of a new China; and the long struggle of the Communist revolution itself. It found expression in 1975 in Zhou Enlai's call for the "Four Modernizations": of agriculture, industry, national defense, and science and technology—almost exactly the things the Self-Strengtheners had called for a century earlier.

ANOTHER day, I talked at length with Ye's niece. I wondered whether intellectuals of the younger generation—the generation of the Red Guards—had come away with a different sense of their place in this history.

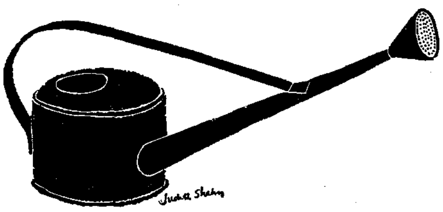
Lailai, who was twenty-seven, had been born into an enlightened and harmonious family in Baotou, a fast-growing industrial center in Inner Mongolia, where her father, an economist, was responsible for construction in the city and, later, in the entire Autonomous Region; her mother was vice-president of a university. By the time she was in middle school, the Cultural Revolution had broken out, and Lailai, a young idealist bombarded by excited slogans, and convinced by them that a long-yearned-for utopia was within everyone's reach, joined the Red Guards and began rampaging against her teachers and against all established authority.

But then her own father came under attack—and a dire assault it was, for he was accused of being the worst of all things, a counter-revolutionary. Her mother's university, like universities all over China, collapsed and closed down. Lailai, having quit the Red Guards in disillusionment, was incarcerated first in a "production unit for educated youth;" then she was sent to work in a country village for a year; then she was assigned to be a repair mechanic in a chemical-fibre plant, in the same educated-youth unit. Because of the grave charges against her father, she was put at times on double labor, and had to work sixteen hours a day. Wanting despite her exhaustion to improve herself, she would break rules at night and read by candlelight. One night, she fell asleep, the candle toppled over, and her quilt was burned. In the morning, she was raked over before the entire unit and was ordered to "carry out a self-criticism." Risking further punishment, she stubbornly refused to do this, because she felt she had been studying for China's sake.

By 1973, things had eased up somewhat, and Lailai was permitted to study at the Sichuan Institute of Foreign Languages, in Chungking. She majored in English, and after graduating four years later she was assigned to work at *China Reconstructs*. Her father was finally cleared, and she saw him once. But he had been broken; his heart very soon gave out.

Lailai was a brilliant young woman, and she was very good at her job, and before long—evidence enough that she had her place in the flow of China's yearning for modernization—she was invited to become a member of the Chinese Communist Party. She considered the invitation a great honor, and she joined.

Lailai made me aware that China has not one younger generation but two. The age group from roughly twenty-three to thirty-three—those who had been through the Cultural Revolution—were sometimes called the Lost Generation, she said. They had been sent to the country; they had either missed education altogether or had to undertake it very late, after they returned to the cities. There had been a gap in their lives. They had to reëxperience teen-age life while they were in their twenties. Many of them were unemployed. But Lailai said she felt that hers was a thoughtful generation. Their hardships, and particularly their rustication, had made them both acutely conscious of China's needs and especially industrious, eager as they were to catch up on the life they had missed. By contrast, younger ones tended to be more materialistic, more cynical, and more strongly attracted to Western ideas than their elders.



THEN one day I heard that a means of accommodation, a very Chinese device, had been arranged in the ticklish "Bitter Love" case. It had evidently been decided, no doubt at high levels, to ease—a little but not too much—the fears that this case had aroused among intellectuals that they might be subject to major new restraints. A long, reasoned critique of the script would appear not in the *Liberation Army Daily* but in the national literary magazine, *Literary Gazette*, and then the powerful national paper the *People's Daily* would reprint the article. Word got around that the critique had gone through several drafts, and that there had been some disagreement about who should sign it. Now the piece had come out, signed by two deputy editors of *Literary Gazette*, and at once everyone seemed to understand that the dangerous political aspects of the controversy had cooled off.

I THOUGHT I might try to discuss questions about Chinese writers with members of the literature faculty of one of China's foremost universities, Nankai. This institution had been founded on the outskirts of Tientsin when I was five years old by one of my father's best friends, a Christian named Zhang Boling; both my father and my mother had taught in the university's predecessor institution, Nankai Middle School. When suitable arrangements had been made, I went out to Nankai. Driving onto the campus gave me a shock. Off to one side were the graceful original dormitories and classroom buildings, with curving roofs in the ancient Chinese mode—a mode based on the notion that evil spirits can travel only in straight lines, so that if you lived under a curved roof no demons could drop in on you. But the centerpiece of the campus, built in the fifties, was a monstrous demonstration of one of the hideous legacies of China's early dependency on Soviet Russian support. Here sat a huge heap, with a spiked central tower, in the heavy, barren, boastful Soviet style of architecture which has ruined the looks of Peking, once one of the most delicately beautiful cities in the world. I was told that this building was an exact copy of one on the campus of Kiev University.

My conversation with the professors took place in the reception room of the

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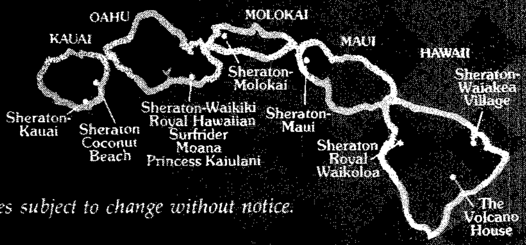
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2 oz. Sweet & Sour Mix
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Foreign-Relations Section of the university—the usual large hall with overstuffed chairs backed against the walls and, in front of them, low tables for tea things. Four members of the faculty were present: a benign elder, the chairman of the department; an expert on pre-Liberation writings; an expert on post-Liberation writings; and a gentleman whose field was not announced but who, on account of the sidelong glances so often thrown his way by the others, I guessed was a "leader."

I returned to the question of the subservience of literature to politics, and, hoping that the clearing of the air on the "Bitter Love" case might make it easier for us to talk openly, asked the professors why they thought there had not been any Chinese counterparts of rebellious Soviet writers like Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn, Mandelstam, and others. The Chinese writer universally regarded by present-day Chinese critics as the greatest of the century, the pre-revolutionary Lu Xun, though progressive, had been a caustic critic, at times, of both the left and the right. Why had no one followed in his path?

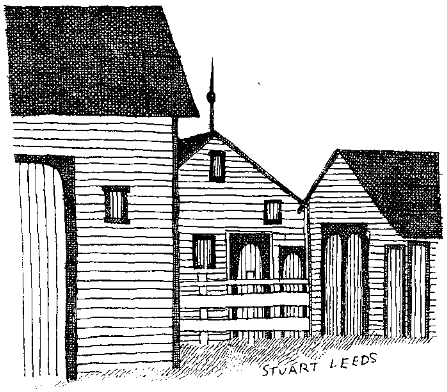
PRE-LIBERATION EXPERT: All of us here in China hold that literature serves politics, and we hold it openly. In some foreign countries, literature does serve politics, but nobody admits it. We think our work has to be responsible to the people. Our writers have a responsibility to offer people a glorious ideal. The writer sets up models. Lu Xun was against "slogan literature." In the thirties, he wrote a letter to young writers warning them against slogan literature. But don't forget that Lu Xun was against Fascism, against imperialism; we think that was a good way for literature to serve politics.

POST-LIBERATION EXPERT: Whatever work gives a true representation of the people, a true picture of the society by means of detailed description—that's a good work. In the past, we understood this narrowly. We don't now approve of some things that happened in the past—whenever a political movement came along, writers had to follow the movement or be silenced. Ding Ling was sent away for twenty years. When the Gang of Four was in power, a lot of slogan literature came out, and a lot of harm was done. Lao She and some others lost their lives. Now the guiding idea has been changed. Before, it was "Literature serves politics." Now it is "Literature serves socialism and the people"—in a very broad sense. If you say "Literature serves politics," it is apt to be taken narrowly, so that literature has to go with every change in the political wind, and may even be forced to follow political lies. But if you say "Literature serves the people" then a writer can describe all kinds of people, no matter who they may be. Before, if a writer wrote the wrong thing he could be destroyed, but now all that happens is that a critic criticizes him. Now we really are letting a hundred flowers blossom, and we will never again silence any writer the way Ai Qing and Ding Ling were silenced.

PRE-LIBERATION EXPERT: Nevertheless, we won't allow reactionary work. We don't want work that will corrupt the social order or social traditions. Our test of a good work is whether it will help in the construction of the society.

THAT evening, I talked with two young Americans who were teaching English at Nankai. I mentioned Lailai's thought that there were now two younger Chinese generations, and they agreed. In the Nankai senior class, the range of age was from the early twenties to thirty-three. One of the teachers said he could read three sentences of a paper and know at once not whether a student was male or female, or whether bright or stupid, or whether from an intellectual or a worker or a peasant family, but, very clearly, whether younger or older. The older ones, having survived painful experiences, thought deeply about things, were aware of what was going on, and cared and worried about the society; the young ones were bland, undirected, cynical, and callow.

It was not easy to be a young Chinese would-be intellectual these days, they said. A college graduate had no choice of careers, and had to accept whatever job the state assigned. I had noticed that whenever two young working people got together, they began at once to talk about their jobs—what kinds of work they did and how much "free" time they had to study and better themselves, and, above all, what their chances were for transfers to jobs they would prefer. College graduates knew they were a lucky breed; a college degree guarantees a good job—"an iron rice bowl." Access to the universities is terribly tight. One of the professors that afternoon had said that only five per cent of the students who were qualified could enter universities these days; I had earlier heard an estimate of two per cent. A middle-school teacher had told me that she had noticed a desperate sort of delicacy among middle-school seniors, who could not bring themselves to ask each other whether they had taken college entrance exams, or how they had come out in them, or whether, failing college admission, they had yet been assigned to a job. The future seemed too scary to talk about.



THE universally accepted formula to account for the Cultural Revolution is that it was all the fault of the Gang of Four. But since everyone in China now agrees that the Cultural Revolution—and the span of power of the Gang of Four, led by Mao's wife—lasted until 1976, the year Mao died, it has become clear that a large part of the responsibility for the excess of that nightmare time has to be assigned to him. The resolution on Mao's achievements and shortcomings which the Tientsin writers were studying suggested as much, at least by implication. The conclusion was hard for the Chinese to accept. How could the man who had so long inspired and guided his countrymen, the leader of the Long March, the essayist and poet and master politician who had set such high moral standards and such humane goals for his people, have been an accomplice in the horrors of that period? The only answer seemed to be that in his old age, partly in response to goading by his ambitious wife but partly because of the strange late incursion of paranoia into his own idealism, he wanted to make sure that the transformation of China's socialism all the way into pure communism would take place within his lifetime, as his accomplishment. If the country was not quite ready for the harsh levelling of total communism, then the people would simply have to wrench that communism into existence by drastic acts of will. Asking for that brought the real tragedy, which was that after it all got out of hand there was a deep sense in the country that the national will had failed, and that the wonderful euphoria that all China had felt in the early years of the revolution might never again be possible.

As to the world of literature, the Chinese were left with a sense that Mao had never from the beginning trusted intellectuals. A few weeks after the passage of the resolution on his strengths and weaknesses, a Party ideologue named Hu Qiaomu, president of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences, said, "It must be recognized that Comrade Mao Zedong lacked a full understanding of and proper confidence in contemporary writers, artists, and intellectuals in general, and went so far as to regard them as a part of the bourgeoisie"—in other words, as an element that really needed to be eliminated from society. The aim of the Cultural Revolution had been to sweep away the "Four Olds": old thinking, old culture, old customs, old habits. Those things had turned out to be ineradicable. The truth seemed to be that they might be at the heart of China's strength. One still met them wherever one turned; at that Gou Bu Li lunch they had been expressed every minute—in the courtesy of the manager to his friends, the tradition of a family enterprise, the notice of a waiter's calligrapher ancestor, the passionate tirade of a historian, the story of a work of art achieved out of sight in a sleeve. One of the very old things in China—it had lasted for more than a thousand years, until it was halted in 1905—was the system of examinations through which only the most brilliant intellectuals could achieve influence and power. Mao grew up when the standing of those literati and the memory of the emperor's complete sway over them were still very strong. He wanted above all to smash the ancient ruling class, and that would have to mean doing away with their kind. The disaster for the country was that as Mao did wipe out the old ruling class, he apparently could never comprehend that a new China still needed the leadership of those who worked with their minds.

A Chinese author said to me, "Westerners worry too much about the ups and downs of writers in China, about the tie between literature and politics. There is nothing new about those things. We have always had them. What do you think Confucius was about, if not the point at which literature and politics collide? This is China, not the West. Do you know the story of Jin Shengtan?"

I said I did not.

"It was at the time of the Emperor Qian Long, in the eighteenth century. Jin had written something critical of the Emperor, and the Emperor decreed that Jin's literature had wrong politics and he should have his head cut off. This was nothing special, you know. During the Qing dynasty, more than a hundred scholars had their heads cut off. Just before the execution, Jin whispered to his executioner, 'I know a state secret. Do you want me to tell it to you?' The executioner was interested. 'I'll tell it to you,' Jin said, 'if you'll make me a simple promise.' 'What would that be?' 'To use a good sharp sword to cut off my head.' 'I promise,' the executioner said. So Jin whispered in the executioner's ear, 'The state secret is that bean curd and peanuts taste very good together.' The executioner was furious at being told this ridiculous thing that everyone knew, and he chopped Jin's head off with a terrible blow. The head fell down off the scaffold and rolled some distance on the ground. Then a piece of paper appeared in the head's mouth. Written on it were the words 'Yes, that was a good sharp sword.' "

—John Hersey

(This is the third part of a four-part article.)

•

FINCHES, MOTHS, HERONS

1
Without sound, sun melts snow.
Probabilities assemble:
the elms fill in
and wind blows green. This is
the spring I knew would come.
The rosy finches arrow through.

2
With each breath out the light
around me changes—day moves in
then out of my room. All night
moths bat their yellow dust
against the windows and I dream
I am a black dog running to the sea.

3
Evenings, night herons pass.
The full trees release them
into a charcoal sky. Travelling
from grove to marsh, seven arc over.
I call them angels . . . Oh, my angels
of a common and amazing sadness.

—Donna Joy

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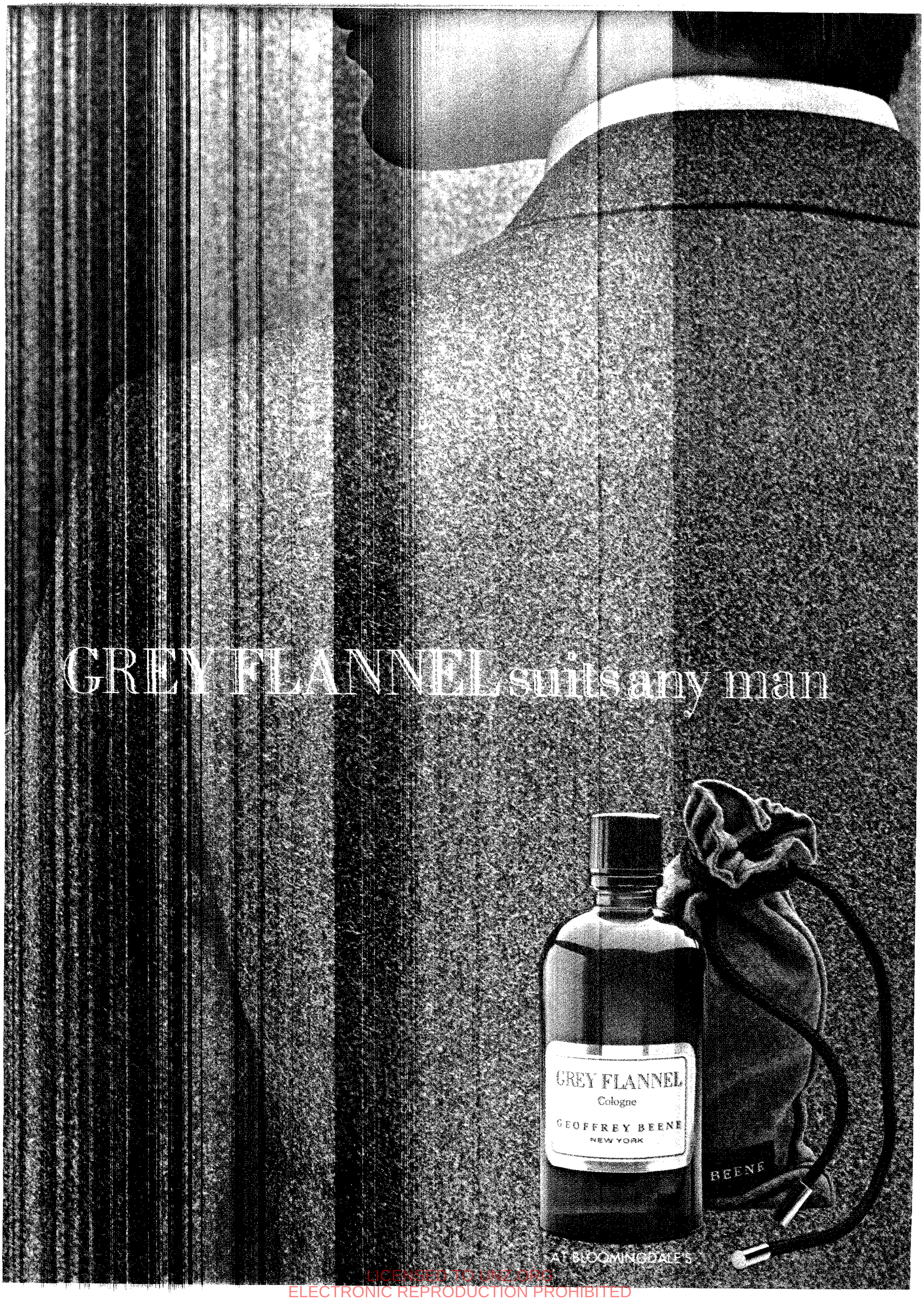
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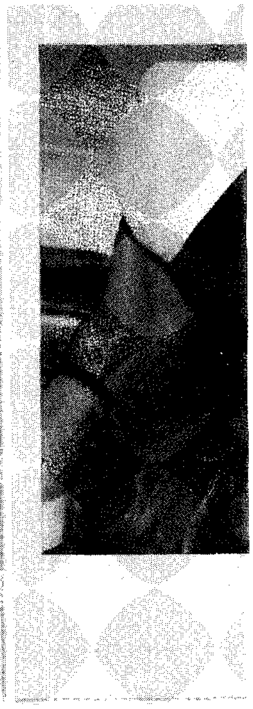

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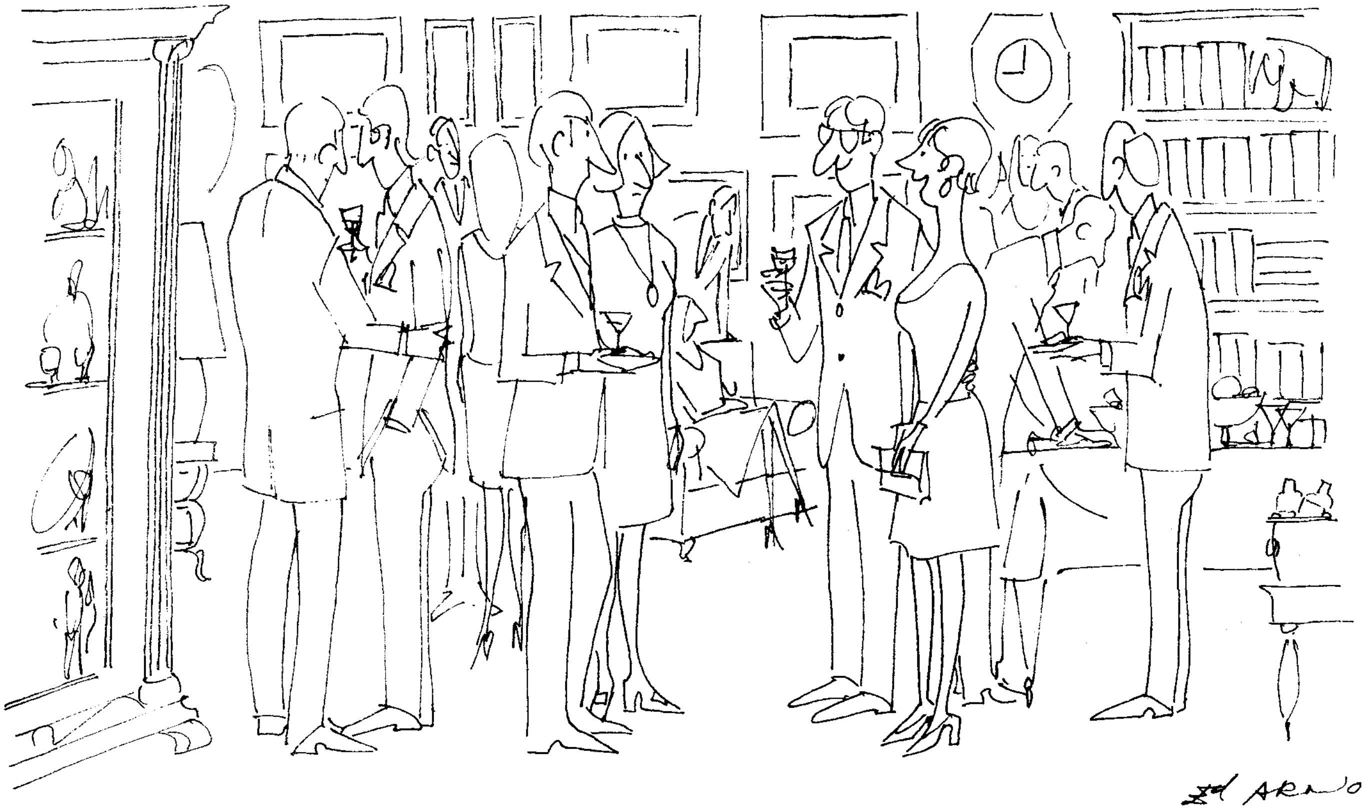
By Volvo.

LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, MAY 10

THE French are going to keep their Winged Victory from Samothrace. They are going to keep the Venus de Milo, too, although the Venus has never really excited them to the same proprietary ardor as the Victory, poised for flight on the landing of the grand staircase at the Louvre. Early this spring, when Melina Mercouri got carried away in her new role as Greece's Minister of Culture and asked the English to return the marble reliefs that Lord Elgin stripped off the Parthenon two hundred years ago, the French began to worry about their own Greek treasures. They worried for a month, and wrote a lot about the ambiguities of provenance, and then they decided that the Socialists now in power in Greece, while well within their rhetorical prerogative in asking a Tory Government to return "stolen symbols" (as Miss Mercouri put it), would never do anything as foolish as to accuse François Mitterand's France of past plunder, and risk exposing the fact that even—or perhaps especially—among Socialists art is thicker than politics.

Everybody who visits Greece and makes the obligatory Peloponnesian circuit knows that the dreamy purity of Classicism was a Romantic invention, owing its existence to a lot of nineteenth-century poets and travellers and landscape painters—that the real thing, with its thick walls and lurid paint and garnished gods and goddesses, was no substitute for a well-placed row of Ionic columns with the sea and the sun behind them. It is the complicated aesthetic of Classicism in captivity—the Elgin marbles in the British Museum—that confuses us. Great art like the Parthenon frieze or the Winged Victory wears history as a patina. It glows with the scholarship and explorations and conquests of the people who wanted it. In a way, the Parthenon frieze has to do not only with Phidias and his civilization but with the British Empire in one of its most assured and revealing moments. Greece itself—ancestral Greece—often seems to belong more to the foreigners who invade it now as tourists than to the natives who have been disinherited over the centuries by their poverty and their patriarchs and their conquerors. There is an indifference to the past in Greece, a kind of protective apathy, as if the past were rebuking the present with every *Guide Bleu* and rented car in the country. I was in Athens last month. It was Holy Week, and all the schoolchildren were out on vacation, and Andreas Papandreou, the new Prime Minister, had just created more of a scandal by legalizing civil marriage than he had by entertaining Yasir Arafat as one of the first official visitors of his administration. The tourists were already crowding into Athens, but the Acropolis was still on a winter schedule, as it were—which meant that it was not lit up at night on its astonishing rock in the middle of town. At night, the Acropolis disappeared—a black space, a dramatic absence, etched in silhouette against the lights of the city that surrounds it. The tourists were disappointed. Most of them assumed that the Athenians were also disappointed—that they, too, must miss the splendid nighttime sight of their most famous temples. A few tourists, less innocent about the country but no wiser, suspected that, on the contrary, the Athenians were relieved to be spared this ultimate reminder of their lost glory. In fact, none of the Athenians seemed to notice that the lights were off, and none of them cared much, either. Ancient Greece is mainly merchandise to ordinary Greeks—a product to promote and sell, like Ios in August or octopus salad under the smog on a Piraeus rooftop. Athenians



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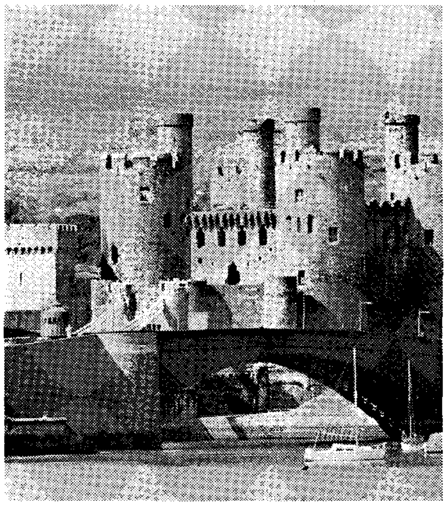

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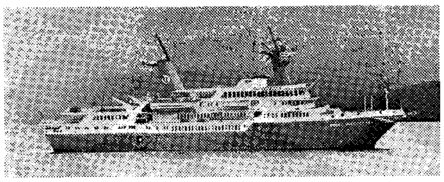

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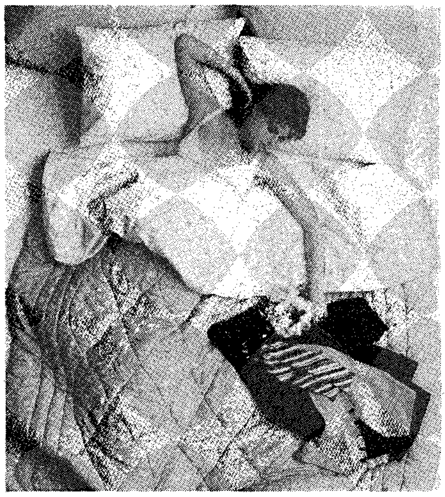
count on ancient Greece in the same way that they count on a half-million modern Greeks abroad: to provide the country with its working capital.

The Socialists in Greece are fascinated by the Socialists here in France, and one reason is that François Mitterrand has made it his mission to recover French history and French culture and to identify them with his own political experiment. Artists and intellectuals have been going home to Greece ever since the elections last fall. They say they want to recover their own past. They want their new Socialist Prime Minister to turn into a Greek Mitterrand and reclaim a patrimony they broadly interpret to include anything useful, from the shipping fortunes in Swiss bank accounts to Euripides' high moral purpose. The problem is that, given six hundred years of Franks and Venetians and Turks, there is not much "Greece" left for them to recover, except in clumsy approximations like putting the Elgin marbles back on the Parthenon, in the hope that this will revive the culture that Western Romantics have persuaded them is their heritage. Not all of these intellectuals are in Papandreou's party, which is called the Panhellenic Socialist Movement and goes by the acronym PASOK. They are not zealots, by and large, and most of them are uncomfortable with PASOK rhetoric, which holds that freedom to discuss Greek identity dates from Andreas Papandreou's election. Freedom was restored in Greece in 1974, on the day that Constantine Caramanlis and his New Democracy Party took over from the colonels' junta. Greece had seven years of cautious, conservative democracy—but democracy nonetheless—under Caramanlis and his successor, George Rallis. The tension in Greece during those years had less to do with "democracy" than with the fact that so many of the colonels' friends simply joined the New Democracy Party and kept their jobs and their power. The politics changed but not necessarily the practitioners who changed their shirts and wiped the blood off their sunglasses and called themselves democrats. This is why so many of the intellectuals who had spent the seven years of the junta in exile spent the seven years of New Democracy commuting between Athens and Paris or Athens and New York or Athens and wherever else in the West they had jobs and contacts. The style at home embarrassed them. They did not much like having to



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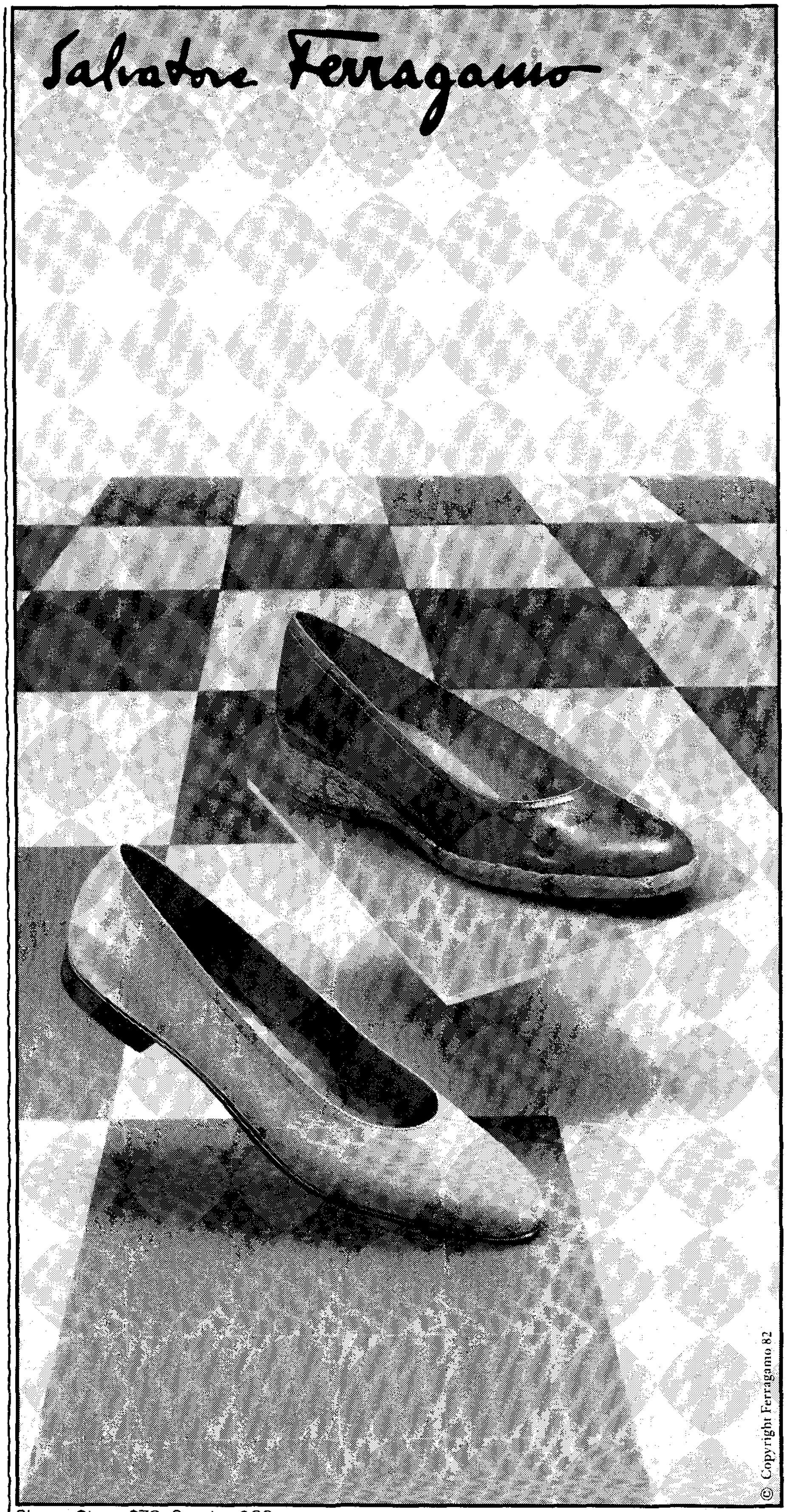
explain to friends in Paris, say, why the head of Greek television was a veterinarian, or why his New Democracy patrons, well-meaning but a little confused about history, were given to such odd patriotic gestures as censoring a Greek Independence Day special that referred to theatre in Bucharest in 1821 on the ground that Greek television was not supposed to talk about Communist countries on important national holidays.

The novelist Vassilis Vassilikos, who wrote "Z," runs Greek television now. He was one of the commuters, and he says that Greece today is like someone who has eaten a bad dinner and vomited: empty but at least, and at last, clean. In Athens, Vassilikos passes for an optimist. Greeks like him—Greeks who suffered more shame than abuse under the colonels—are home working for the government now if only because power that is clean amounts to a revolution in Greece and they want to enjoy it. They are impatient with all the discussion abroad about Papandreou's politics, Papandreou's foreign policy, Papandreou's relations with America. Papandreou is a good politician but not a very sophisticated one. He loves Greece, and loves running Greece, and he runs it extravagantly, practicing a kind of spontaneous demagoguery. Everybody calls him Andreas. He is enormously popular, even with people who wince at his enthusiasms. The fact that he exasperates Mitterrand and Helmut Schmidt—kissing Arafat on one of the P.L.O. "Together till the Final Victory" posters, trying to sabotage Common Market sanctions aimed at Poland—does not seem to matter to them as much as Mitterrand or Schmidt or any of Papandreou's other allies might reasonably expect. What does matter to the intellectuals whom Papandreou recruited in October is that he is really one of them. He is a good bourgeois. His father, George Papandreou, was himself a Prime Minister. He is impeccably educated—which means educated abroad. He has a doctorate from Harvard. He was chairman of the Economics Department at Berkeley. He speaks *Greek*, his friends say—real Greek, and not the Greek of a junta thug. Theodoros Angelopoulos, the filmmaker, put it this way: "What I like about Andreas is that I don't have to be ashamed."

CHATEAUBRIAND went to Greece in 1806 and wrote, "In vain in Greece does one hope to give oneself



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over to illusion: the sad truth ever follows one." In 1806, Greece was still under Turkish rule. Byron was still at Cambridge. But the country Chateaubriand describes in his "Itinéraire"—a country of inertia, of failures of will and nerve, of a disaffection echoed even in the landscape—is not so different from the country that Papandreou took over. The Greeks have been nearly done in by their history. They have taken cover as folklore caricatures of themselves—a grunting Zorba; a singing, swilling *taverna* fisherman; a peasant pulling his donkey up the cliff of some pristine Cycladic island; a crone in black, furiously mourning. They survive by serving tourists they will never see again. Their best energies are devoted to what they (taking their commercial vocabulary from the Venetians, just as they took their vocabulary for corruption from the Turks) call the *combina*—the practice of putting a buyer, a seller, and, if necessary, a bureaucrat or a politician together to make a deal involving the creation of some shoddy product, and earning a commission from it. The principle of the *combina* is the biggest payoff for the most people; the only loser is the person who finally gets left holding the shoddy product. The real loser, of course, is Greece. The *combina* has lined the coast of Greece with the kind of resorts that make the Costa del Sol look well served by its developers, and has turned Athens into a monstrously sprawling slum for three million of the ten million people in the country. The man with the hardest job in Greece these days is probably an architect and city planner named Antonis Tritsis, who has taken over a Pandora's box of a ministry concerned with planning, housing, and the environment. It is up to Tritsis to break the network of collusion and corruption that passed for development in postwar Greece—and to do so without implicating the entire population—so that something healthy, something useful, can take its place. Tritsis was once a Fulbright Scholar in Chicago. He studied and taught at the Institute of Technology there, and is considered the smartest, certainly the most dedicated, man in Papandreou's Cabinet. He has to be. The air in Athens is so bad now that half the cars in town have to be banned from the streets when the pollution count starts rising with the temperature. The construction business is so thoroughly corrupted that no one can separate the sharks from the victims. A lot of money has been made in Greece over the past ten or twenty years, and Tritsis says that most of it was made, drachma by drachma, on little deals and schemes that multiplied like chain letters. The mason who was paid a double wage to build a house without a permit—a house, say, that blocks public access to a beach—inevitably invested that wage in land that *he* "developed" fast, and also without a permit, paying off someone else in the process. Athens, in this way, is closer to a Third World boom town than to any Western European city. In Western Europe, capital tends to be concentrated, but there are not many big capitalists in Greece except for shipping millionaires, who usually carry foreign passports anyway and sail their fleets under the tax-free flags of countries like Liberia. (The shippers have started using foreign labor, too. There are already forty thousand Bangladesh and Pakistani sailors on Greek merchant ships, and whenever the government asks the shipowners for their taxes now, they talk about firing whatever Greek sailors are left and making do entirely with foreign crews, paid abroad in local currency.) As for industry, there is not much of that in Greece, either. The multinationals avoid the country. Greeks like to complain that America has been exploiting them since the war, but the exploitation—if the word applies—has been almost entirely political: America has propped up every unpopular regime in Greece for forty years. Greek industry, such as it is, means little family businesses with five or ten employees, settling their accounts, as someone in Athens put it, on the back of the country.

The Greeks voted for Papandreou because he offered them a measure of self-esteem. Papandreou is sixty-three. His political experience has been cataclysmic: he was tortured by Greek Fascists in 1939, and then, thirty years later, the colonels got to him and he spent eight months in solitary confinement. But his intellectual experience, by contrast, has been disciplined and calm. Whatever his rhetoric, he speaks for Greece with what is really a gruff American confidence. The Greeks like his confidence, having had so little opportunity to cultivate it in themselves. They like the fact that a Greek is talking and that, at last, important people seem to be listening. They do not much mind if Papandreou makes those important people mad. They are used to leaders who are servile abroad

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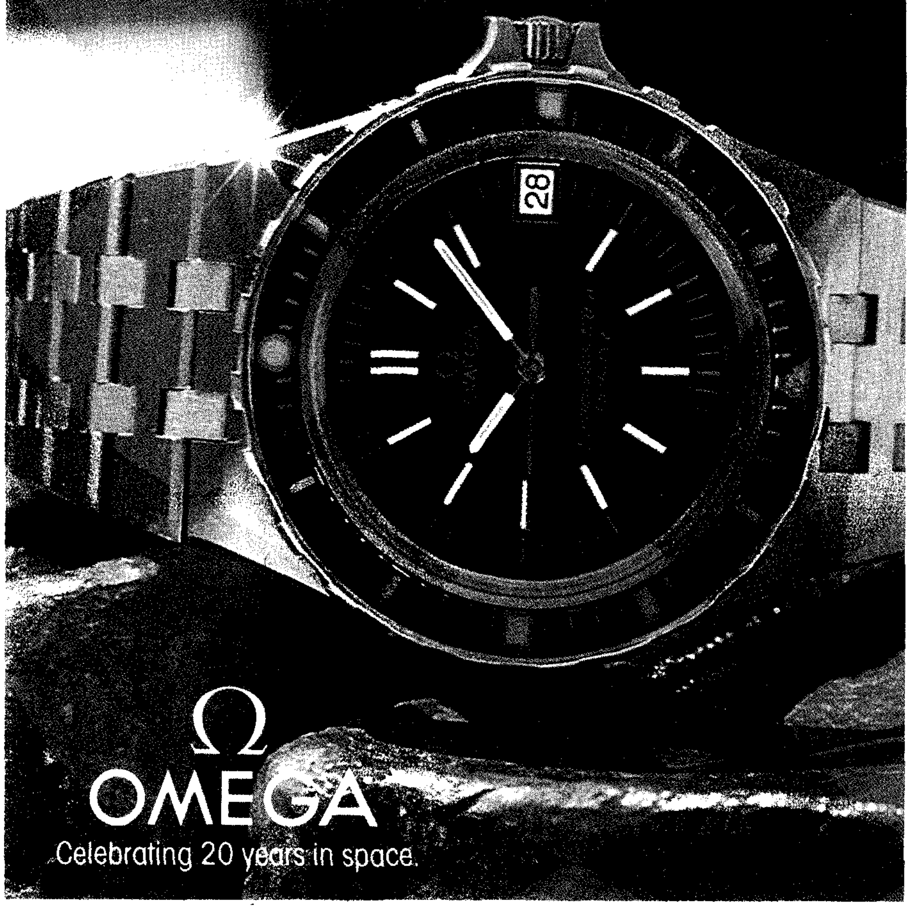

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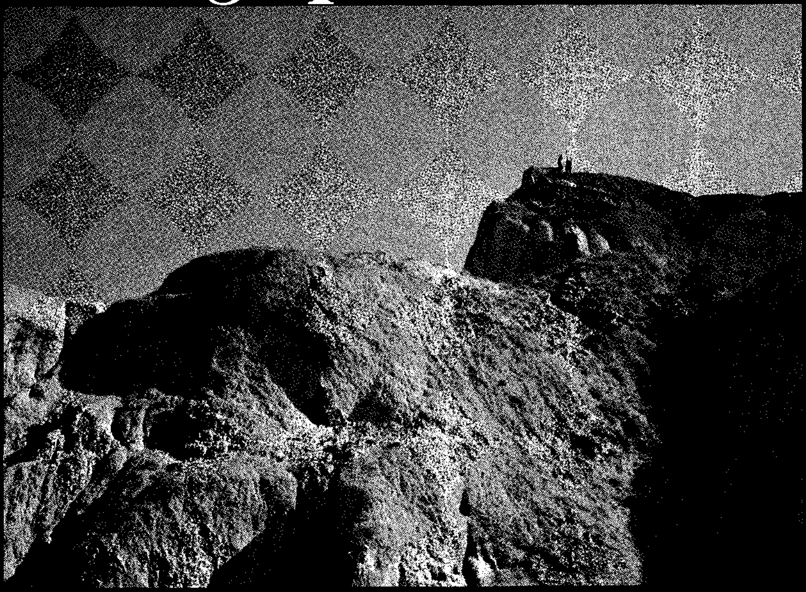

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and brutal at home—overblown versions of the ministry porters who had to be replaced after the elections because they cringed before their bosses and yelled at everyone who tried to see their bosses. There are Americans in Athens who insist that Papandreou became the hero of a fervent and nationalist Greek left by accident. They say that after so much time in Cambridge and Berkeley he was unprepared for his own effect on a place like Greece, where reasonable but tentative analyses are taken for ideology or, worse, for promises. They point out that his domestic program is the sort of impeccable liberal document that the Americans for Democratic Action might have put together: Civil marriage. Women's rights, in a country where men still claim dowries. Abortion reform. (There are three hundred thousand illegal abortions every year, which give Greece the highest abortion rate in Europe.) The dismantling of a bureaucracy padded to about three times its necessary size by relatives of old politicos and policemen. Proper health services for people who have to pay off their doctors to get a hospital bed—not to mention the care they need once they get one. Credit to encourage investment in the kind of development the country needs instead of the in-and-out, instant-amortization schemes that have ruined so much of it. It is probably true that only in conservative, churchbound Greece would anyone call a program like Papandreou's revolutionary, or even Socialist. Certainly there is not much talk of nationalizing anything. The state already controlled sixty per cent of the economy when Papandreou took over; nationalizing the few profitable private industries left in the country would take more money than the state has, and Papandreou does not want any more of the unprofitable ones. The most that Papandreou can afford to do is something he rather gamely calls "socializing" industry, which at this point seems to mean putting workers on company boards, and is something the Germans have been doing for years. The left will keep supporting Papandreou regardless; no one on the left but the Communists will challenge him at the risk of putting the right back in power. Liberals in Athens will support him, too. They complain a lot about incompetence. (Papandreou's best election poster offered the Greeks a choice between a plodding New Democracy turtle and a snappy PASOK computer, and soon the word in Athens was that if you voted for Andreas you got a computerized turtle.) But none of them really doubts the sincerity of his promise to end the watershed of a civil war that has divided the country for forty years.

GREEKS fear Turks. Thousands of Greeks get into sweltering tour buses every weekend and head for Istanbul, and once they arrive they take a lot of pictures of Hagia Sophia, drink a lot of strong coffee, and talk about how well Greeks and Turks get along. But this has no bearing on the alarm that Greeks almost instinctively feel at the sight of a Turkish plane or a Turkish destroyer or a Turkish officer. Papandreou could talk about leaving NATO and win the election, in part because Greeks no longer see much use in an alliance that, in their view, will not or cannot defend them against another member that disputes their airspace and sea rights and keeps an Aegean fleet of two hundred landing craft pointed toward the Greek coast. Turkey ruled Greece for four hundred years. Not being Turkish is in many ways the closest thing to a national identity that Greeks have. They watched Turks arrive in Cyprus eight years ago virtually under the protection of the Sixth Fleet, and occupy more than a third of the island. They watched their own ships turned away. And ever since then they have waited for NATO to persuade the Turks to leave the island, and have been disappointed. Papandreou has made their argument with Turkey the keystone of a foreign policy. He has told the Greeks that he is putting national interest above alliance interest. Westerners may find some of his noisy apologies for the Russians and the Arabs maddening or meaningless or—more to the point—unnecessary, but the fact is that the Russians and the Arabs always support him on the Cyprus question, and he assumes he owes them something in return. His rhetoric alarms his allies, but, being rhetoric, it costs him very little in Athens. He has nothing to lose by repeating that Turkey is on Cyprus illegally, and that NATO not only lets it stay but overarms it into the bargain because Turkey's vulnerable border with the Soviet Union and its volatile left amount to a kind of permanent blackmail of its allies. People in Brussels like to say that Papandreou might even have held up the Common Market resolution on the Falkland Islands if

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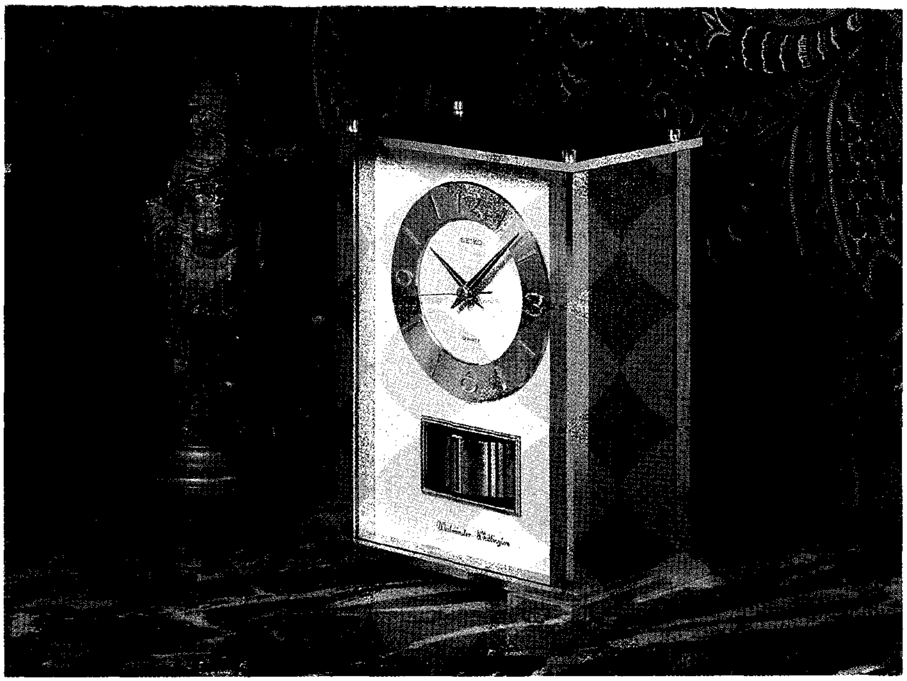

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someone had told him that the Falkland sheepherders were equivocal on the subject of Cyprus.

LIVING in Paris with Pierre Boulez is like living in New York with George Balanchine. Your expectations rise. Your standards crystallize. You get impatient with other people's concerts, other people's ballets—they usually seem sloppy or not too smart. For three nights last month, at the Salle Pleyel, Boulez conducted the Orchestre de Paris in a program that included the most satisfying performance of Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht" in any Parisian's memory. Even the orchestra seemed a little dazed by its accomplishment. The musicians put down their instruments and smiled at the audience with the look of people who had just played Schoenberg for the first time. Someone in the orchestra said afterward that Boulez had stripped the winter coat off the "Verklärte Nacht." Certainly he discovered in the piece a limpid purity that few people had expected. Boulez is often described—and criticized—as an "intellectual" conductor. What he is, actually, is intelligent, generous, and illuminating. —JANE KRAMER

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[*From the Times*]

The S.E.C. documents indicate that the commission, in declining to take steps against Citicorp, apparently accepted the views of other staff officials, including John M. Fedders, the newly appointed chief of the enforcement division. These officials did not dispute the evidence presented by the enforcement staff, but described the violations as insignificant and harmless.

Further, they contended, because Citicorp had never represented to stockholders or investors that its senior management had "honesty and integrity," it had no legal duty to disclose breaches of these basic norms.

'REASONABLE JUDGMENT'

These S.E.C. officials also argued, according to documents used by the commission, that Citicorp's pursuit of profits it knew to be probably unlawful was "reasonable and standard business judgment."

•

But the moment she was through with her official tasks, she ached with the dismal knowledge that there was no real joy or pleasure for either Rick or herself on this Boston trip they had looked forward to with such anticipation. They went sightseeing to Beacon Hill, Harvard, and M.I.T., they walked along the Thames and went out to Brookline, but there was for her a clothy feeling all the time, and Rick remained subdued.—*"Untold Millions," by Laura Z. Hobson.*

His thoughts were in foggy London.

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AROUND CITY HALL

Comings and Goings

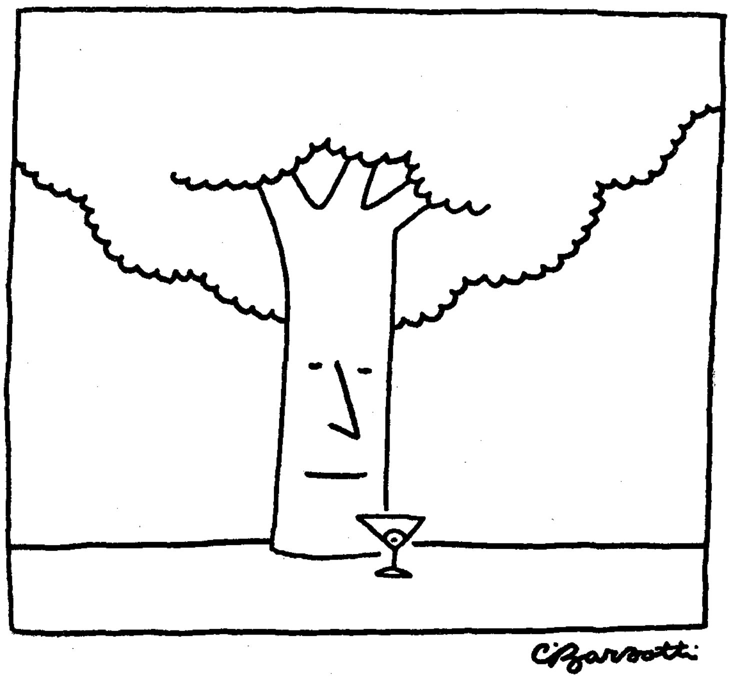
At family reunions—especially those where old home movies are available to jog memories—the best stories often conjure up times when all kinds of unrelated crises, at various levels of seriousness, seemed to descend on a household at once. That's about the way things were here for a while beginning in the final week of last month, when an uncommon number of developments that stirred people up in this city reached a critical point at almost the same time. Whatever their eventual place in the history books, they are permanently preserved in local myth and legend, and possibly even in a few home movies.

For once, none of the crises grew out of anything done or said by the city's Mayor, who in the past has seemed to thrive on confrontations that would wear a weaker man down but who has been acting more restrained, and even stately, since he began running for Governor of New York. Koch's formal entry into that race, on April 21st, did not qualify as a crisis—or, certainly, as a surprise. On January 25th, he had told reporters that he might consider making the run, and on February 22nd he had said he would be a candidate. Last month, he didn't even bother to make an official declaration in his home town, but instead, in a hectic all-day tour, announced it in five upstate cities and then in suburban Melville, Long Island. The chances are that the Mayor's political handlers will feel that he should spend as much time out of town as possible in the months before November. This is not only because of the seventy per cent of the votes that are cast outside the city in a general election but also because of the politically awkward *Playboy* interview given last December—before Koch had thought of running for Governor—but not published until February 24th, in which he jeered at rural life as "a joke" and derided suburbanites for their sterile and wasted existence. (There was some anguish among members of the Koch team when it was discovered during the April swing upstate that Buffalo's Executive Motor Inn, where the Mayor officially launched his campaign, was the headquarters of the Playboy Club of Buffalo, but it was too late for a change of venue.) In the minds of some New Yorkers, Koch's candidacy did pose a critical question: Could a politician preside over this immensely complex, violence-prone, and still fiscally shaky city and at the same time campaign full tilt around the nearly fifty thousand square miles of New York State?

Three days after Koch formally entered the Governor's race, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, in another big nonsurprise, announced that he was a candidate for a second term in the United States Senate. This was a crisis for the state's Republican leaders, who had to find a plausible candidate willing to take on the formidable Irish-American. Accusing the Senator of disdain for life outside the city would not work: although an important part of the Moynihan political legend is a youth spent in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen, his official residence for some years has been a family farm in Pindars Corners, near Oneonta, New York. In case upstate voters had not got this message, Moynihan followed his announcement in the city with a three-day, twelve-city swing around the state, during which his listeners might have got the impression that he had never seen a subway or the inside of P. J. Clarke's. He told them that he was the first freshman senator to have visited all sixty-two counties in the state, and added, "I had already been to most of them—often as not, fly rod in my hand." When he asked a crowd in Watertown, "Is there such a place on earth as New York in late summer or autumn?," he clearly was not referring to the Bronx. The local crises of recent weeks had to do not with Moynihan's highly improbable forced return to Pindars Corners next January 1st or Koch's highly probable departure for Albany at the same time but, rather, with other removals, threatened or summarily ordered, about which various New Yorkers felt strongly for a variety of reasons.

One concern was whether the *Daily News* would not only depart the local scene but go out of business entirely. A thirty-day letter of intent to buy the *News* that Joe L. Allbritton, the Texas millionaire who once owned the Washington *Star*, had given the paper's owners (the Tribune Company of Chicago) was good until April 30th, but Allbritton had set April 25th as the deadline for reaching agreement with the eleven unions concerned on concessions—including a five-year no-strike pledge, a two-year wage freeze, and the reduction of the paper's thirty-eight hundred employees by sixteen hundred—that he said were necessary to permit the economic survival of the *News*, which lost twelve million dollars in 1981. Last December, the Tribune Company had announced—in what many *News* employees interpreted as the classically cold, detached tones of an absentee landlord—that unless a buyer came forward the *News* would be closed. After several other possible buyers withdrew, the Chicago company gave Allbritton a thirty-day option and named him "the buyer of last resort"—a designation that seemed to make it official that if he and the unions did not come to terms by April 25th this city, which had fourteen daily papers in 1912 and seven as recently as 1963, would be

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE FOREST



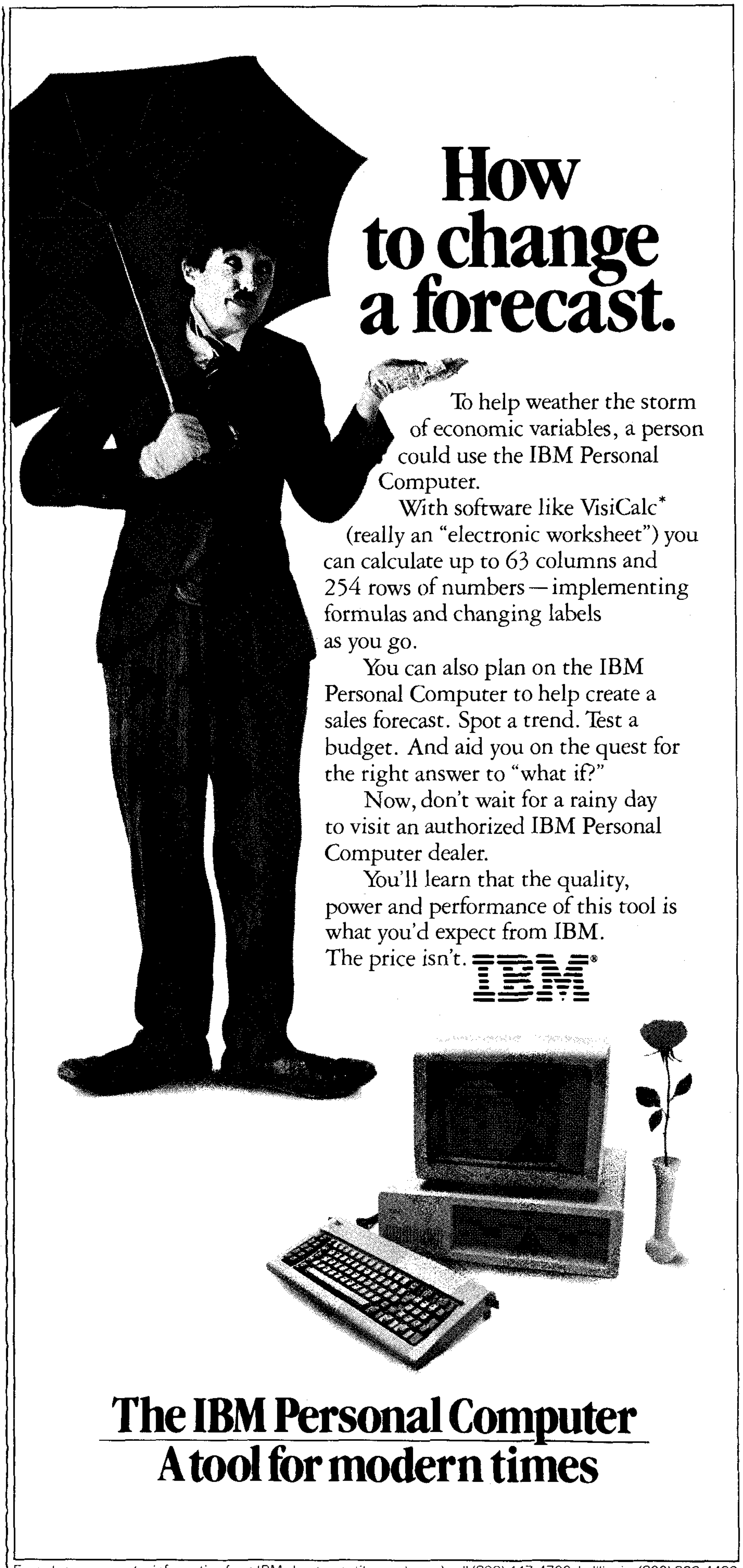
Barsotti

left with only the *Times* and the *Post*.

April 25th was also a critical deadline for the Israeli-occupied area of the Sinai Peninsula, which was to be surrendered to Egypt that day in accordance with the Camp David agreements. Although the Sinai is far outside the regular circulation territory of any New York paper, in this city Middle Eastern affairs are often treated more as local than as foreign news: Brooklyn Representative Stephen J. Solarz, speaking of his legislative priorities, once said, "In my district, getting money for Israel . . . is the functional equivalent of getting money for a dam out West."

The date set for the Sinai withdrawal was three days after the final date of an option that would move the Rangers, New York City's hockey team, across the Hudson River to the Meadowlands Sports Complex, to which New York's football Giants shifted six years ago. The tentative contract for the Rangers' transfer from Madison Square Garden was between the directors of the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority and the Madison Square Garden Corporation, which owns the team. If the Rangers moved out, the other Garden-owned team, the basketball Knicks, would also leave town, probably for the Nassau Coliseum, in Uniondale, Long Island. The major reason the Garden owners gave for calling it quits here—if the Rangers moved, the plan was for the Garden to be torn down and replaced by a luxury office building—was that, while most of the teams the Rangers and the Knicks compete against play in publicly owned arenas, the Garden, as a private corporation, had been paying more than three million dollars annually in city real-estate taxes. Even though the news that the Rangers' owners had actually signed a preliminary contract to move to New Jersey came in the midst of the city's fierce seasonal debate over budget priorities, it set off a scramble at City Hall to make the financial arrangements necessary to keep the Rangers and the Knicks here. Quite a few New Yorkers seemed to see their possible departure as a civic mortification. Mayor Koch, who concedes that he is not a sports fan, said last month, "A city is not a whole city unless the sports teams are here."

NUMEROUS explanations, often heavy on sociology, were offered for the plight of the *News*, whose circulation is down from two and a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half million daily in the nineteen-fifties, although its million-and-a-half press run still makes it the largest general-interest daily publication in the country. James Wieghart, its executive editor, said in December that the *News* must "get back to our roots, the working people of this city." Some critics suggested that the paper had forgotten a favorite slogan of its founder, Captain Joseph Patterson—"Tell it to Sweeney." Others saw as the main *News* problem the fact that since Captain Patterson's day a large share of the city's Sweeneys—and Russos and Steins—had moved to the suburbs. It was widely believed that the Tribune Company, whose holdings include the Chicago *Tribune*, was not really interested in the New York daily, and that any usefulness it might have seen in the *News* for tax-writeoff purposes had lapsed last fall after the company purchased the Chicago Cubs, who are famous for losing money as well as games. The sensationalist *Post*, whose circulation has almost doubled (to nine hundred and ten thousand) since the Australian publisher Rupert Murdoch took it over, in 1976, had obviously played a large part in the troubles of the *News*. Some unhappy *News* employees, however, noted a contrast in commitment: although the *Post* lost twenty million dollars last year and attracts far less advertising than the *News*, Murdoch wasn't talking about selling it. At the *News* offices, in the big Art Deco building on East Forty-second Street, the unions inevitably blamed inept management, just as the management blamed overweening labor leaders.

On April 20th, a list of the first one hundred and ninety-seven *News* employees of the sixteen hundred that Allbritton had said must be removed from the payroll was prepared, according to agreement, by the *News* management. It included a number of active union officials. The next day, in a move that certainly invited home-movie entrepreneurs, someone set up in the paper's city room a twenty-gallon tin drum filled with Kool-Aid—a reminder (although, of course, this offering was not laced with cyanide) of the Reverend Jim Jones' successful effort to persuade his followers in Jonestown, Guyana, to conspire in their own demise. On April 22nd, Allbritton's representatives walked out of the negotiations with the unions. The Texan's lawyer said later that the major problem was that the unions had never really believed Allbritton was

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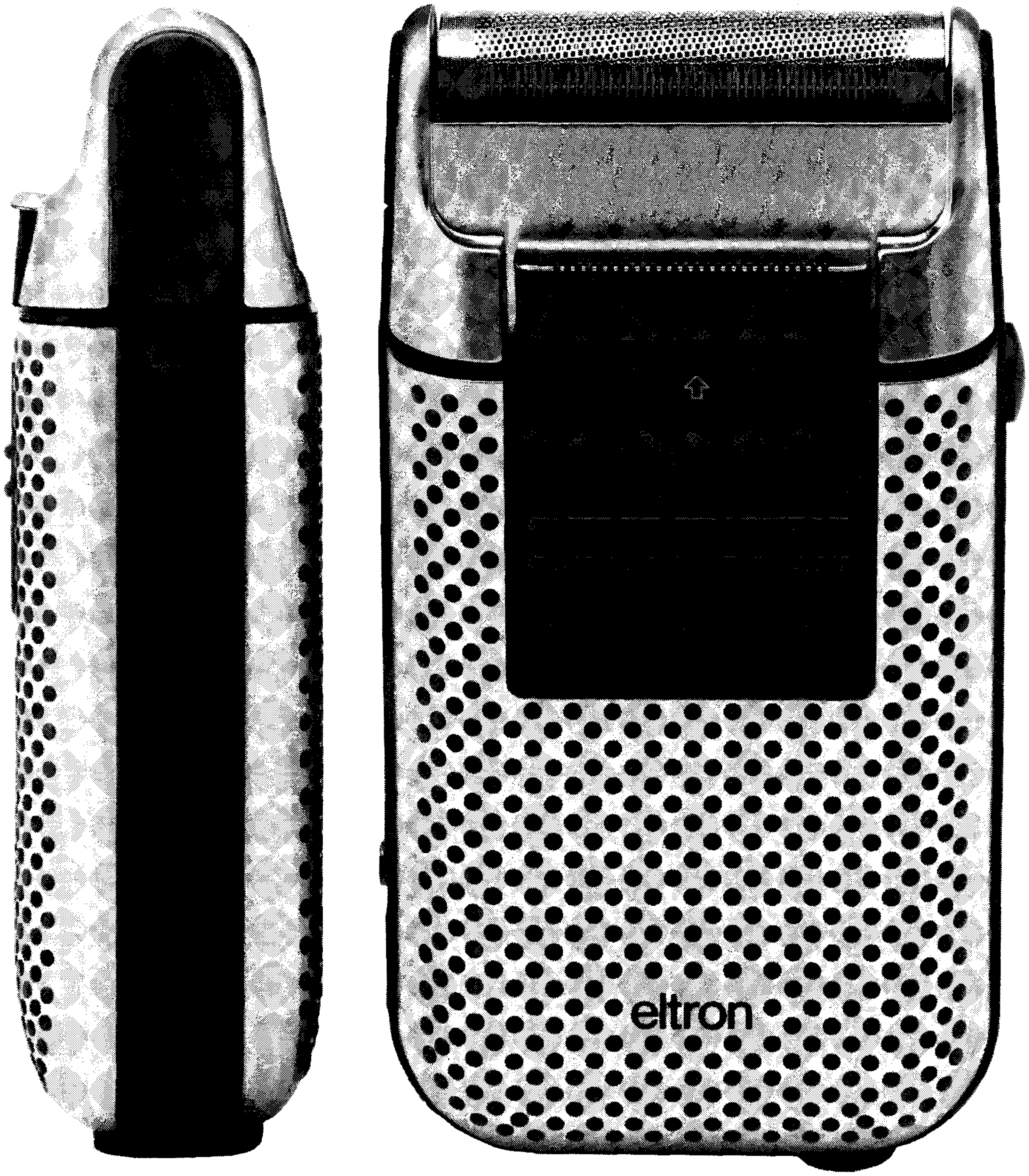

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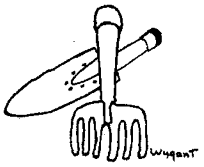
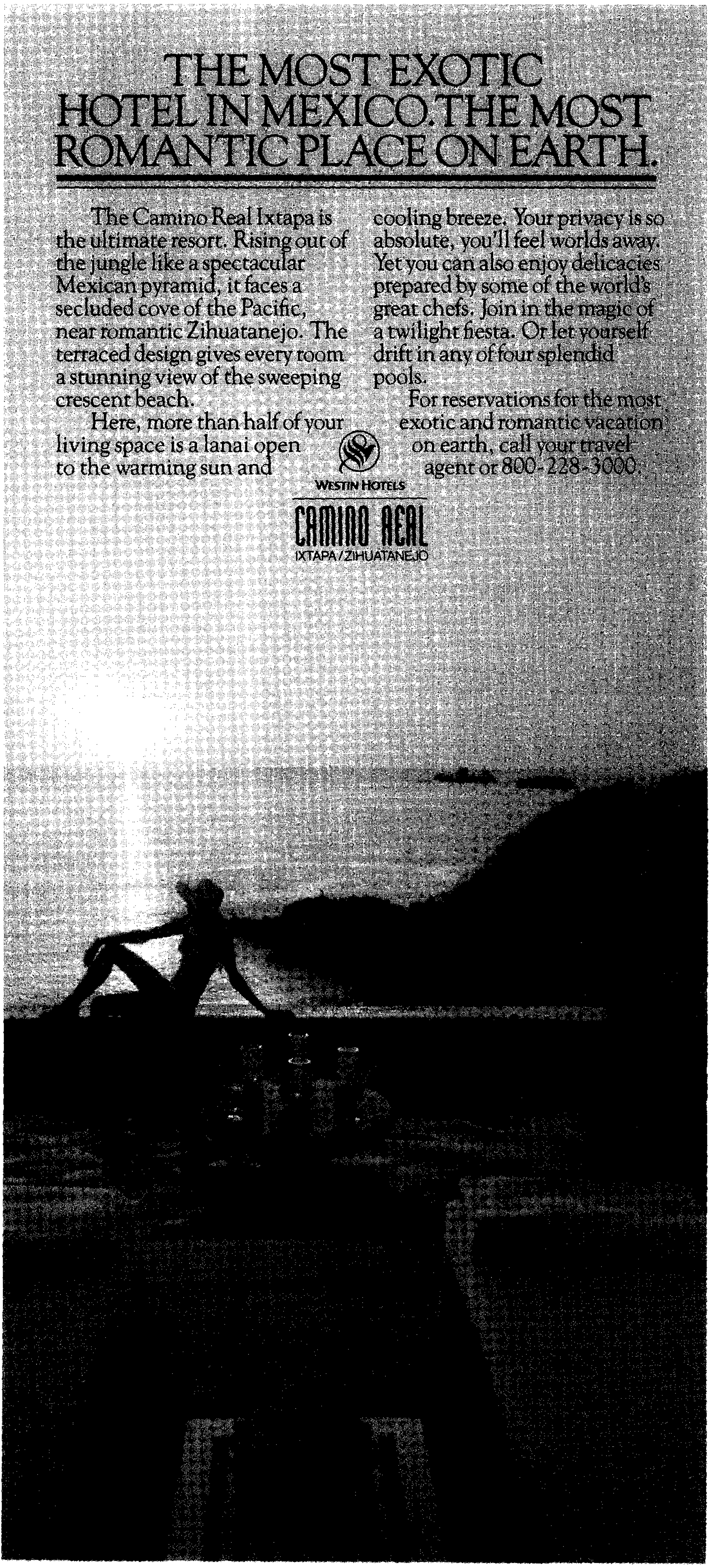
"the buyer of last resort." The theory that it was not a true life-or-death proposition for the *News*, he said, had been encouraged when, in the midst of the talks, an offer for the paper came from Murdoch. The *Post* publisher had described his paper and the *News* as being engaged in "a dance of death which must end in the disappearance of one or both newspapers." Though he explained that he had entered the picture at the request of one of the unions, he was suspected of wanting to buy the *News* in order to close it down, leaving the *Post* as the town's only tabloid. On April 28th, the Tribune Company suddenly announced that all discussions with Allbritton had been terminated.



With this word, pessimists on East Forty-second Street braced themselves for the *News'* closing notice. Optimists there speculated, however, that some of the developments during the months of negotiations might have given the Tribune Company revisionary thoughts about its December ultimatum. Fortunately for *News* employees and readers, the optimists were right. The Chicago owners had discovered that the cost of letting the paper die—including such items as severance payments and buy-outs—came to perhaps twice the original estimate of eighty-five million dollars, and that the total amount was several times the cost of needed printing-plant improvements that they had cited as a reason to sell. On the last day of April, the Tribune Company announced that the *News* would not be sold and that the company was prepared to invest "a substantial amount" in the paper if negotiations with the unions on cost reductions were "successful." Cynics immediately suggested that the owners now expected to make a better deal with the unions, whose members had just had a bad scare. The Chicago landlords had opened up large wounds, and the fact that what had apparently forced their change of heart had been their own gross financial miscalculation did not reassure the New York subsidiary about their competence or their real commitment to the *News'* future. Considering the alternative, however, for the moment a festival air prevailed at the paper. The next day's headline about the Tribune Company's decision—"NEWS TO CITY: WE'RE HERE TO STAY"—jubilantly evoked the famous *News* headline dealing with Gerald Ford's attitude toward the city during *its* fiscal troubles. And some *News* employees were especially encouraged by signs that the Chicago owners' attitude toward the paper's troubles and what had caused them was not at all detached—as far as Rupert Murdoch was concerned, at least. On the eve of the Tribune Company's announcement, the *Post* publisher had made a second offer for the *News*. Stanton Cook, the president of the company, summarily rejected it as "a predatory act." The *News* headline over the story of Cook's response was "TRIB TO RUPERT: DROP DEAD." During the months when the *News* was at risk, some of its editorial employees had grown noticeably subdued. Even the routine daily gibes at the Abominable Australian hadn't come so quickly; after all, Murdoch might soon be the employer of last resort. Now it was safe to have some fun. The slug that some editor put on the story of Murdoch's rejected offer was a happily disrespectful "RUPE."

THERE are, of course, circles in which debate continues over whether the Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai was a benign event, but clearly April 25th was not a happy day for a well-known Brooklyn native—Rabbi Meir Kahane, whose participation in the final struggle over the surrender was of special interest to a number of New Yorkers. Kahane, the leader of some holdouts whom Israeli soldiers flushed out of bunkers with fire hoses and dragged away, had been a familiar figure on New York streets after he founded the Jewish Defense League here, in the late nineteen-sixties. Shouting the J.D.L. slogan "Never again!"—referring, of course, to the Holocaust—League members, led by Kahane, who advocated the use of a variety of weapons, including explosives, to punish their enemies, regularly protested the Soviet Union's treatment of Jews in that country by attacking Soviet diplomats stationed here. In one Kahane drive against alleged anti-Semitic policies, however, no violence was involved. Early in the nineteen-seventies, Kahane picketed Shea Stadium, demanding that the Mets include on their roster the percentage of Jews in the local population, which he said was twenty-six and two-tenths. (Whatever the number was then, a study released this month put it at fifteen and eight-tenths per cent.) In contrast to many of today's Jewish leaders, who advocate strict merit selection and oppose all quotas, Kahane insisted that the Jewish players should be hired "regardless of baseball ability." In the mid-seventies, he began to spend much of his time in Israel, where, over the years, he was tried on a number of charges, including the attempted smuggling of arms to Europe to punish Arab terrorists. Later, he started his own ultranationalist political party, known as Kach, which he said was funded by American sympathizers. The Jewish Defense League has continued its work here, operating out of an office on lower Madison Avenue, and from time to time Kahane, who has the position of J.D.L. international chairman, has returned to join in forays against favorite League targets. Conveniently, the Soviet Mission to the United Nations and the local headquarters of the Palestine Liberation Organization are within a few blocks of each other, in Manhattan's East Sixties. Also conveniently, in view of the J.D.L.'s activities, the Nineteenth Police Precinct is half a block from the Mission. The P.L.O. headquarters is a few steps west of the house where former President Richard Nixon lived until last fall. No one knows whether the frequent commotion in the area affected his decision to move to the New Jersey suburbs. Recently, the J.D.L., too, has turned some of its attention to the suburbs—especially to Long Island, which last year, according to the Anti-Defamation League, had the largest increase in anti-Semitic incidents of any area in the country. While searching out the perpetrators of such actions, some League members took advantage of another convenient geographical circumstance: the Soviet Ambassador to the United Nations lives in Glen Cove, Long Island. Late last year, after a caller identifying himself as a J.D.L. member took credit for firing twelve shots through the window of the Ambassador's house, Mayor Koch denounced Kahane as the head of a terrorist group.

Early this month, a week after the Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai, a hundred thousand people from the city and the suburbs gathered in Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, across from the United Nations General Assembly Building, for the eleventh annual Solidarity Sunday for Soviet Jewry, to protest Soviet limitations on Jewish emigration. The Jewish community's dissatisfaction with President Carter had



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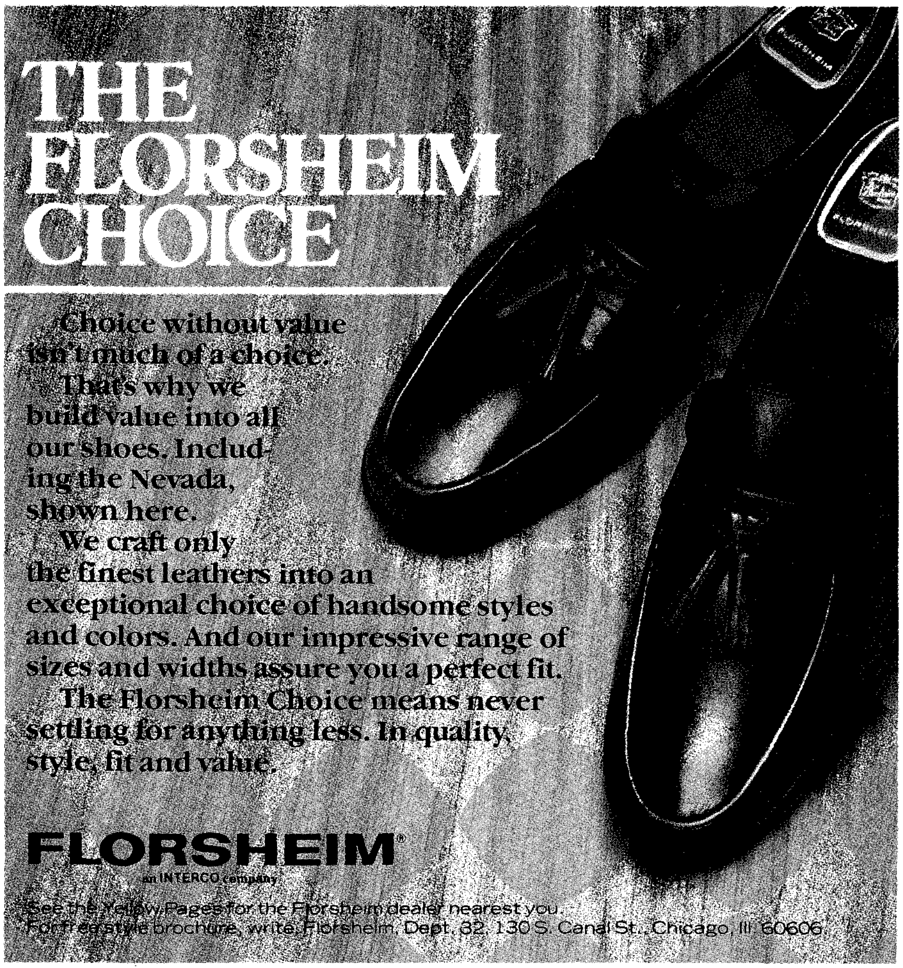

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led to his receiving the smallest percentage of the Jewish vote of any Democratic Presidential candidate in recent times—a circumstance that had played a role in his defeat—but when the name of his successor was mentioned on Solidarity Sunday it was roundly booed. Speakers pointed out that only ninety-five hundred Jews had been allowed to emigrate from the Soviet Union last year, compared with fifty-one thousand in 1979. Almost every important New York politician was present at the demonstration. By far the biggest hand went to Mayor Koch. Last winter, after a United Nations vote angered him as well as Israeli officials, Koch had described the U.N. as a body of "piranhas." This month, with his new, pre-gubernatorial restraint, he called it only "a monument to hypocrisy."

Carol Bellamy, the President of the City Council, who will succeed Koch next January if he is elected Governor, was present only briefly. She left that evening for Moscow to consult with the mayor of that city and with other Russian officials, primarily on the subject of Jewish emigration. Possibly, it was just as well that she, rather than Koch, made the trip. The Soviet officials complained to her that the Mayor had made "some pretty hard statements" about the Russians in February after *Pravda*—ignoring his denunciation of Kahane—accused him of having incited Jewish terrorist attacks on U.N. diplomats. In aggrieved tones, the officials reminded Miss Bellamy that the term Koch had used was "those Red nuts."

At the Solidarity Sunday gathering, many of those in the crowd took up the chant of "Never Again!" started by J.D.L. members who were on hand. Kahane did not make it that day, but two days later, back from Israel, he turned up as a speaker at a meeting in the Student Union Building of Queens College, a branch of the City University. He was surrounded by J.D.L. guards, who required the members of the small audience to go through a security checkpoint. Despite his reputation for fierceness, Kahane, a medium-sized, compact man of forty-nine with a neat beard, looked less alarming than some of his J.D.L. protectors. He told the students that the Sinai withdrawal was "a retreat from sanctification," and that it would be paid for in "terrible, terrible blood." If he were Prime Minister of Israel, he said, "Not one Arab would be killed on the West Bank. Not one Arab would be on the West Bank." The same week, callers to the newspapers who identified themselves as representing the J.D.L. took credit for pipe-bomb attacks on the Fifth Avenue offices of Lufthansa and the Iraqi Mission to the U.N. Kahane indicated that because of his disillusionment with the present Israeli government he would be making his home town the center of his operations for a while. Not everyone, then, was threatening to leave New York; for better or for worse, some of the traffic was moving the other way.

IN the end, the threat that the Rangers and the Knicks would move away was not carried out. Allen Schwartz, the Mayor's onetime law partner, who was the city's Corporation Counsel until last December and now serves as its unpaid sports adviser, worked out an agreement, whose major provision was that Madison Square Garden would be relieved of paying all real-estate taxes and would also pay a substantially lower rent to the Penn Central Corporation, which owns the land under the arena. This arrangement would cost the city five million one hundred thousand dollars annually; in return, it would gain a promise from the Garden to keep the Rangers and the Knicks here for ten years. The Mayor reacted indignantly to reporters' suggestions that the Garden had never intended to move the teams and was "holding the city at ransom." He estimated that events at the Garden—not only sports events but rock concerts, expositions, rallies, and so on—brought the city ten million dollars a year in taxes. One of the annual Garden shows—the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus—was playing at the time the agreement was formally announced. The Mayor and other city officials and Garden representatives, who know a photo opportunity when they see it, chose to make the announcement in the center ring while a trainer put three camels through their paces on the edge of the scene. "An area that loses its professional-sports franchises in essence loses its heart," Schwartz said. "Look at Brooklyn," he added, making no friends with that borough's chamber of commerce. "When it lost the Dodgers, in 1957, it went into decline." Local editorial writers commonly take a hard line on the need for fiscal prudence at City Hall, but there were no serious complaints in any of the papers about the concessions to the Garden. Even

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the *News* approved, although many people there had privately pointed out that the city administration had shown far less urgency about keeping the *News* in town. There was no provision in the agreement that the Garden itself, which is only fourteen years old, could not be torn down, and the corporation indicated that this might well happen. It seems to be an era in which newspapers and buildings but not sports franchises are considered disposable.

One reason for the local distress over the threatened departure of the Rangers to New Jersey and the Knicks to Long Island was that it would seem to bear out the theory that all the action is shifting to the suburbs. Tex Rickard, then president of the Garden Corporation, founded the Rangers in 1926. For the Islanders, who play at the Nassau Coliseum, this is only the tenth season, but they won the Stanley Cup, hockey's equivalent of the World Series trophy, in both 1980 and 1981. Over the years, the Rangers have more often than not ended up near the top of the league, but when the Rangers and the Islanders play, Islander fans in the stands shout, "1940! 1940! 1940!" They are referring not to the fall of France but to the last—and only—year that the Rangers won the Stanley Cup. This year's Rangers have one distinction, however. Not many people would expect a professional hockey team to provide an example of détente, but the Rangers' coach, Herb Brooks, was the coach of the hockey team that gave America its only significant victory in the 1980 Winter Olympics. One of his players, Mikko Leinonen, was a member of the Finnish team that the Americans defeated, and another Ranger, Reijo Ruotsalainen, was a member of the national Finnish team. After the Garden agreement with the city was announced, the two, whose English is limited, were asked if they knew what it meant. "I don't go," said Ruotsalainen, pointing toward New Jersey. During the last week of the negotiations, the Islanders had been playing the Rangers in the quarter-finals of their division. The night of the agreement, when the teams were playing at the Garden, the Islanders eliminated the Rangers from this year's competition for the Stanley Cup ("1940! 1940! 1940!") and moved along toward capturing their third championship in a row.

Most New Yorkers who talked about the possible departure of the

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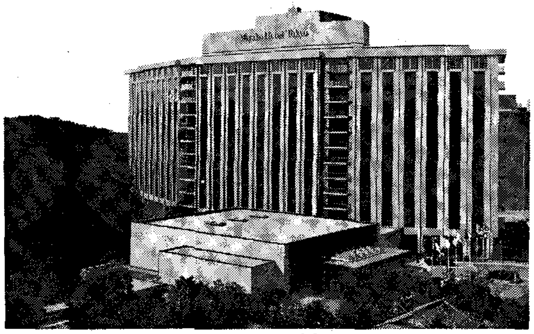

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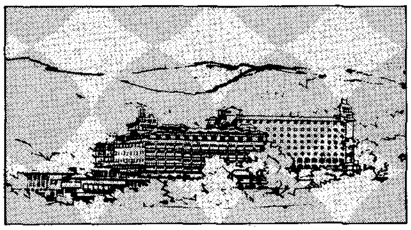

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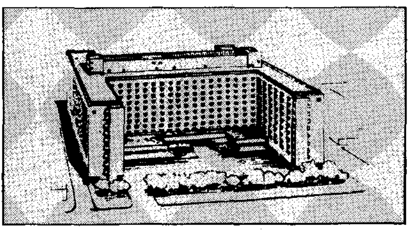

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Rangers and the Knicks associated it, as Allen Schwartz had, with the dark year of 1957, when not only the Dodgers but the other local National League team, the Giants, shifted to California. A few years afterward, the city, somewhat retrieving its honor, built Shea Stadium, in Queens, at huge expense, and arranged for another National League franchise, for the Mets. Later, at even greater expense, it rebuilt Yankee Stadium to keep the Yankees from moving to New Jersey. In recent years, the main late-season question about the Mets has been whether they would manage to stay out of the cellar in the final standings. In 1981, they made it to next-to-last place—still considered no reason to give up referring to the "hapless Mets" as if it were one word. This spring, however, the Mets got off to a strong start and thereafter held up reasonably well—in contrast to the mighty Yankees, who on April 25th were on the short end of a 6–8 record. That evening, the Yankees' win-hungry owner, George Steinbrenner, suddenly fired the team's manager, Bob Lemon, and replaced him with Gene Michael. By morning, baseball fans *everywhere seemed to know by heart* the numbers of his disposable-managers game: eight out in nine years, six in the last four years, and two of them, including Lemon, cashiered twice. Overcome by the outrage of it all, Lewis Lapham, the syndicated columnist, declared a few days later that Steinbrenner "stands with Richard Nixon as one of the grand predators of the age." According to some theorists, Steinbrenner had fired his manager so dramatically in a scheme to divert attention from another Yankee Stadium drama: the next game, two nights later, was to mark the first return of Reggie Jackson to the Stadium since he signed with the California Angels last year. After Jackson became a free agent, Steinbrenner, who didn't get along with him, either, had not made him an offer. Though no player becomes a folk hero for just one game, few of Jackson's admirers believe that anything he does in the future will top the last game of the 1977 World Series, in which he hit three home runs, winning the Series for the Yankees. ("REGGIE! REGGIE! REGGIE!" was the message the next day on the front page of the *News*, whose memorable headlines would have been among the big losses if its Chicago owners hadn't changed their minds last month.) If Steinbrenner had hoped to divert at-

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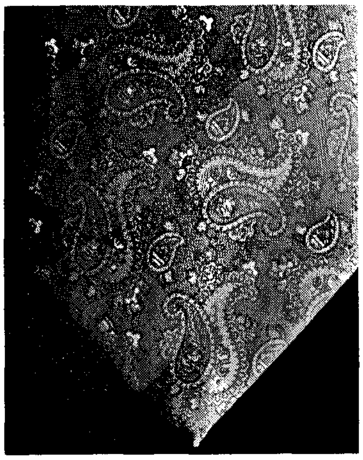

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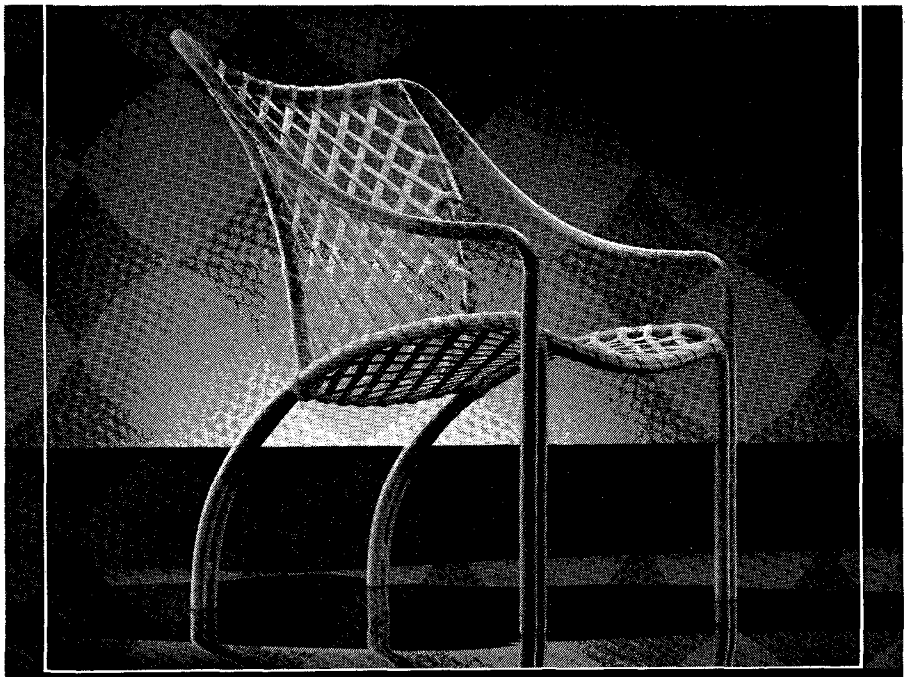

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tention from Jackson's return, he had miscalculated badly. After a poor season up to that point, Jackson got a single and scored the tie-breaking run, and then hit a home run, dominating the game and leading the Angels to victory. And after the home run against their own team the Yankee fans rose in the stands and for two minutes stood chanting "Steinbrenner! Steinbrenner! Steinbrenner!"—the name each time followed by an obscenity. "By what process have even the hardened fans of the Yankees reached their moral sticking point?" asked Thomas Boswell, a sportswriter for the Washington *Post*, and he continued, "What this vox populi seemed to say was that, contrary to Steinbrenner's view, winning isn't everything. In fact, winning, done badly enough, might be worth nothing at all." Although things will surely turn around in time, it appeared that Steinbrenner, the grand predator, had miscalculated in every way. After his latest change of managers, the Yankees seemed hardly able to win a game. Along the way, adding insult to insult, the Oakland A's, whose manager is Billy Martin, the other manager whom Steinbrenner had driven out twice, swept a series against them. Two weeks after Lemon was sent packing for having lost too many games, the hapless Yankees were tied for last place in their division.

POLITICIANS, like baseball managers, know about job insecurity. In this respect, Mayor Koch is in an enviable position. If he loses the race for Governor, he can continue as Mayor—although, of course, this outcome would be a disappointment to Carol Bellamy. However, if Mario Cuomo, Koch's opponent for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, who is now Lieutenant Governor, loses, he will simply return to private life at the end of the year. Even in the thirty-day period before the Mayor formally announced that he was a candidate for statewide office, he travelled outside the city on fifteen of those days. In such appearances (during which he no longer makes jokes about getting the bends every time he leaves the Bronx, though he hasn't yet been caught with a fly rod in hand), the outlines of his campaign against Cuomo are taking shape. For example, he will strongly emphasize his support for the death penalty, as he did in 1977, when he defeated Cuomo in the race for Mayor.

When Cuomo entered the contest

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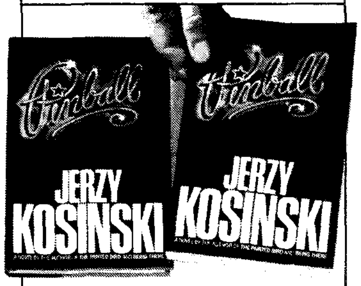

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for the Governorship, on March 16th, and stressed his opposition to capital punishment—as a reminder that it is not an abstract concept, he refers to it as "electrocution"—his eighty-year-old mother, Immaculata Cuomo, sitting behind him on the platform, shook her head in vigorous disapproval. According to the Lieutenant Governor, when he told his mother that a civic group had commended him for his integrity and sincerity her response was "No, no, no! Last time you were sincere. This time we wanna *win*." No canny politician will be caught saying that winning is everything, but, as in the case of sports figures, some relative may say it for him. Cuomo complains that the Mayor is more interested in being entertaining than in confronting the issues. So far, Koch has declined to debate him, though the Lieutenant Governor has said that the debate could be on the Mayor's terms. "He could tell his jokes, and I'll tell stories about my mother," said Cuomo, whose campaign style seems noticeably relaxed compared with his rather grim demeanor in the 1977 mayoral race. Despite his mother's qualms, and though he himself has said that the death-penalty issue is what defeated him in 1977, Cuomo continues to oppose "electrocution," the only candidate for Governor of New York who does.

Koch has said several times that he expects to have no trouble against the Republicans in the general election ("I'll *smash* them!") but that the primary may be a problem, because, he has explained, Democratic primaries bring out "the militant left"—who would obviously support Cuomo, he said. Koch may have been somewhat taken aback at the looks of disbelief, and even hoots of laughter, that have greeted his claim that Cuomo is the darling of the left wing. (Cuomo has indicated that he is gratified not to have been called "a Red nut.") The Mayor now describes himself as a "centrist," and some neoconservatives have embraced him as one of them, but in 1977, his last year as a member of the House of Representatives, the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, a conservative group, designated him, on the basis of his voting record, the most radical member of the House. Cuomo came into public life in the nineteen-seventies, as the lawyer for property owners in Corona, Queens, who were fighting a move to have their houses levelled

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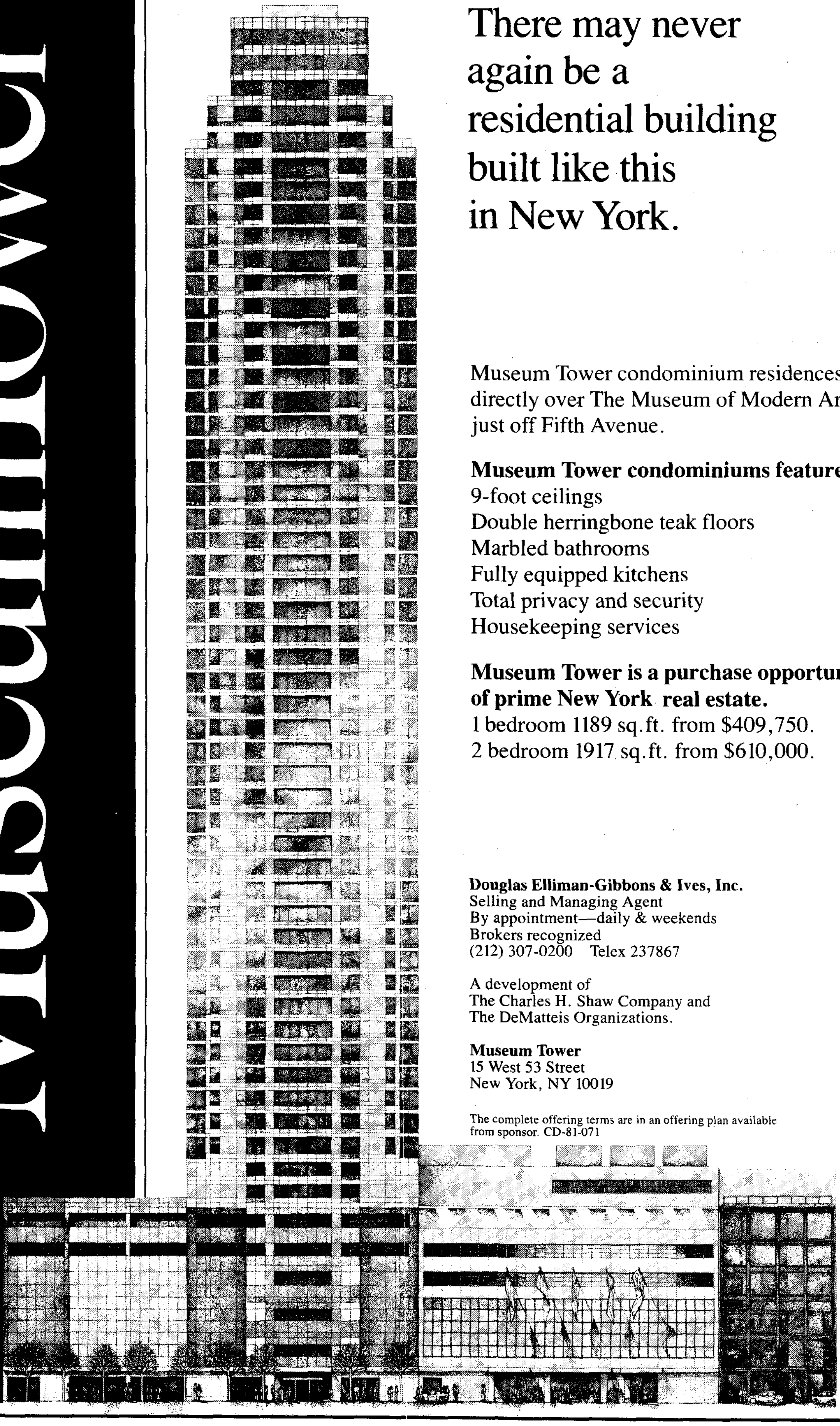

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for a public school, and as the deviser of a compromise that mollified middle-class apartment dwellers in Forest Hills who were ready to take up arms over the threatened invasion of their neighborhood by a low-income housing development. There is also some question about how easy it will be to pin the candidate-of-the-militant-leftists label, which many people associate with un-Americanism (as is usually intended), on someone who has been an active participant in the national pastime. Cuomo was once an outfielder on a Pittsburgh Pirates farm team. About all the good that does him now is to allow him to dodge press questions a little differently from other politicians. When a reporter asked him if he felt "haunted" by Koch or regarded the Mayor as his nemesis, Cuomo said, "No. The thing that haunts me is the curveball. All these years, I've never been able to hit a curveball."

"Could you be a little less metaphorical?" asked the reporter.

On the question of whether the *Playboy* interview will be a problem to him in either the primary or the election, Koch insists that it is a fading issue—indeed, no issue at all. Otis Pike, who was a member of the House of Representatives from Suffolk County for eighteen years and now writes a political column for the Long Island paper *Newsday*, tends to agree with the Mayor. "It may not hurt him in November, for voters have gloriously short memories, and Koch's views on country living will have been erased by pictures of Koch at dozens of clambakes and chicken barbecues by Election Day," Pike wrote. The damage, in the long run, Pike suggested, might be to the state. "It will hurt him if he wins and, as governor, must take his hat in his hand and ask all the country folk in Congress for more help. Politicians, unlike voters, have brutally long memories." As proof, Pike then quoted the *Playboy* interview, in which Koch said, "I'll never forget and rarely forgive."

—Andy Logan

•

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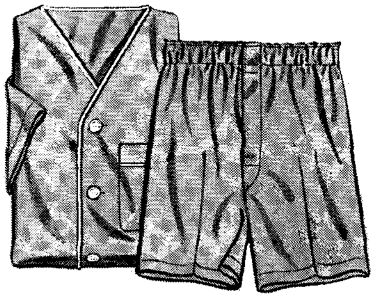

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THE THEATRE

Women as Things

THE musical "Nine," at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, is based on the classic Fellini movie "8½," and in all modesty I am perfectly content to quote myself on the nature of that work; here is a portion of what I wrote about it in this magazine when it arrived in New York, exactly nineteen years ago:

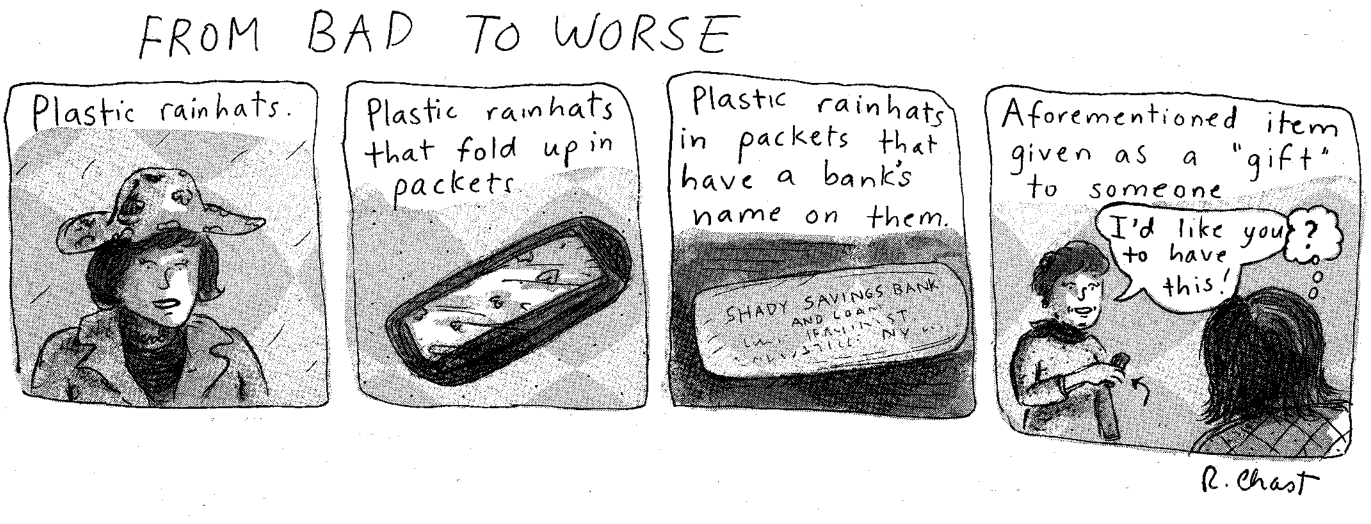
> "8½"—the title is a prankish reference to the fact that Fellini has directed seven complete movies and segments of three others—begins in the mind of a man at the end of his tether. In the prime of life, celebrated and envied, with a cool, handsome wife, a vulgar mistress, and an eye for any other woman who happens by, Guido Anselmi stands poised on the brink of breakdown. The weight of a tangled, unexamined past and the threatened weight of an equally tangled and unexamined future have so paralyzed him that he is unable to work; a producer has him under contract to direct a picture, elaborate sets have been built, and shooting must start at once, but poor Anselmi cannot even choose the members of the cast. Doctors having sent him to a spa to take a cure, he wanders about the hotel and its gardens and baths in listless emotional disarray, avoiding the unresolvable imperatives of real life by random retreats into memory and fantasy.

For obscure reasons of copyright or whatever, "Nine" remains officially silent in regard to its relationship to the movie, but the title provides a bold enough clue, and so does the name of the hero, which is Guido Contini instead of Guido Anselmi. The book is credited to Arthur Kopit (Mario Fratti having provided an "adaptation from the Italian"), but the plot, the characters, and the settings have been lifted straight from the movie; all that is missing is its spirit, which is both comic and courageous. For although Fellini's Guido is in desperate straits, his misery yields hilarious consequences; lurking back of his despair is a prospect of joy. Life, Fellini seems to be saying, is often very hard as well as absurd, but oh, how desirable it is! How eager I am to come to terms with it, and how sorry I shall be to bid it goodbye! His Guido is an artist, and out of his suffering will emerge, sooner or later, a work of art. In "Nine," Guido is an overgrown baby, and out of his suffering will emerge not a work of art but a succession of melodramatic tantrums. Back and forth he rushes, between the remembered bosom of his dead mother and the extravagantly throbbing bosoms of a host of living women, and all in vain.

Tradition holds that one oughtn't to take the message of a musical too seriously, and no doubt I will be thought a humorless spoilsport for saying that I found the message of "Nine" a thoroughly repellent one. Bluntly put, it is that women are ornamental receptacles, capable of pleasing men by serving them but incapable of taking thought and incapable also of pleasing one another in the absence of men. They are grossly defective human beings, who, painted and perfumed, incite men to reckless bouts of lust, thereby stealing from them their most precious possession. They are, in short, *things*, seductive and dangerous in the extreme; only as mothers can they be forgiven, and then only when they are safely in their graves. (We are expected in "Nine" to make an exception of Guido's wife, but her supposed wifeliness is precisely the measure of her unwomanliness; she might as well be Guido's uncle.)

What is extraordinary about "Nine" is that its rampant anti-feminism—its outright fear and hatred of women—should be embodied in a production of such exceptional show-biz beauty. The scenery, by Lawrence Miller, is spare and elegant and well lighted by Marcia Madeira, and the costumes, by William Ivey Long, are among the most gorgeous I've ever seen. The music and lyrics, by Maury Yeston (with orchestrations by Jonathan Tunick), have a charm and intelligence far above the usual Broadway standard. Moreover, the director, Tommy Tune, has given the show a mirror-bright shine and a pace that is exhilarating from start to finish. As for the cast—one man and twenty-one women—there is scarcely a member of it that I wouldn't feel inclined to praise, even though I deplore some of the ugly and gratuitous stage business (simulated masturbation and the like) that they have been prevailed upon to perform. If Raul Julia's Guido is less affecting than that of Marcello Mastroianni in the movie, the fault lies more with the script than with him; he certainly makes the most of his climactic scene. Karen Akers plays his wife, Anita Morris his mistress (she cannot keep her hands off her voluptuous, near-naked body, and the audience appears to be enchanted by her helplessness), Shelly Burch his favorite actress, Liliane Montevecchi his producer, and Taina Elg his late mother. The actresses who play four grotesquely fat young German fräuleins must wonder whether winning a role in a Broadway show is worth the humiliation of exposing themselves in so unattractive a physical condition.

Mr. Yeston is said to have devoted much of the past nine years to the preparation of this musical. I expect that it will be a hit, and I will be glad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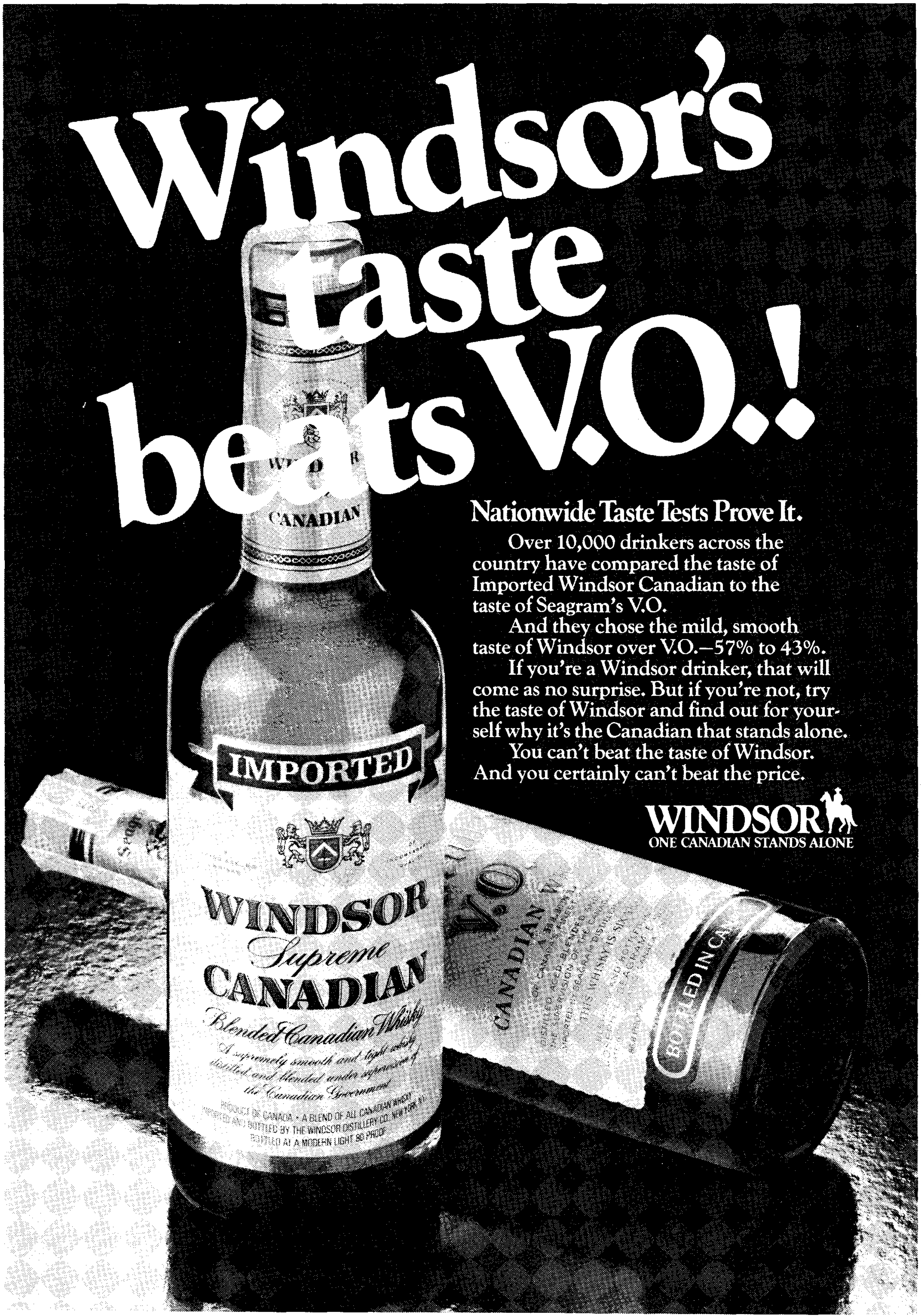
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for his sake if his indisputable musical talents are well rewarded, but I'm sorry that he and his colleagues have so markedly failed to translate a notable work of art from one medium into another. Such failures are commonplace and have their consolations, not for the makers of the new work but for the makers of the old. "8½" has survived this imprudent experiment unscathed.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

On Location

"GENIUSES," by Jonathan Reynolds, at Playwrights Horizons, is a very trying exercise in facetiousness that somehow pulls itself together in the third act, with considerable help from a funny, engaging young actress called Joanne Camp (for whom, in all fairness, Mr. Reynolds has written a good, funny scene). The action takes place in a small village in the Philippines, where a movie that, as described, resembles "Apocalypse Now" is being shot, and where its scriptwriter, art director, makeup man, and an actress (Miss Camp) are trapped for four days during a typhoon. They while away the time with some of the most tiresome talk imaginable—monologues that sound like recycled comedy routines, on such dog-eared subjects as Los Angeles versus New York, the Actors Studio, and West Coast psychotherapy in all its manifold guises, most of this stuff being poured out with absent-minded bitterness by the scriptwriter. The resemblance of the bearded makeup man to Ernest Hemingway becomes a springboard for more of those "Papa" jokes, which grow increasingly offensive with the years, and the actress is a walking parody of the kind of California chatter ("I feel good about myself") that has been parodied so often before. Hers is the traditional but always enjoyable role—the Judy Holliday role—of the beautiful, dumb broad who outsmarts everybody else in the end. Why and how she does it must be kept secret, but the scene, performed with comic skill and relish, is a gem.

The plot, such as it is, is concerned largely with the strain of sexual attraction between actress and writer that runs beneath all the guff. The performances, under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez, are more than satisfactory. Michael Gross is the writer, David Rasche is the perverse and dangerous art director, and Kurt Knudson is the makeup man; all of them are

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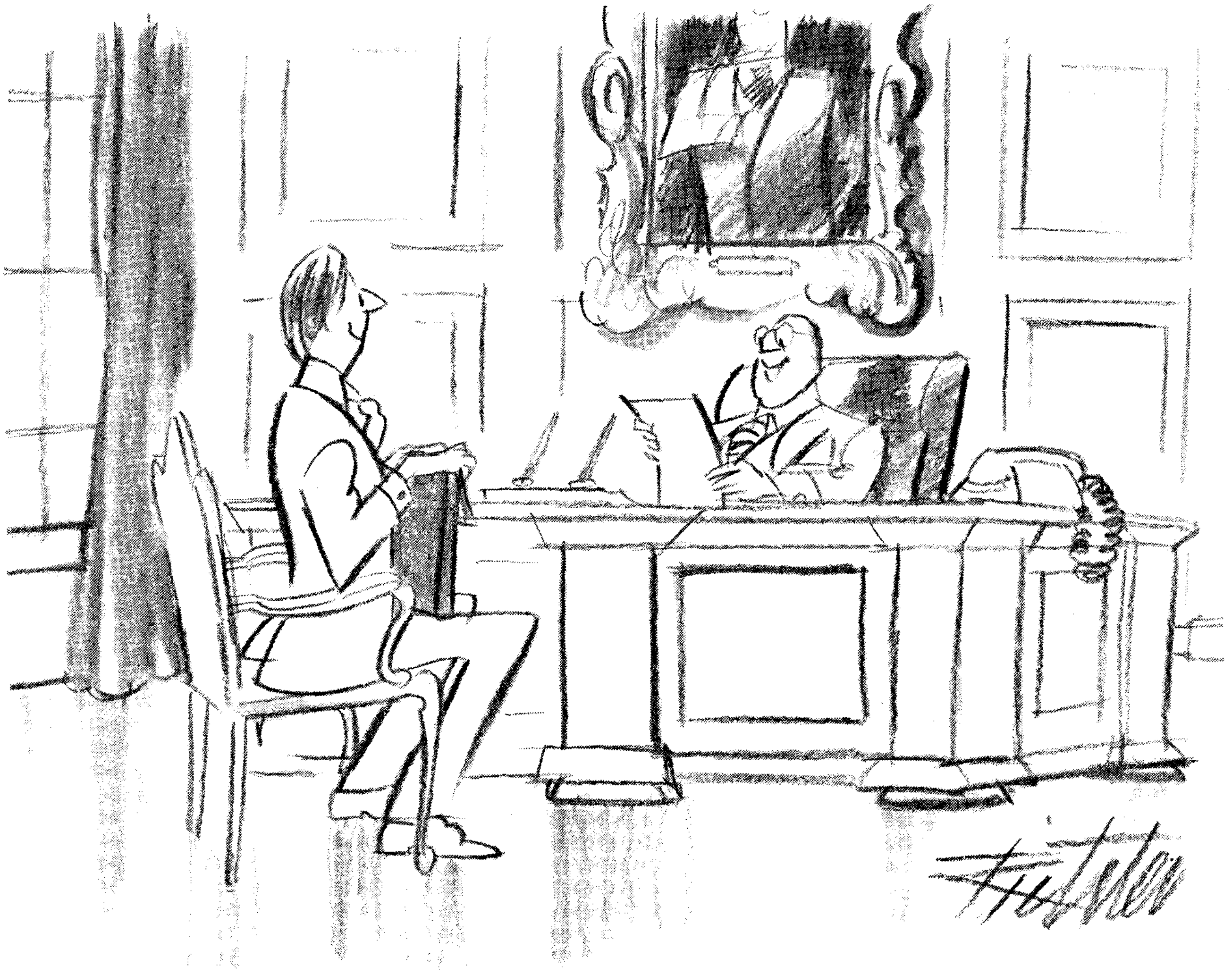

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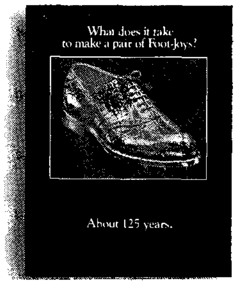

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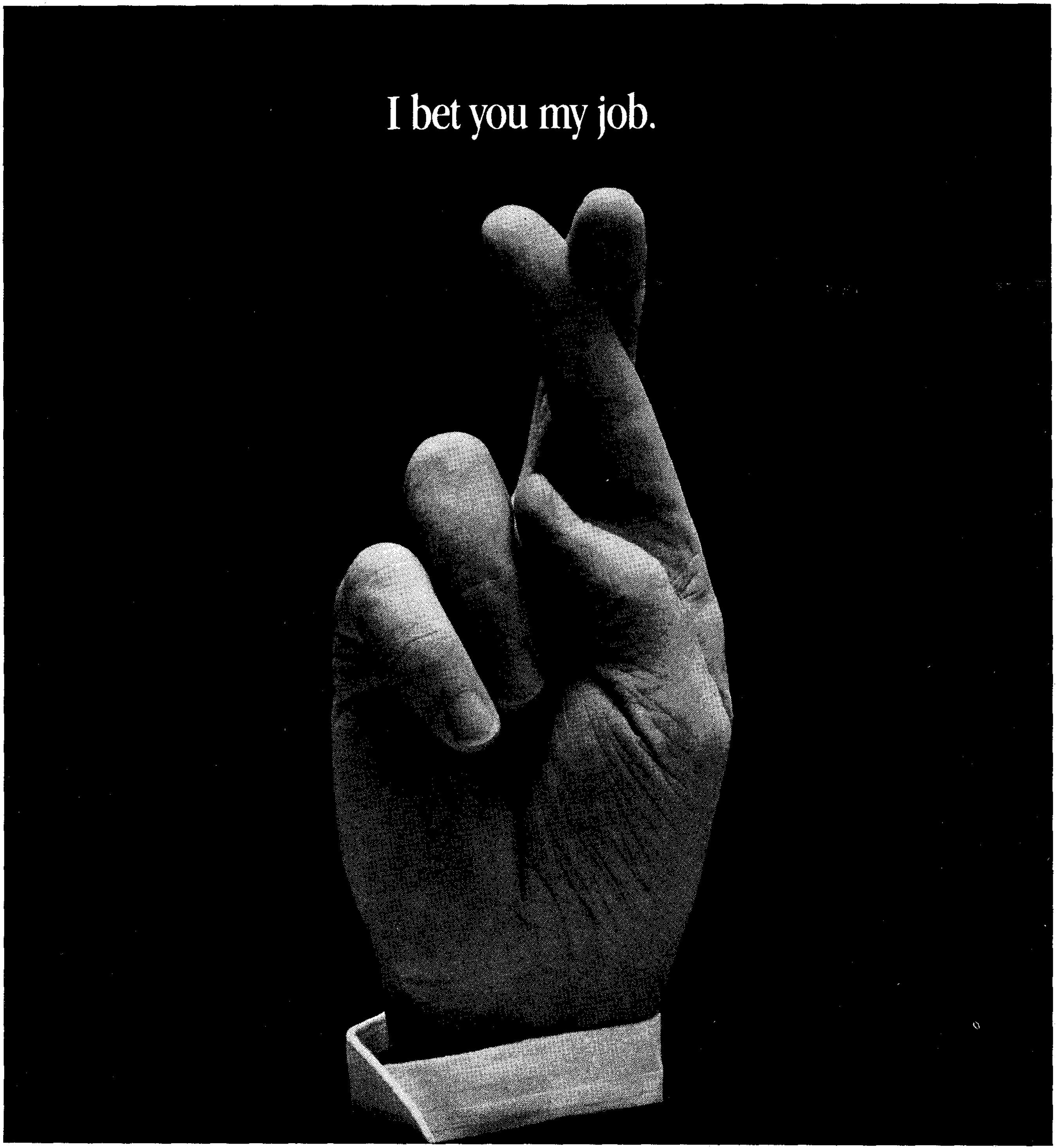
very good, as are the rest of the cast. As for Miss Camp, she is a star in the making, and she deserves something better. The choice of Camp for her stage name (she appeared at Washington's Arena Stage under another name) is peculiarly unfortunate in this case, as it archly points up what is wrong with this whole enterprise. Mr. Reynolds' "Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh," in 1975, showed him to be a true, original humorist and a born playwright, and that makes "Geniuses" all the more disappointing.

"MARATHON 1982," a month-long anthology of one-acters at the estimable Ensemble Studio Theatre, opened last week with its first batch of four plays, including "Appearances," by that comic, sleight-of-pen artist Tina Howe, who wrote "Museum" and "The Art of Dining." "Appearances" is set in a fitting room of a large department store, and it consists of two cross-purposes soliloquies—one by a young woman trying on dresses for an office party, where she hopes to catch the eye of a new boss with a succulent lower lip, and the other by an older woman, in charge of the dressing rooms, who muses on her daughter's forthcoming wedding and the rather serious genetic flaws in the groom's family. Not all the humor is verbal; during one indelible sight gag the young woman can be seen writhing inside a red jersey dress with no opening for her head. "Appearances" will be gone after May 30th, but it cannot be allowed to just slip away. The actresses, both of them exactly right, are Jane Hoffman and Wende Dasteel. The other plays, of varying quality, are by Conrad Bromberg, Charles Leipart, and James G. Richardson.

LAST Monday evening—and for one evening only—the Public Theatre presented, as its celebration of James Joyce's centenary, a reading of the play "Mr. Bloom and the Cyclops." The words were the words of Joyce, but the perfect script was by Joseph Carroll, and the actors who spoke the words (in a setting of Barney Kiernan's tavern in Dublin) were perfect, too. They were, among others, Siobhan McKenna, Bairbre Dowling, Jarlath Conroy, Richard Russell Ramos (as Bloom), Dermot McNamara, and John Shea. The show, under the direction of John Beary, was a marvel, beginning to end.

—EDITH OLIVER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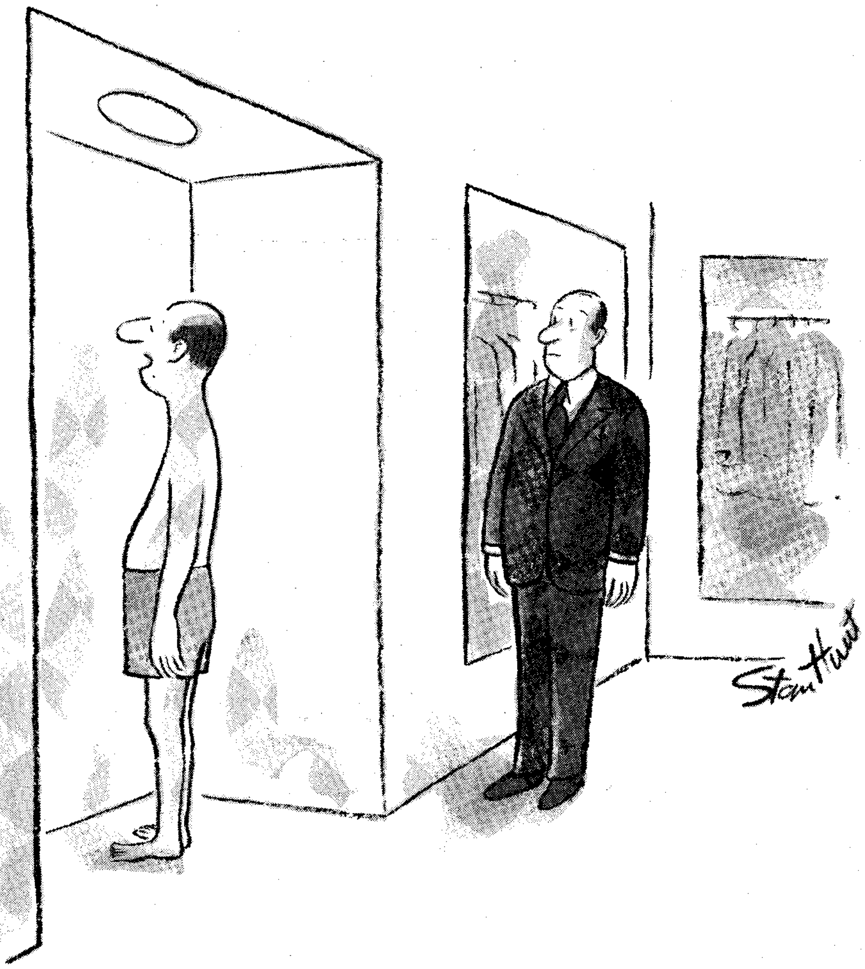
MUSICAL EVENTS

Testimony

THE Fitzwilliam String Quartet in a series of five concerts, spaced through a fortnight of April and May, played Shostakovich's fifteen string quartets, in Alice Tully Hall, and provided New York with a rare and wonderful musical event. The complete series has been played only once before in this country, it seems. (The Fitzwilliam's cycle was billed as "United States Première," but the day after its opening concert the Bakken String Quartet, in Minneapolis, completed a Shostakovich cycle.) The presentation of complete cycles, *intégrales*, can sometimes smack more of packaging than of artistic planning. In 1976, the Philharmonic played Mahler's nine symphonies within a month, and that was surely too much of a good thing. But string quartets lend themselves more amenably to such gathering. They generally represent a composer's more private, intimate thoughts—combining elements of diary, autobiography, progress-record of musical developments, and finely worked lyric poetry. Listening to a string quartet is an experience closer to that of reading a book than is listening to a symphony or to a concerto. One can read on and on, enthralled, if the author is a great one. And, I think, it brings one even closer to a composer than listening to a piano sonata does, for, however personal piano writing may be, a public performance of it is like being read to aloud: another voice, another personality, an interpreter, intervenes. Whereas, in the best quartet playing, four instruments seem to speak to the listener in the composer's own voice. Three years ago, I described in these pages how hearing Ernst Krenek's seven string quartets, played by the Thouvenel String Quartet, within six days had led one from an energetic young modernist musing on Beethoven's Opus 132 (in No. 1, of 1921), through his neoclassical and neoromantic explorations, to a forceful, eloquent twelve-note conqueror (in No. 6, of 1937), and thence to the serene, active master who in America has come to terms with himself and the world. (I called No. 7 "Krenek's Opus 135, as it were," but since then an Eighth Quartet has appeared.) To hear these quartets was not only to traverse, in live sound, an extended and important chapter of musical history—though *intégrales* do have their educational side, and valuable it is. It was also—such is the nature of the medium—to become the intimate of a questing, questioning, well-informed, and fruitful mind and to share with it, through decades, the excitements of discovery and new creation.



"I'll take them."

And so with Shostakovich. His fifteen symphonies are public utterances, to be taken one at a time. The voice in them is personal, but—such is the nature of the medium—it is a voice lifted to address a large audience, even in those three last, beautiful symphonies, which are in turn boldly, bleakly, and despairingly defiant. ("Public utterances"—need it be said?—does not imply criticism. The Eroica and the Choral Symphony are public utterances.) Shostakovich turned late to the string quartet. His First Quartet was written in 1938. It seems to be an essay in uncomplicatedly pure music after the heroic rigors of the Fifth Symphony—the work that returned its composer to official favor after Stalin's denunciation of "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk." Six years passed before the Second Quartet appeared, after the "war" symphonies—the "Leningrad" and No. 8. (It was played by the Beethoven Quartet, which gave the first performances of all but the first and last quartets, and had No. 15 in rehearsal when its cellist died; six of them are dedicated to it or to one of its members.) Four string quartets, Nos. 9 to 12, appeared in the six-year gap between the Thirteenth ("Babi Yar") Symphony and the Fourteenth. Solomon Volkov, in his book "Testimony: The Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich" (Harper & Row), quotes the composer as saying, apropos of reports that he had embarked on an opera based on "And Quiet Flows the Don":

> I never started it.... You say that you're planning such-and-such a composition, something with a powerful, killing title. That's so they don't stone you. And meanwhile you write a quartet or something for your own quiet satisfaction. But you tell the administration that you're working on the opera "Karl Marx" or "The Young Guards," and they'll forgive you your quartet when it appears.

There is a view that in the quartets we

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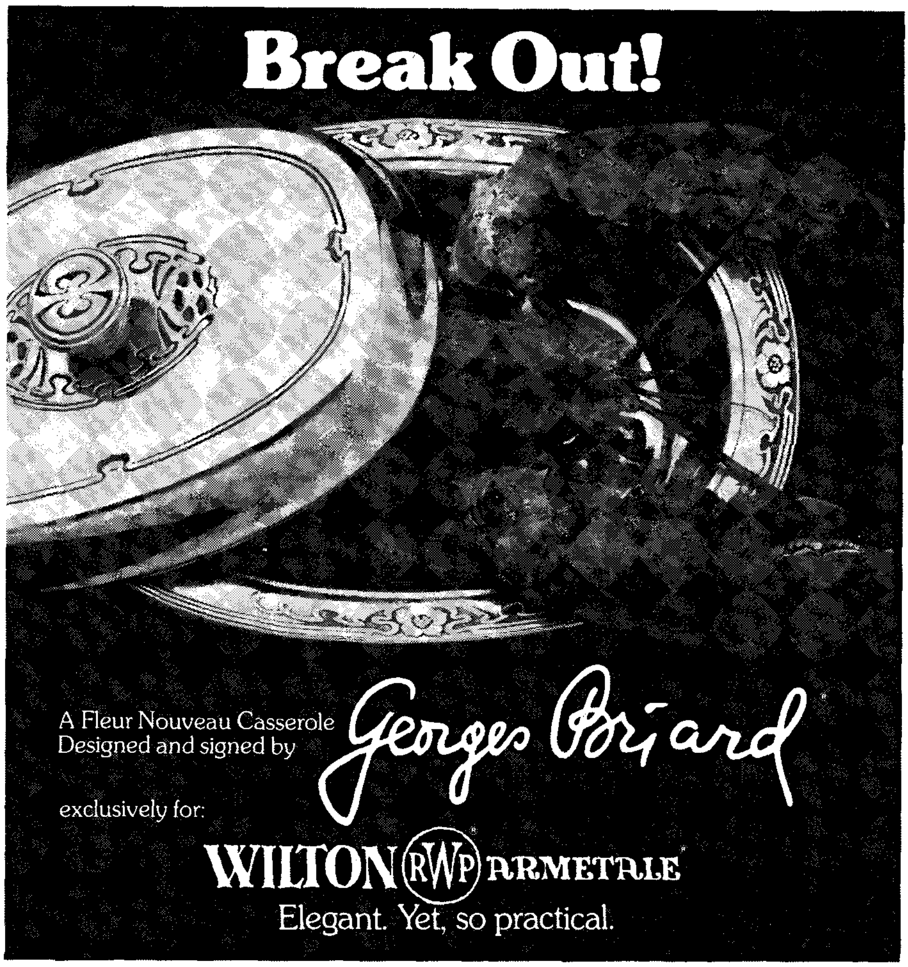
hear the "real" Shostakovich—in, for example, the Seventh Quartet (1960) rather than the two revolution-celebrating symphonies, No. 11 ("The Year 1905") and No. 12 ("The Year 1917"), that flank it. Boris Schwarz in his Grove article on Shostakovich seeks to provide a corrective to that view. "No outside pressure was needed to make him write 'facile' music; he enjoyed it; it was part of his multi-faceted personality." "As a creative artist, he was attuned to the needs and responses of his audiences." "The few *setbacks in his career were more than* counterbalanced by decades of unparalleled recognition, both national and international." Commentary on—and, for that matter, listening to—Shostakovich's music has ever been mixed with speculation about his political convictions, and that is inevitable. In recent years, the sorrow and despair that fill the final works—the last three symphonies, the last quartets, the Viola Sonata—have cast new shadows backward, and have thrown into question even what once seemed affirmatively untroubled or unambiguous. The authenticity of the Volkov memoirs is unestablished, but several of the composer's reported declarations—that the Seventh Symphony is "not about Leningrad under siege, it's about the Leningrad that Stalin destroyed and that Hitler merely finished off," that "the majority of my symphonies are tombstones," and that the Eighth Quartet (composed in Dresden in 1960, "in memory of victims of Fascism and war") is autobiographical, especially in its quotation of the song "Languishing in Prison" followed by a theme from the banned opera "Lady Macbeth"—chime with the emotional content of the final works. It seems to me not improbable that Shostakovich in his last years (from which Volkov dates the memoirs), disillusioned, weary, dying, looked back on his life with embittered and despairing eyes and on his life's works with attention to but one facet of their "multi-faceted" nature. That provides a way of reconciling the portraits by Volkov and by Schwarz, and of reconciling the ardent assertions in so many earlier works—not the music of a cynic or a time-server—and the tragic repudiations, at first scornful, finally resigned, in the last works. Hugh Ottaway, in his admirable little monograph on the Shostakovich symphonies (one of the BBC Music Guides), is surely right in saying, "All the evidence shows that the young composer identified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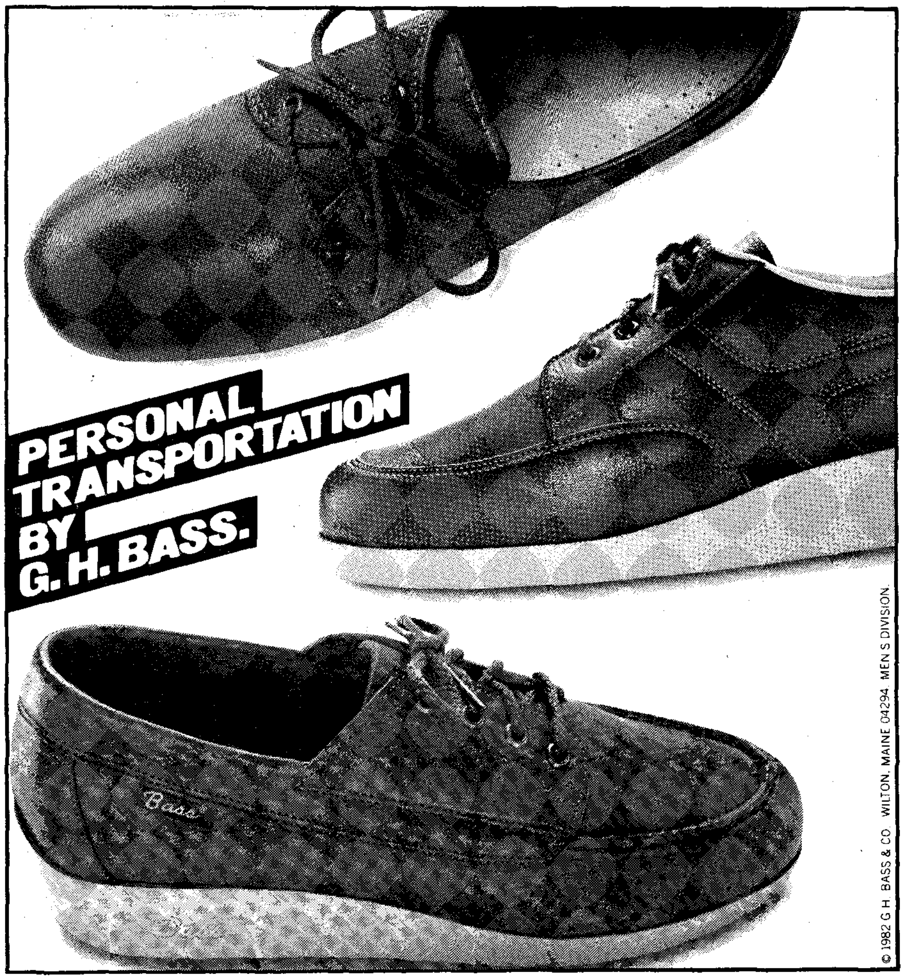
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strongly with the new, revolutionary order in which he had come to manhood." Ottaway continues, "He remained an individual, but one whose commitment to a revolutionary socialism can hardly be questioned." But whether that commitment lasted can be questioned. Shostakovich would not be the first Soviet composer whose belief in the idea was eroded by the reality, and now that all his work lies before us it is harder than ever to trace any simple patterns in his thought and his development. In the Fourth String Quartet (composed in 1949, but not made public until after Stalin's death, in 1953), a lucid and radiant composition, the Jewish inflections of some of its melodies once seemed no more than a touch of exotic color. To listeners who have since heard Shostakovich's "Babi Yar" symphony (1962), they become ominous and disquieting.

THE last Shostakovich quartet cycle I had heard was in June, 1968, in London, when there were only eleven quartets. (No. 12, a turning point in Shostakovich's style, appeared later that year.) They were played by the Borodin Quartet, masters of sweet, luminous tone and exquisite detail. The ear was ravished, enchanted. The music lived along the lines; one followed the movements of the notes with bated breath. Eleven years later, the Borodin played Nos. 8 and 15 in the music room of the Frick Collection and again held its listeners spellbound. But it "Borodinized" those tragic compositions—played them, as I wrote at the time, "with a beauty of tone and inflection which would remove the pangs, the keenness, the bitterness, if anything could." It was the Borodin Quartet that most prominently brought Shostakovich's quartets to the Western world, and its recordings stayed in the catalogues while those of the Beethoven Quartet disappeared. (Today, only No. 8 in the Borodin's series remains in the domestic catalogue, but its album of Nos. 1 to 13 is still in print in Britain.) In 1972, another ensemble took the lead in introducing the later works. Alan George, the viola of the Fitzwilliam Quartet—four young men who had played together as Cambridge undergraduates and after graduation went on to become quartet-in-residence at the University of York—wrote to the composer and asked if they might give the Western première of his Thirteenth Quartet. Shostakovich not only sent the music and

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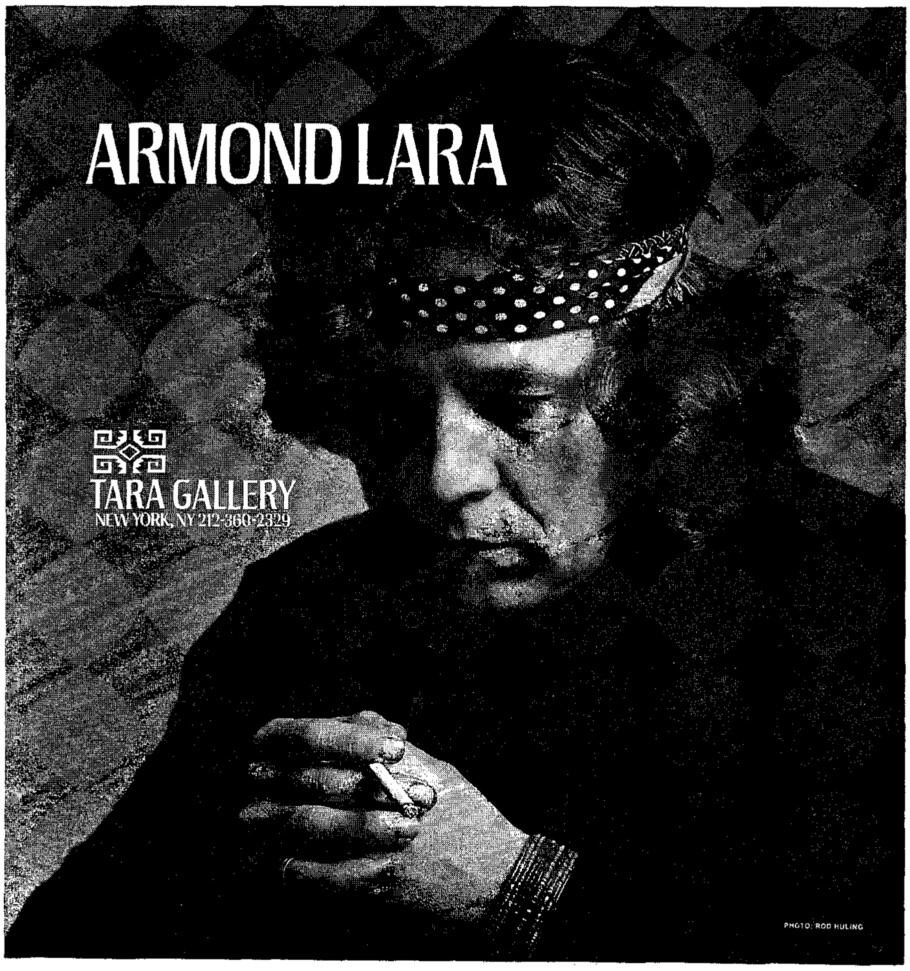

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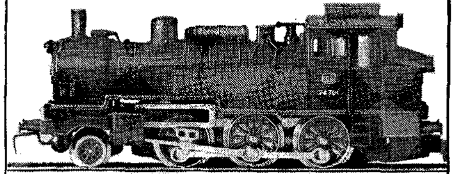

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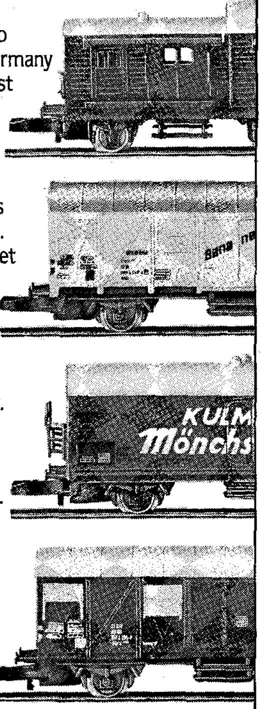

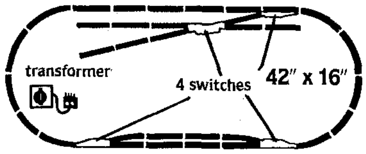

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his blessing but came to York himself to hear the performance. Later, he sent them the music of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Quartets. He kept in touch, wrote often, and invited them to come to Moscow to work with him. But he died before the visit could take place.

Gradually, the Fitzwilliam mastered all fifteen quartets, and it recorded them (on prize-winning discs) in the space of seven years. It gave a complete Shostakovich cycle in London in 1979, another in Montreal the following year. Also in 1980, it made its New York début, in Carnegie Recital Hall, playing Nos. 4, 8, and 12. For the New York cycle this year (which was sponsored by Bucknell University, in Pennsylvania, the quartet's *regular American host*), Tully Hall was only about half full, but it was half filled with attentive, appreciative listeners who at the end of each concert rose to their feet and cheered. Tully Hall is large for chamber music. The Borodin Quartet played its London cycle in the Goldsmiths' Hall, on a shallow platform surrounded by listeners, all in a chamber together. The Fitzwilliam played its London cycle in the Wigmore Hall, which holds five hundred and fifty people. Tully, high and wide, holds twice that number in perhaps four times as large a space. The acoustics are dry. The performances were sometimes disturbed by a *soft, high electronic whistle* in the roof. In the closing measures of No. 15, a small dog that its mistress had brought along in a canvas bag grew impatient, popped its head out, and yapped. Sundry beeps, apparently from those electronic watches that mark the hours, sounded at times, and in the softest passages the hall's ventilation system could be heard adding its continuo to the music. Nevertheless, these five, shared concerts provided an adventure complementary to that of listening to the records at home.

The Fitzwilliam is a quartet on the highest level. Its tone is less sweet than the Borodin's, less vibrantly lush than the Guarneri's. It is something even better. The first concern is for the musical sense, not for richness and ripeness of sound: the tone is protean. While it can be forceful, it never sounds forced. The quartet dares to play long soft passages—there are many in Shostakovich—with a softness that makes listeners still and intent; hundreds of people become a hushed, intimate handful. The fine-grained interpretation is founded on scrupulous attention to the composer's

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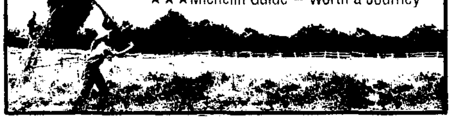

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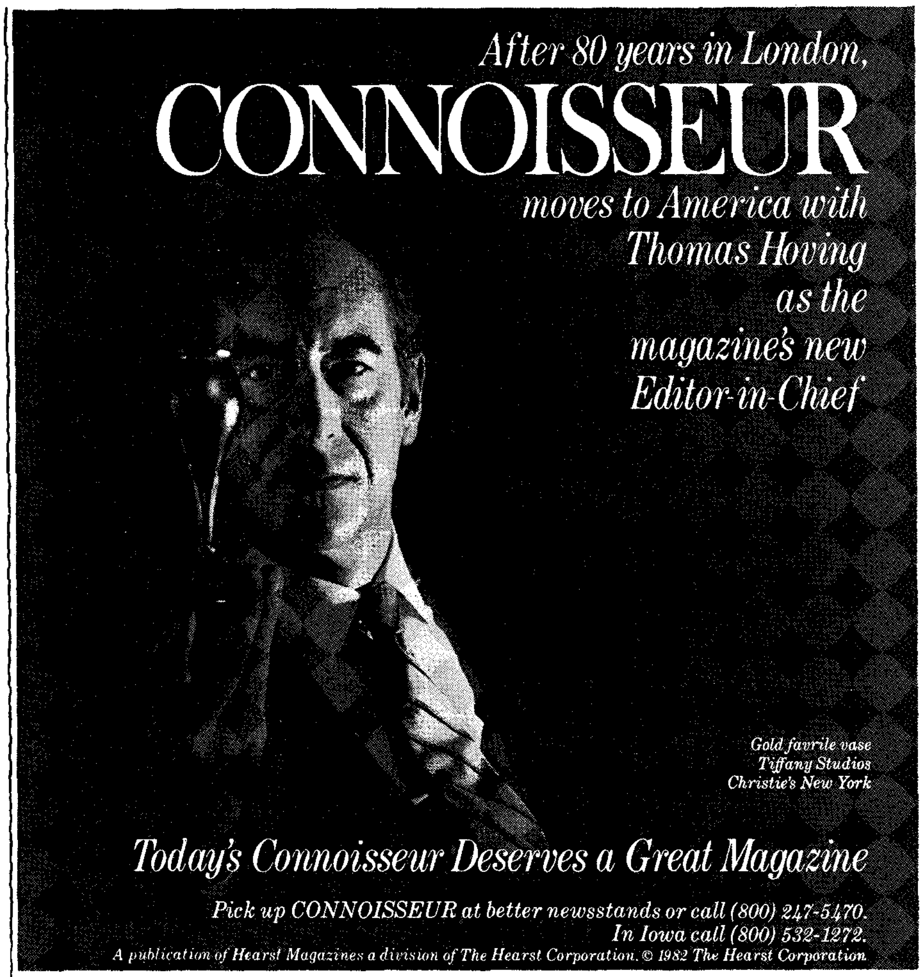
markings: his precisely judged metronome figures, his careful indications of balance, phrasing, and accent. In "free" passages—the mimetic recitatives that Shostakovich began to write as early as the Second Quartet—the balance between rhetoric and confidential, though urgent, discourse was justly found. In general, the Fitzwilliam showed a sure instinct for the composer's distinctive, elusive compound of reticence with explicitness. (I met Shostakovich only once, at the 1962 Edinburgh Festival, where his Fourth and Twelfth Symphonies had their Western premières; the composer of those assertive pieces was not recognizable in that shy, friendly, yet frightened-seeming figure, but the composer of the quartets was.) Rhythm was unfaltering, at tempi fast or slow. To sustain the six consecutive adagios that make up the Fifteenth Quartet needs control to match the composer's own. And the special Shostakovich sound that keeps returning—a veiled, often vibratoless cry from muted strings, sometimes in long, musing, quasi-improvisatory melodies, sometimes in chords—is something the Fitzwilliam understands perfectly.

The playing was technically accomplished, emotionally keen, musically intelligent and compelling. Even Shostakovich's warmest champions can see substance in such charges against his music as those brought by Robert Craft (in a review of Volkov's book): that it "does not exhibit a wide range of emotions, but depends on simple contrasts of the lyrical and the dramatic, the elegiac and the grotesque, the solemn and the 'impudent;' " that "ideas are worked to death, the forms, with their clichés of crescendo and climax, tend to sprawl, and the substance is thin;" that "the music lacks rhythmic invention." Much of that can be admitted, more readily of the symphonies than of the quartets, and then balanced against merits of eloquence (Craft tells also of "intensity of feeling and concentration" in some works), directness, individuality, and—something hard to express—the way the composer makes us present-day heirs of, in the quartets, Haydn, Beethoven, Mahler, Berg. A twelve-note theme, resolving into D-flat major, opens the Twelfth Quartet. A twelve-note theme opens and closes the one-movement Thirteenth, in B-flat minor. The Fitzwilliam performances (which were given in an order not strictly chronological but with chronology tempered to yield five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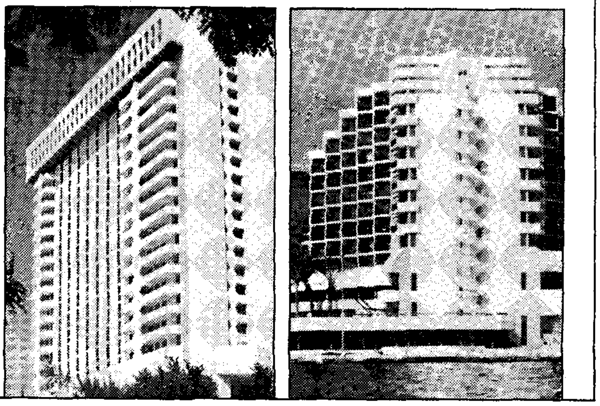
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shapely programs) revealed, on the one hand, continuity from work to work—a steady progress both in the handling of the instruments and in the ways of "thinking in the medium"—and, on the other hand, the individual shape and character of each quartet. In the long series, there was no monotony.

The Fitzwilliam's recording of the cycle is on seven separate Oiseau-Lyre discs, generally released, or, collected in a seven-disc album, available on order as a Polygram Special Import. The scores are published in two handsome volumes, Nos. 35 and 36 of the Russian State Music Publishers' Shostakovich edition, distributed in this country by G. Schirmer.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Readings

COMPOSERS' FORUM, an organization devoted to the presentation of new music, serves many valuable functions, including the publication of a calendar—monthly during the concert season—that lists contemporary-music performances in the city. It gave its own concert series last year in the Great Hall at Cooper Union. This season, the Forum has moved uptown, to Symphony Space, and earlier this month it presented a day of music: open readings of chamber music in the afternoon, and performances in the evening by Ned Rothenberg, the Electronic Art Ensemble, the Meltable Snaps It trio. I dropped by during the afternoon; the audience, though considerable, was nowhere near as large as those that Wall-to-Wall events have drawn to Symphony Space.

The form of these open readings was curious; it was difficult to know for whose benefit they had been planned. A commentator, Carman Moore, introduced the work and the composer. The composer, if he desired, said a few words about the piece, and the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg, rehearsed it. Then there was a performance. Most of the time was taken up with rehearsal, and though the comments of composer and conductor were amplified, so that we could eavesdrop on the process of creation, little was intelligible without scores to follow or other explanation (which the commentator could surely have provided). We obtained an impression of the complexities of the controlled procedures in Bun-Ching

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Lam's "Springwaters," which took the players a long time to disentangle, but these did not illuminate the charm and color of the end result. In this case, the composer did not say a word about her work. David Macbride was more forthcoming about the inspiration behind his "Melody Wave: To Obata," but the piece made little sense to me. In Richard Montalto's "Mélange," for eight players, it was reassuring to be able to follow one of the solo parts, on a slide projector, and find that it was accurately played. The most revealing rehearsal period I heard was that for Paul Dresher's "Study for Variations," a bright piece of Reichian phase-work, which made it clear how tricky the coordination of seemingly simple figurations can be. Mr. Weisberg's comments were laconic and practical. Next time, more thought should be given to the function of the audience in the proceedings; we might even want to ask questions.

IN the evening, I left the Composers' Forum event to go to Merkin Hall for a program of choral music by the Sine Nomine Singers. Earlier in the season, the choir began a series of Handel's oratorios with "Jephtha," performed with an orchestra of period instruments—an important project, which will continue in the fall with "Theodora." This concert began with Schütz and Monteverdi; in the second half there was music by Bartók, Debussy, and Dallapiccola. The choir's solid ensemble and richness of tone suited the twentieth-century works; Bartók's Hungarian Folksongs would have benefitted from a harder cutting edge, but the songs were projected with warmth and humor. Harry Saltzman, who conducted, had trained his singers to use words well. In Dallapiccola's first pair of settings of Michelangelo, the consonants pushed the music along with precise chording and clear articulation; the open Italian vowels created a resonant, vivid sound. The settings, which date from 1933, use old-style madrigal technique in a modern harmonic framework; the result is both witty and powerful. Earlier this season, in the same hall, another of New York's fine small choirs, the Canticum Novum Singers, under Harold Rosenbaum, made the same music sound fresh and appealing but not as impressive.

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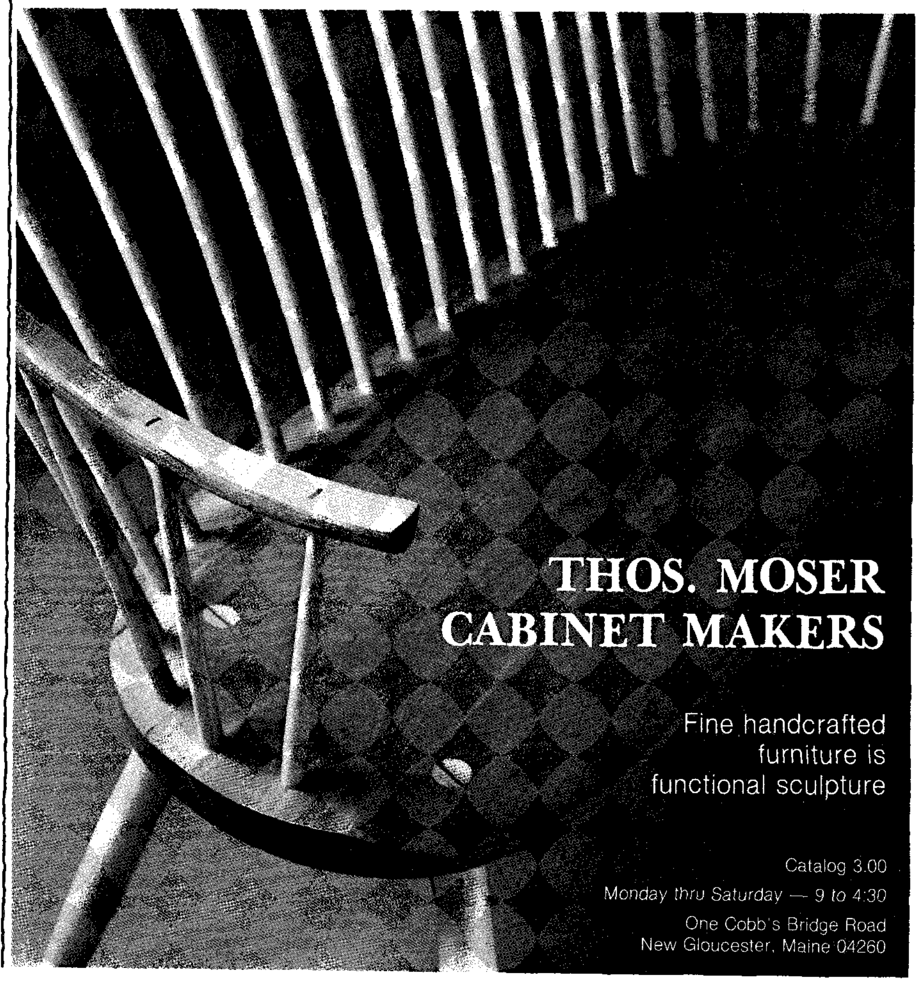
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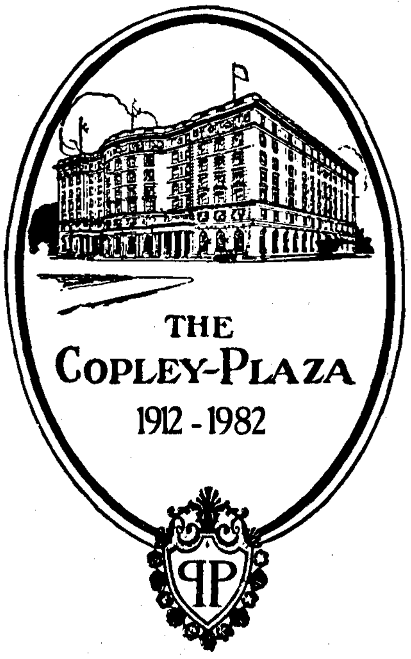

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musical events is celebrating its installation. This month, the first solo recital on the instrument was given, by G. Dene Barnard, who was formerly the church's organist and choirmaster. It is an impressive instrument of three manuals and forty-eight ranks of pipes, set in a symmetrical case that stretches the full width of the church's west end; the arrangement looks sober when compared with the wild displays of exposed pipework which distinguished early Holtkamp organs. The playing action is mechanical, and that gives a certain flexibility and immediacy of response, but the stops are drawn electronically. The over-all gentleness and clarity of the tone colors are in welcome contrast to the bright, screaming brilliance of too many American organs of recent decades. Mr. Barnard played music by Buxtehude, Bach, George Shearing, Messiaen, and Vierne, and nothing he did sounded brash or overwhelming, in spite of the small size of the building. Contrapuntal lines spoke brightly and deftly: Mr. Barnard made the outer sections of Bach's Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C dance lightly, though a chorale prelude on "Christ ist erstanden" and a Buxtehude chaconne were blurred by sloppy articulation. The instrument seems to have been designed to be acceptable in a wide repertoire. There was something chubby, too warmly blended, about the sound of the Baroque music, while Messiaen's "L'Ascension," which we are used to hearing through a haze of fuzzy French textures, emerged with startling, hard-edged precision. The high, intertwining songs of "Alleluia sereins" were vivid, clinically precise. The finale of Vierne's First Symphony had an invigorating punch; Mr. Barnard played it splendidly. The Holtkamp firm has built nearly two thousand organs (this is its Opus 1967), and its influence in this country has been enormous, but the most adventurous recent work in organ building suggests that faithfulness to precise historical models—inevitably excluding the performance of a wide repertoire on any single instrument—may gain ground over the ingenious hybrids that Holtkamp continues to provide, and that many churches want to purchase.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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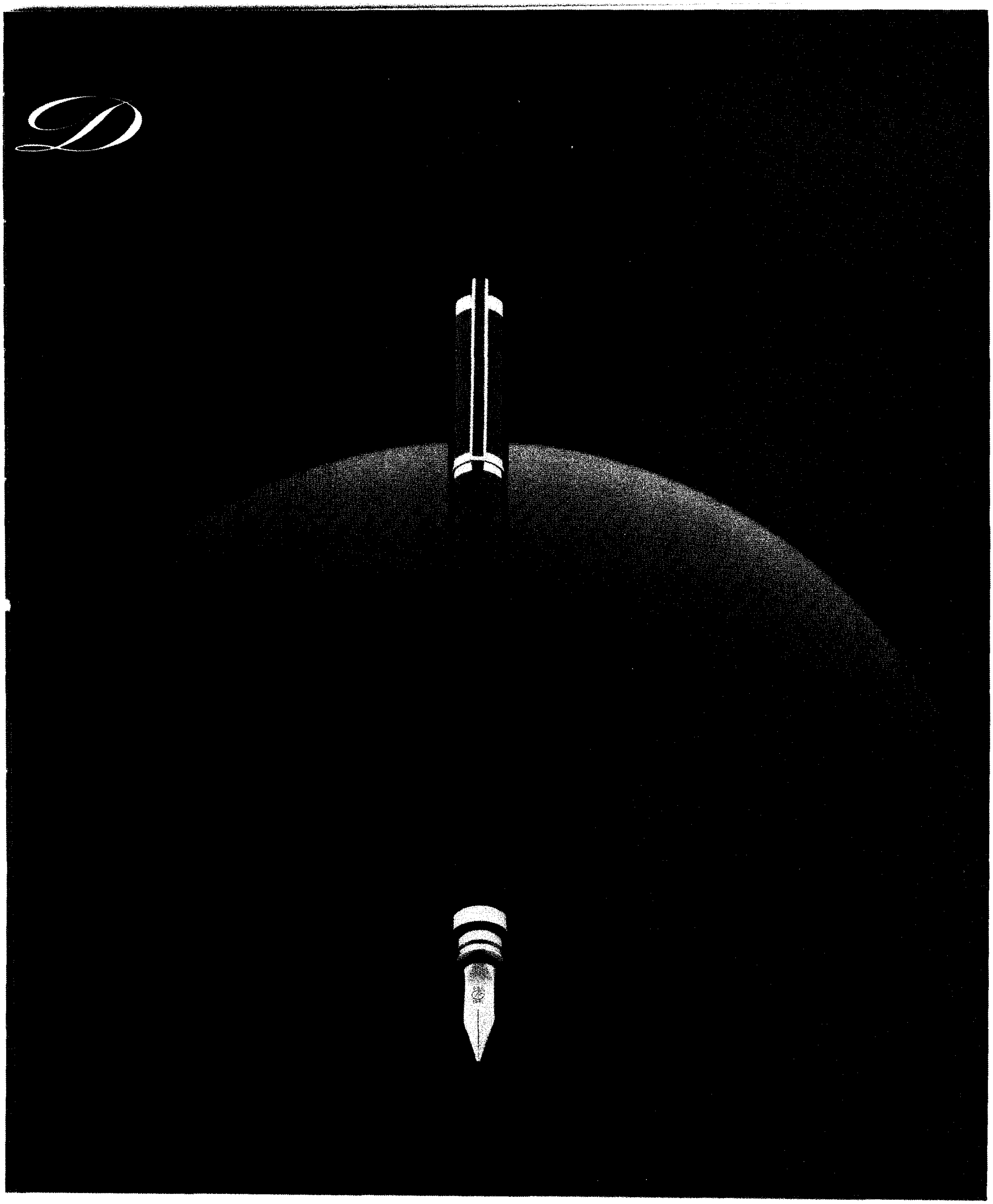

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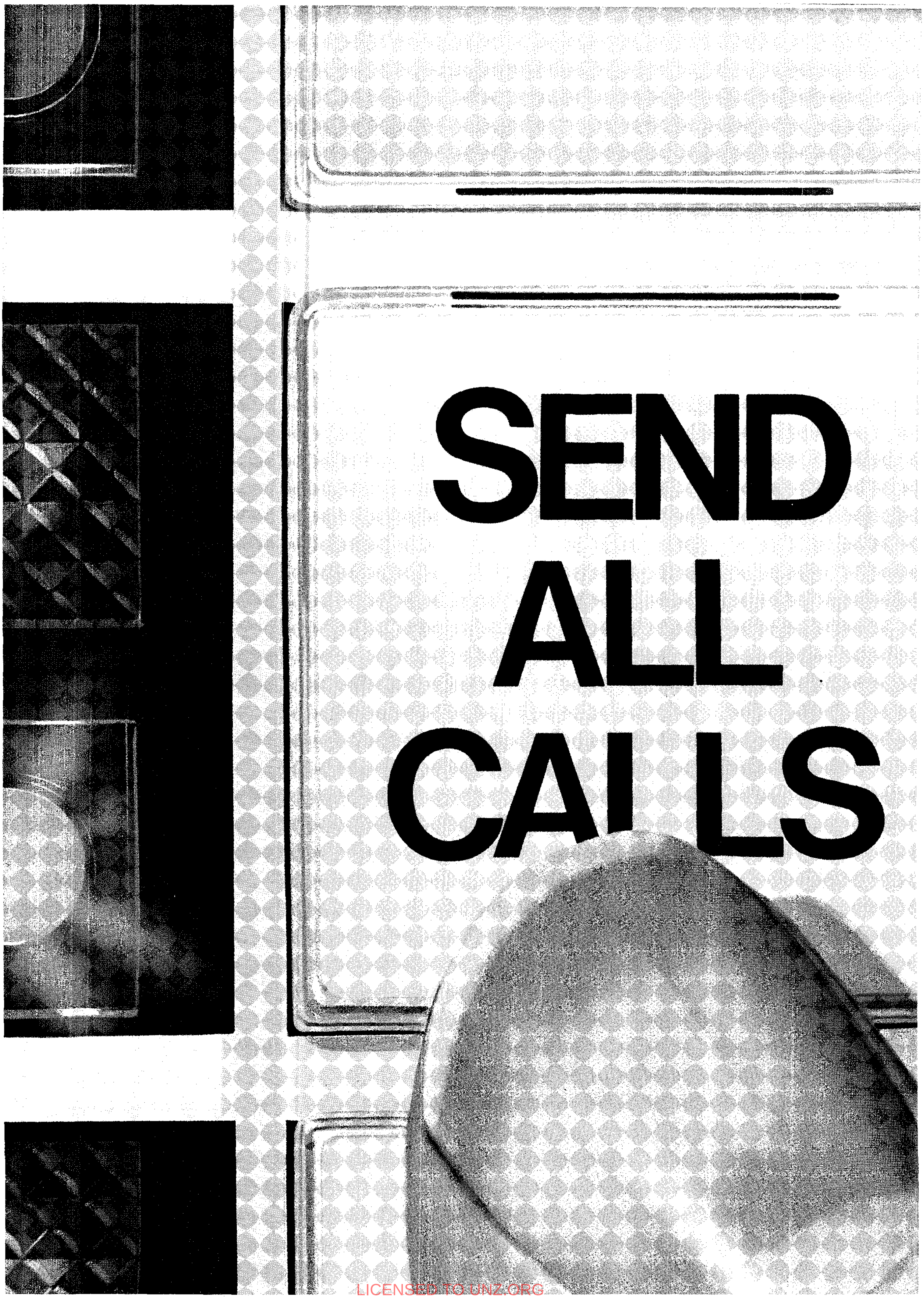
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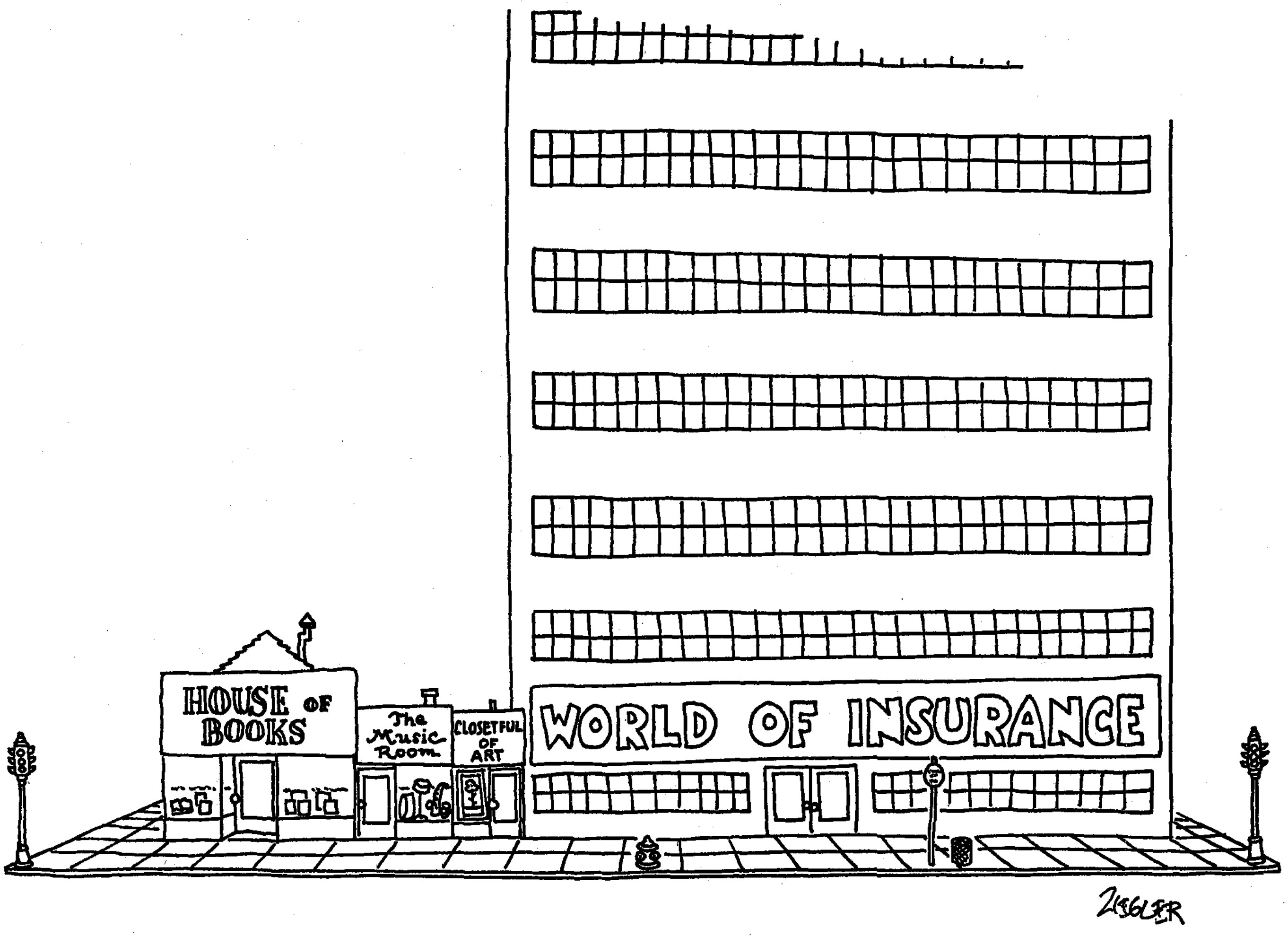
DANCING

The Prince and the Swan

THE plague has struck American Ballet Theatre. Of the dozen dancers whom the company bills as principals, half are on the sick list or recently have been on it; four of these are ballerinas. However, just below the top rank one can easily count another dozen soloists who are proving their worth and dependability in important assignments this season, and some of them are dancers I would have written off two years ago. Mikhail Baryshnikov, who is himself among the injured, probably didn't realize, when he decided to build up the talent in the ranks, how soon this policy would have to start paying off. Along with the rest of the audience at the Met, I mourn Baryshnikov's absence. I mourn also Natalia Makarova, who made a few glamorous but weak appearances and then resuccumbed, and Martine van Hamel, who was felled onstage. But through all the cancellations and confusion it has been possible to see some very good dancing. In the first of four "Swan Lake"s I attended, the pas de trois in Act I was given by three of Baryshnikov's "discoveries": Lucette Katerndahl, Christine Spizzo, and Charles Maple. They were all fine. Maple, a promising dancer some years back, had been buried in corps and character roles when Baryshnikov retrieved him. Now he has emerged once more as a classical dancer, and his performance has improved out of all recognition. Spizzo, perfect in allegro roles, typifies the new clarity and brightness of execution we have been enjoying from the female second echelon. Katerndahl, previously unknown to me, typifies the new strength of the corps de ballet. If Baryshnikov can pull people like her—and Deirdre Carberry and Harriet Clark—out of the corps, he hasn't so much to worry about after all.

In that same "Swan Lake," Ross Stretton, who is still listed as a soloist, danced his first Siegfried with a refinement that suggested he had been doing it for years. Stretton, as long of limb and lean in profile as an Afghan hound, is a perfect Prince both in our imagination and in his; he seems incapable of an unregal gesture. Kevin McKenzie dances the same role with some of the same fragility and diffidence of manner as Stretton, but where Stretton suggests the retiring aristocrat McKenzie just looks out of it. He doesn't seem to have made a connection to the Prince in his imagination; he's droopy and inattentive to others on the stage, and all his energy—there is an astonishing amount of it—goes into his dancing. Since Baryshnikov revised the production, a new touchstone in the role has emerged in the legato solo with the crossbow. Baryshnikov, who danced Siegfried unforgettably last year, made of the taking up of the crossbow a moment of poignant self-awareness when the young Prince faces his end as a boy and the need to put away childish things. For Baryshnikov, this is the last hunt. For Patrick Bissell, it is the first—the one that fills his mind with intimations of dark opportunity. Fernando Bujones mimes in such splendid isolation, slipping from one diagrammatic pose to another, never taking a step without stretching and arching his feet, that he appears cut off from the human society of the first act and to be actively seeking his destiny among the swans and the diversions of pure form. The meaning of the second act is planted in the first, in the



Prince's relations with the world, and since only the barest essentials of this meaning are delivered in A.B.T.'s staging, it must be the dancer who conveys it. Bujones in "Swan Lake" is incapable of conveying anything outside the strict limits of dance, but I was surprised when McKenzie showed a similar incapacity. Surely, like Stretton, he could give us a Sleeping Prince who wakes up.

Bissell's exhilarating performances have been among the great events of the spring dance season. He has come roaring back to New York on the kind of form that could scarcely have been predicted for him a year ago. His Siegfried was my first glimpse of him in the part. With its large-scale naturalness and ease of expression, his dancing remains one of the great sights in classical ballet; now it has a new spring and tautness. His acting has acquired depth. Bissell's Siegfried is a high-spirited, democratic prince. He runs on, full of life, protests when his tutor curtsies, grins at the girls, is charming to everyone, devout toward his mother, interested in all that happens. With the crossbow, he seizes control of his fate and for a moment stares into the heart of his mystery. In the second act, his attention shifts from his mystery to Odette's. Her powerlessness brings out his strength; he swears his fidelity, and the gesture is done almost gaily, against the grain of solemn circumstance. In the third act, when he is rude to the princesses (an intrusive note in this production), he is clearly not himself. So much sunny good health and likability should be cloying, but Bissell's golden disposition is as transparently real as his dancing. And he shows no intention of letting audiences spoil him. He never makes a bid, through exaggerated bravura effects, for applause. Too good to be true? One might believe so, except that at his side in "Swan Lake" he had the equally restrained, wonderfully accomplished young French dancer Magali Messac. Messac's Odette-Odile had impressed me earlier, when she danced it opposite Stretton; opposite Bissell she reached a new peak in her career.

Messac's technique is not brilliant, but it is precise. Indeed, I know of no other dancer who combines precision and clarity of instruction with the lambent grace of Magali Messac. Like the great Russo-European ballerinas who once came among us with their lovely feet, their womanly sensuosity, their unstraining sophistication of style, Messac is really very simple and

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direct. There is nothing excessive in those subtle and fluent details of hers, which she wears like so many jewels through so many rich evolutions and deployments. When, in the white adagio, she turns toward her prince and pauses in passé on point, the turn and the pause flow into and out of each other: the line flows through the curve of the indented shoulder, the peak of the knee, and the arch of the foot in one sinuous gesture. In the black adagio—adagio is Messac's nature—Odile is soft, so soft that the twisting, violent en-dedans spins between her partner's hands stand out as near-naked moments of force, a baring of fangs rather than a display of technique. For all her fine detail, Messac is a big dancer—big in scale and in spirit. She and Bissell are well matched. Bissell partnered her, and Paul Connelly conducted, with the sympathy that is their gift to any ballerina. Still, one couldn't help feeling that Messac had inspired them both. In an age of perilous extremes, she represents the triumph of temperance and just proportions. She avoids the broad slowing down and speeding up of tempos which have distorted other Odettes. (Makarova's legacy, licentiously wielded this season by Makarova herself, hangs heavy over the ballet.) She eschews the swami exit in the second act, which customarily brings down the house, and in the third act, against the tricks and tactics of other ballerinas, she defends the rule of taste.

Susan Jaffe's début as the Swan Queen was an occasion I should like to have applauded, because Jaffe is very young and very American and physically a perfect-looking catalyst for the infusion of the Kirov style. But the débutante was technically immature, with a short range in adagio. She phrased mechanically and beat time in the mime passages. Jaffe has a striking figure, long legs, an easy open hip, and, below the waist, a clean style; she needs developing if she is not to freeze at a pictorial level of perfection. Baryshnikov has brought her and Robert La Fosse along at the same pace. Technically more expansive than Jaffe, La Fosse is a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't dancer. He has an inertness that can appear lyrical, an opacity that registers as force. I'm afraid I find him something of a cipher, in standard roles as well as new ballets.

One of the new pieces, "Great Galloping Gottschalk," has an odd title for a ballet that does not celebrate the composer. It looks as though it had

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been commissioned with orders to play up the younger talent in the company. The choreographer, Lynne Taylor-Corbett, has arranged a suite of dances around such appealing stereotypes as the Tender Lovers, the Woman Alone, and Madcaps (of both sexes). The audience is told just how to look at everybody; outside of that the ballet seems to have no purpose. The music, consisting of some half-dozen selections, including "Souvenir de Porto Rico," "The Dying Poet," and "Tournament Galop," is reduced to an inconsequential murmur and further disguised through the orchestrations (by Jack Elliot); the costumes are neutral loungewear in fruit-punch colors; and the choreography is insistently artful, yet so arbitrary and unremarkable that we can forget the ballet while it is still going on—we're almost invited to. The typecasting adds nothing to what we may already know of the dancers from their appearances in other ballets; Lise Houlton has her tragic distinction, and Danilo Radojevic and Johan Renvall are a pair of crowd-pleasing acrobats. Because the choreography sustains no interest apart from who's dancing it, it can't cover up when the casting is blank. As performed by Jaffe and La Fosse, the little bits of fustian that are knitted into the young-lovers pas de deux—bits like the hooking of arms as in a champagne toast—are hardly noticeable, and if you do notice them they're likely to seem an aberration. These hints of an atmosphere may have been intended to invoke something of Gottschalk's period, but the atmosphere isn't sustained in the rest of the ballet. The two roisterers danced by Radojevic and Renvall are conceived in roguish Russian-peasant style: the Two Ivans. And the other "characters," from Houlton's indecisive loner to a giggly trio of girls, are in a slick modern-dance idiom far below the dancers' capacities. "Great Galloping Gottschalk" is also not great enough for the Met stage. If there is to be a new generation of stars at Ballet Theatre, it needs to be challenged in serious roles on an appropriate scale. I expect the forthcoming production of Merce Cunningham's "Duets" to serve the dancers better on both counts.

—ARLENE CROCE

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"Anybody who can't understand what is new and what has been eliminated is included in what is new should give up anyway," Friedman said.—*Boston Globe*.

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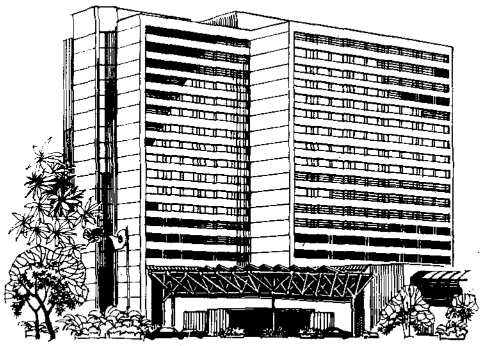

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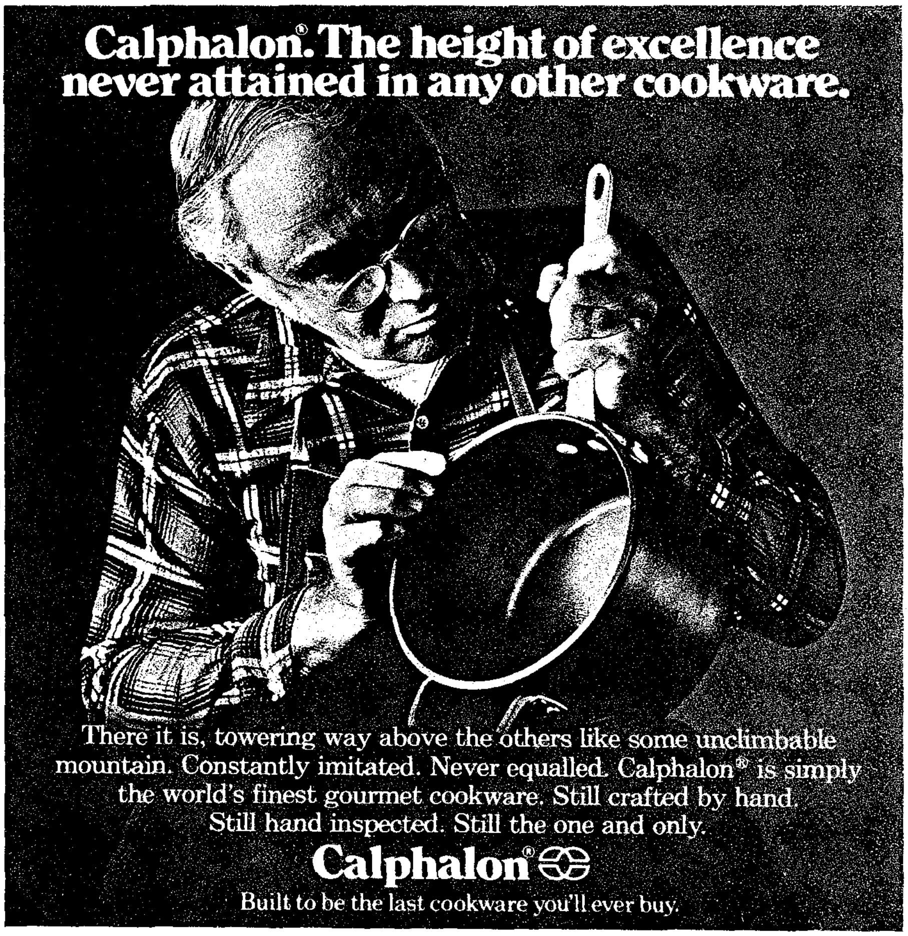

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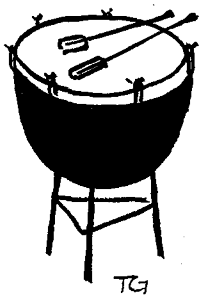
CONCERT RECORDS

Comic Haydn

AMONG the most important of recent recordings are Antal Dorati's revivals of the operas of Joseph Haydn. The latest of these, "L'Infedeltà Delusa," is a delightful comic opera, performed by Edith Mathis, Michael Devlin, Barbara Hendricks, Claes H. Ahnsjö, and Aldo Baldin, with the Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne, under Maestro Dorati's baton (Philips 6769 061; six sides). It has a very simple libretto, which concerns a tyrannical father who wants his daughter to marry a rich man. The daughter is in love with a poor man, and *his* sister loves the rich one. Various disguises and conspiracies bring about a happy ending, with each young woman marrying the man she prefers. The performance is exquisite, with all voices ideally cast and Dorati's tempos held to a lively beat. There is a great deal of showy coloratura singing. A sort of appendix is provided by a disc containing opera-buffa arias by Haydn which he wrote as insertions in the works of other composers, together with his cantata "Miseri noi, Misera Patria," all sung by Miss Mathis, with the Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne, under the baton of Armin Jordan (Philips 9500 929). Miss Mathis, a highly cultivated classical singer, performs these items beautifully.



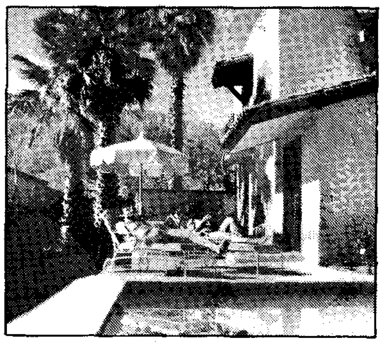
DVOŘÁK's String Quartet Opus 96 (the "American") and Mendelssohn's String Quartet No. 1 Opus 12 have been paired on a disc by the Orlando Quartet (Philips 9500 995). Both have been recorded in the past—the "American" on many occasions—but this particular recording is well worth mentioning because of the splendid performance the Orlando gives them. The ensemble playing and the interpretation are masterly.

Kurt Weill's Sonata for Cello and Piano has been recorded for the first time, along with Ernst von Dohnânyi's sonata for the same instruments, by Jerry Grossman, cello, and Diane Walsh, piano (Nonesuch Digital D 79016; single disc). Both sonatas are eminently worthwhile works: the Weill is among the finest modern pieces of its sort, and the Dohnányi, somewhat more conservative in style, is an outstanding composition by the older composer. The sonatas are superbly played.

It seems that Johann Sebastian Bach's second wife, Anna Magdalena Bach, kept a notebook of her favorite compositions. Some were by Bach himself (one of these was written for his son Wilhelm Friedemann), but others were by his son Carl Philipp Emanuel, and by such contemporaries as Johann Adolf Hasse, François Couperin, and "Giovannini," and still others by anonymous composers. All these and selections from an earlier notebook put together for Anna Magdalena by her husband are performed by Igor Kipnis, playing the harpsichord and the clavichord, with the soprano Judith Blegen and the baritone Benjamin Luxon, and Catharina Meints playing the viola da gamba (Nonesuch Digital DB 79020; four sides). All concerned are experienced Bach performers, and Mr. Kipnis is, of course, one of the most accomplished harpsichord virtuosos alive. The performances, accordingly, are nothing short of magnificent.

A recording of a composition by Richard Strauss that is not otherwise represented in the current Schwann catalogue is certainly news. His Duet-Concertino for Clarinet and Bassoon, a very late work, is coupled with a recording of Arthur Honegger's Concerto da Camera, also the only version listed in Schwann, on a disc issued by Nonesuch (Digital D 79018). The soloists—David Shostac, flute; Allan Vogel, English horn; David Shifrin, clarinet; and Kenneth Munday, bassoon—are accompanied by the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, under Gerard Schwarz. The Strauss Duet-Concertino is delightful; the Honegger is more contrived but is pleasant to listen to.

That intrepid attacker of modern vocal scores Bethany Beardslee appears as soloist with the Sequoia String Quartet and Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, pianists, on a disc containing Milton Babbitt's "A Solo Requiem" and Mel Powell's "Haiku Settings," "Filigree Setting for String Quartet," and "Three Synthesizer Settings" (Nonesuch N 78006; single). These pieces are strictly for those who like



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this sort of thing—largely atonal and very difficult listening. Dvořák's Quintet in G Major, Opus 77, has not received many recordings. A new one, by the same quartet, with Julius Levine, bass, is a very fine example of ensemble playing (Nonesuch Digital D 79012; single). Two Dvořák waltzes are appended.

Anton Webern's Piece for Piano, with a Sonata Movement (Rondo) and a Children's Piece of his, and Abel Decaux's "Clairs de Lune" and Frank Bridge's Piano Sonata have all been recorded by the Turkish pianist Meral Güneyman, on a disc issued by Finnadar Records (SR 9031). Webern's Piece and Rondo are early works, chromatic in style but pointing to his later twelve-tone methods; the Children's Piece is wholly atonal. The Decaux work is impressionist in the Debussy manner. The Bridge composition is ambiguous in tonality. Miss Güneyman plays them with dedication and a fluent technique.

BÉLA BARTÓK'S "Mikrokosmos" is a sort of *gradus ad Parnassum* for piano students. It starts out very simply, if not very interestingly, and progresses to more complex pieces. Several pianists have recorded it. The latest of them is Homero Francesch, a Uruguayan, who plays with sensitivity and with a certain aggressiveness where that is required (Deutsche Grammophon 2740 239; six sides). Heinz Wildhagen provides a second piano part in some of the episodes. This is not, to my mind, one of Bartók's greatest works, and certainly not one of the most engaging.

A neglected sixteenth-century English composer named John Sheppard is heard on a recording by the Clerkes of Oxenford, David Wulstan director (Nonesuch H 71396; single). The items on the disc are a "Cantate" Mass and a Responsory "Spiritus Sanctus." The Clerkes, an a-cappella group, sing with admirable intonation and considerable fervor. The works are not only extremely interesting and complex but also intensely moving.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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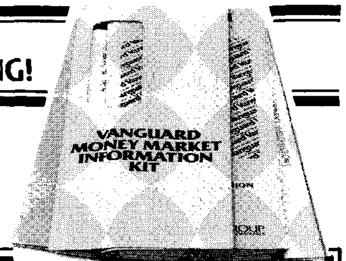

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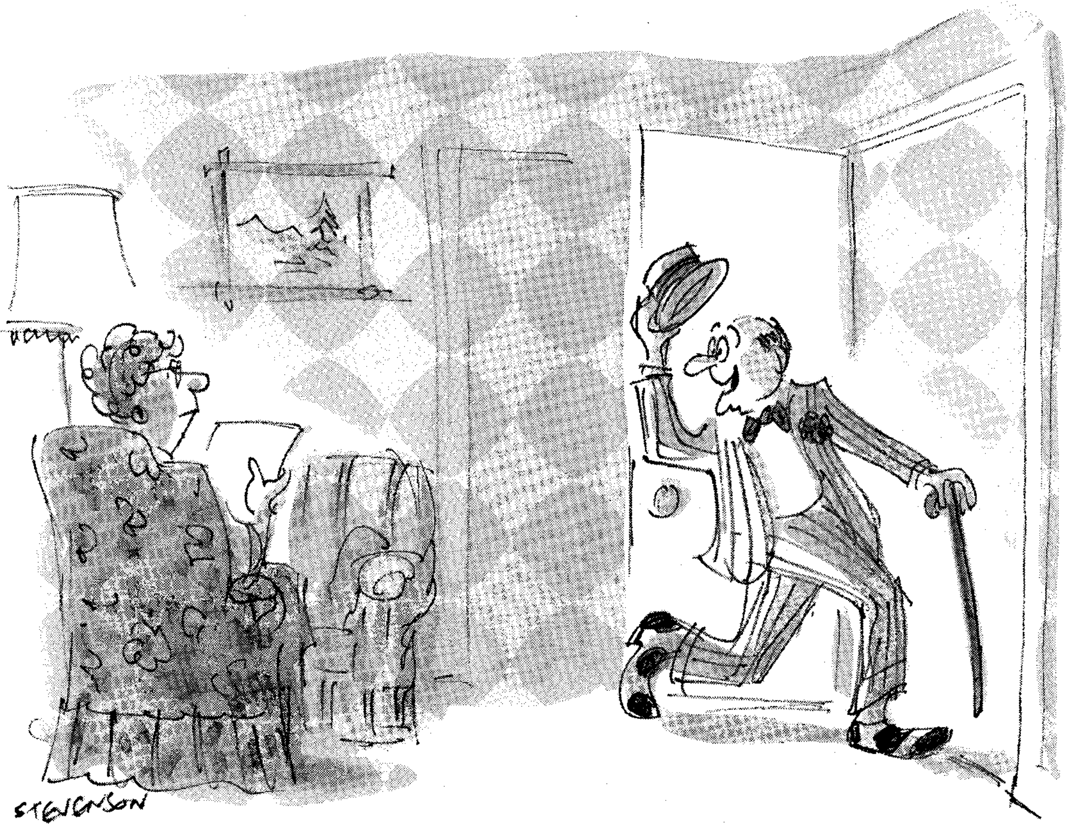
BOOKS

Borges Warmed Over

WILL the traffic in Jorge Luis Borges, once a mere trickle along a few side streets of Buenos Aires and now a thundering jam in the literary capitals of the Western world, bear the addition of "Borges: A Reader," edited by Emir Rodriguez Monegal and Alastair Reid (translated from the Spanish by many hands; Dutton; $17.50 hardcover, $10 paper)? This volume's dust jacket claims that the mighty Argentine fantasist "has come into English in haphazard fashion, so that the growing numbers of his readers have had to track him down through a confusion of incomplete collections, to piece him together from a set of displaced parts." That this additional incomplete collection, pieced together of poetry, fiction, criticism, journalism, and typically fragmentary Borgesian self-revelations, clears the matter up seems to me moot. Its chronological arrangement, its inclusion of a number of early writings hitherto not translated into English, its biographical and bibliographical summaries, and the individual comments by Mr. Monegal on each of the one hundred and eighteen items in the anthology are all special and valuable. But as a selection "Borges: A Reader" lacks the direct authority of the "Personal Anthology" chosen by Borges, edited by Anthony Kerrigan, and issued by Grove Press in 1967. As an introduction to Borges' work, it lacks the stunning impact and purity of "Ficciones;" a reader unacquainted with this writer would do better to begin with that collection, whose publication in English, in 1962, put Borges on our cultural map, or with the more extensive and partly duplicative "Labyrinths," brought out by New Directions in that same year. Even the bilingual "Selected Poems 1923-1967," edited by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, would serve as a smoother entrée into the Borgesian universe. Borges has been an all-round literary performer—poet, translator, lecturer, anthologist, parodist, editor, librarian—but his short fiction (there is no long fiction) constitutes his ticket to fame and immortality, and "Borges: A Reader" omits such gems of the slender canon as "The Library of Babel," "The Garden of Forking Paths," and "Funes, the Memorious." The editors' introduction admits that "the aficionado will notice some of the omissions" but pleads permissions difficulties. They offer instead, along with little classics like "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius," "The Circular Ruins," and "The South," a number of early and lesser pieces, some of them uncollected by Borges in Spanish. The chronological arrangement, which for many an author might show a shape of development, in Borges' case confirms our impression that few major writers granted long life have proved so loyal to their initial obsessions and demonstrated so little fear of repeating themselves. "I am decidedly monotonous," he himself has written.

If the book with all its other scholarly apparatus had included an index, we might better trace the remarkable recurrence of topics and allusions. The exact same ninety-word quotation from Chesterton, with the identical ellipsis, is cited three times—on pages 143, 219, and 231. A poem by Chesterton is described as "physically stirring, like the proximity of the sea," and two pages later it is said of Faulkner's "Unvanquished" that it is one of those books "that touch us physically like the nearness of the sea." A curious speculation by Coleridge ("If a man could pass through Paradise in a dream, and have a flower presented to him as a pledge that his soul had really been there . . .") is the subject of an essay of 1945 and comes back ("All at once, I remembered one of Coleridge's fantasies") in a short story of thirty years later, "The Other." The very first item in "Borges: A Reader" is a poem, from 1923, that fuses dawn in Buenos Aires with a haunting sense of insubstantiality—"that tremendous conjecture/of Schopenhauer and Berkeley/which declares the world/an activity of the mind"—to achieve a tone echoed in the very last lines of the book: "And to think that night would



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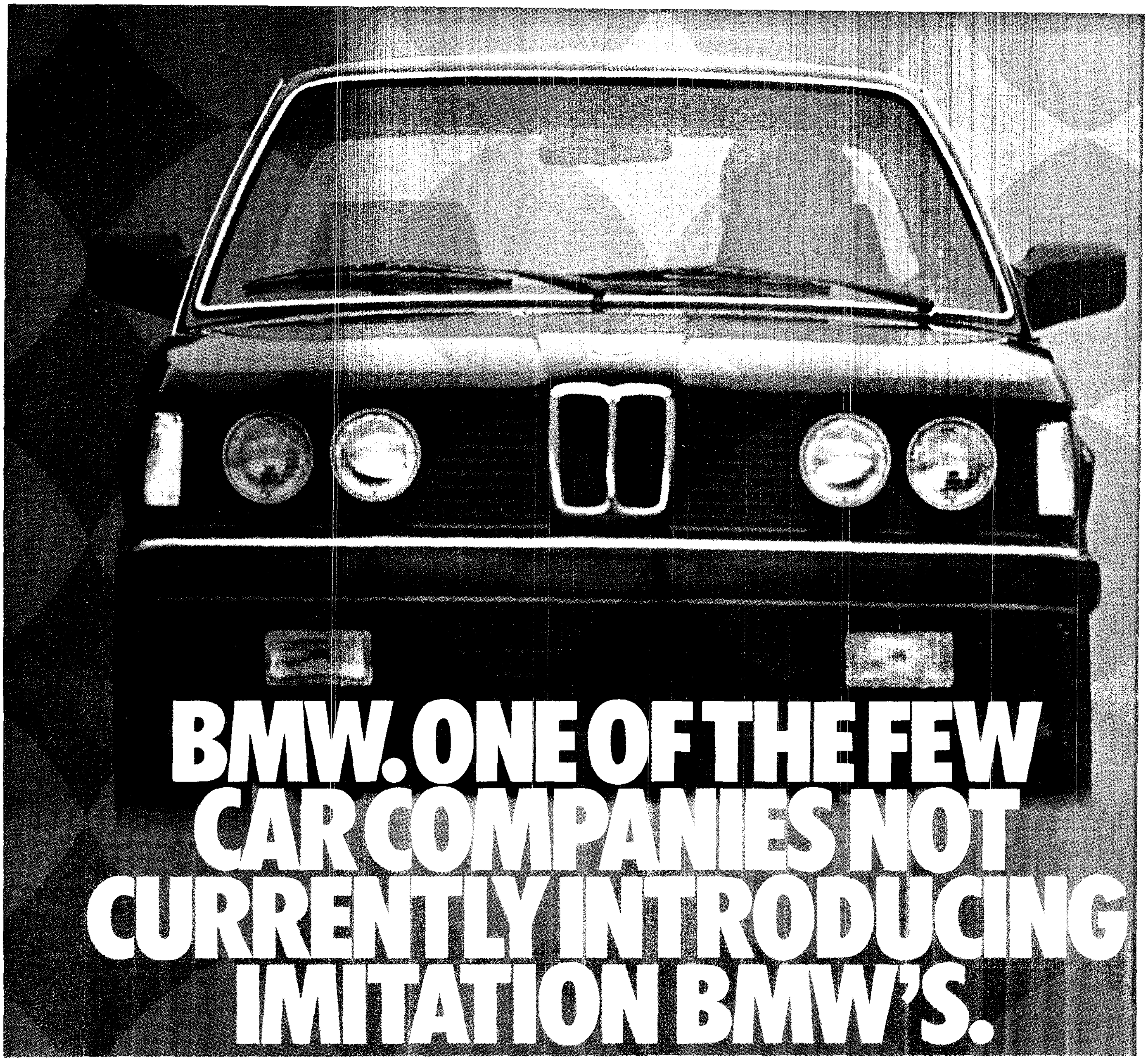
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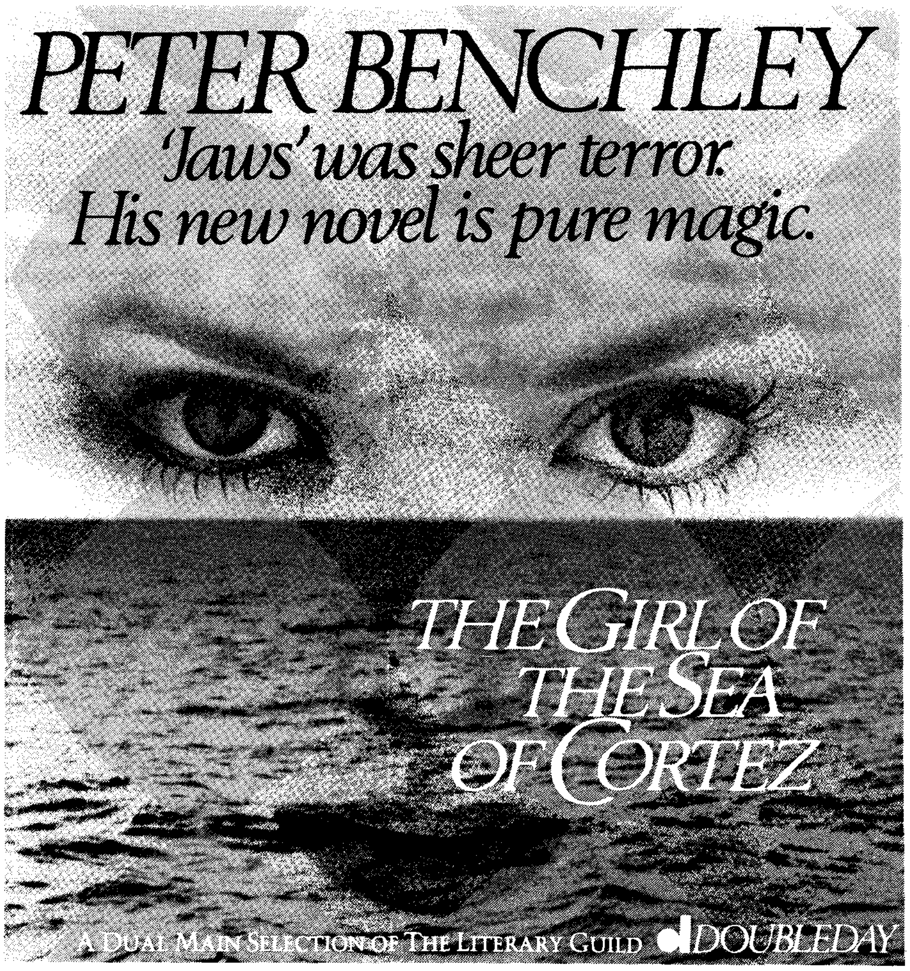
not exist/without those tenuous instruments, the eyes." Dreams, labyrinths, mirrors, multiplications approaching infinity, a plurality of inefficient and even malevolent gods, the dizzying paradox and negation of Berkeleyan idealism, Zeno's second paradox, Nietzsche's eternal return, the hidden individual destiny, the hard fate of gaucho knife fighters and Anglo-Saxon warriors, the manipulations of chance, the Minotaur and the tiger and the leopard, the pressing mystery of nondescript suburbs and empty plains, the something elusive in the quality of identity itself—Borges early claimed these themes and has never let go of them.

The favorite English authors of his childhood were Stevenson, Wells, and Lewis Carroll, and he has never let go of them, either, throughout a lifetime of reading. His praise of Wilde and Shaw is heartfelt; his homage to James and Joyce rather grudging. His own fiction, though not altogether fantastical (there is a quality of endless afternoons, of tinted drabness, which he can always achieve in a phrase or two, and which transports our imaginations to a real locale), evinces little impulse toward the baring of reality and the exposure of sentimentality in the heroic modernist manner of, say, Hemingway. In an arresting essay on Apollinaire, he states, "Of all the obligations that an author can impose upon himself, the most common and doubtlessly most harmful is that of being modern." Apollinaire himself is distinguished as "so unmodern that modernity seemed picturesque, and perhaps even moving, to him." Not so Borges. Whereas the polylingual erudition of Eliot and Pound was part of a worldwide search for an authenticity whose instances would help make the native language and tradition new, Borges' erudition, with its quizzical touchstones of quotation and its recondite medieval and Oriental references, is a parody of erudition wherein the researched and the fabricated lie side by side ironically—a vast but claustrophobically closed system that implies there is no newness under the sun. The must of alchemists' libraries pervades his learning; his chaos of texts ("chaotic enumeration" is, indeed, named by Mr. Monegal as one of Borges' rhetorical devices) exists as a metaphor for the "black labyrinth of blind atoms" that constitutes the universe, once the "monstrous" option of the three-headed God has been discounted. Borges' profound admiration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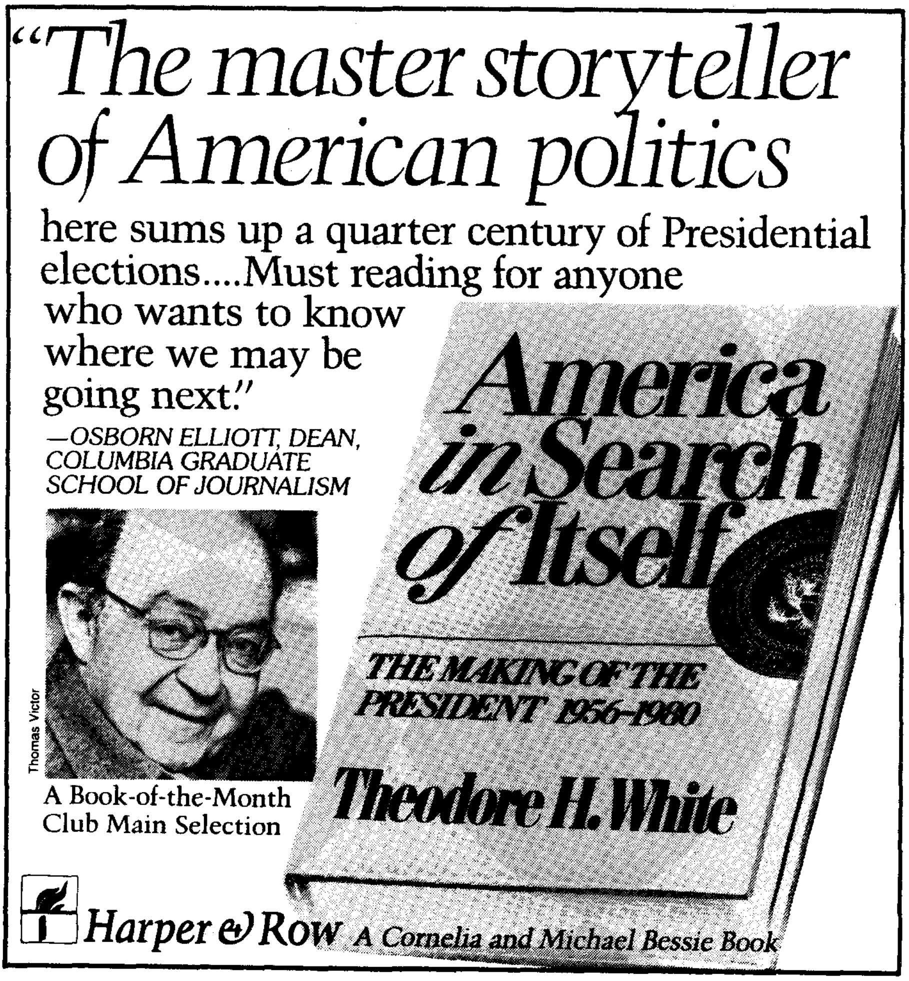
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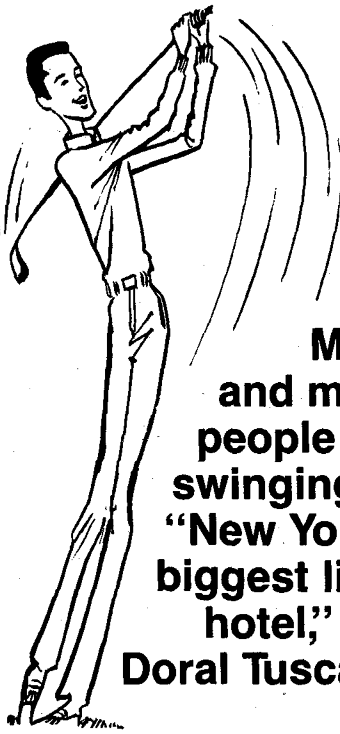

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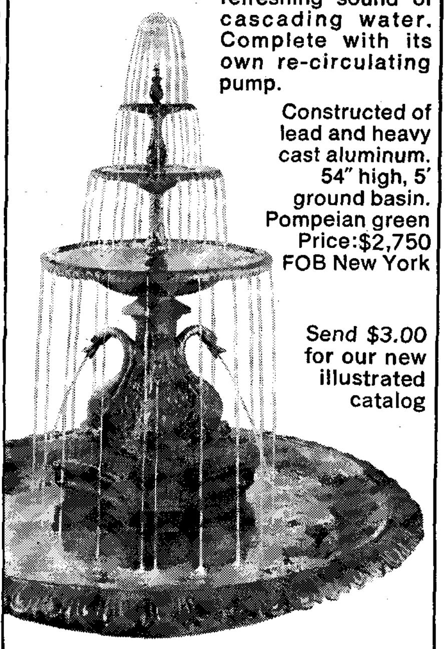
for the Catholic apologist Chesterton makes one of the stranger father-son pairings in the annals of influence. Of the older writer's ebullient apologetics, Borges, in his appreciation of 1936, wryly writes, "The certainty that none of Christianity's attractions can really compete with its outlandish unlikelihood is so notorious in Chesterton that his most uplifting eulogies always remind me of 'Elegy to Madness' or 'Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts.'" This Latin lover of sinister secrets finds one in his Anglo-Saxon model: "The powerful work of Chesterton, the prototype of physical and moral sanity, is always on the verge of becoming a nightmare." In an essay, "On Chesterton," not reprinted here but published in "Other Inquisitions" (1964), Borges says, "Something in the makeup of his personality leaned toward the nightmarish, something secret, and blind, and central." Those last three adjectives give us the Borgesian essence, that terrible central blankness around which his invocations of "atrocity," "mysterious monotony," and "masked heresiarchs" revolve like chronic planets around a dead sun.

"Borges: A Reader" lacks just that elegance of the minimal which Borges' work and the books in which it is usually bound invariably possess. The page is too big and the type too small; the clutter of editorial addenda, with their portentous abbreviations (a typical note reads " 'About Oscar Wilde' Sp. title: 'Sobre O.W.' Pub. *Los Anales de B.A.*, Dec. 1946, col. *O. I.*"), cumbersomely enwraps Borges' own nice pedantries; the effect of reading the selection straight through is of a long bumpy ride in a closed carriage. For this systematic peruser, at least, the claustral, confused feelings dampened even his pleasure in those miniature masterpieces he had read with delight elsewhere, in volumes less farraginous. The chief value of this collection lies in the twenty-eighth hitherto untranslated pieces; though they do not enhance Borges' reputation, they do enhance our sense of him as an Argentine, especially as a rather pugnacious young intellectual dandy seeking to reconcile his precocious, cosmopolitan awareness with a blood loyalty to the drab and often brutal backwater where he was born.

We learn, in a seven-page Chronology of his life supplied by Mr. Monegal, that Borges was taught English early, at home; that he announced at the age of six a determination to be a



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writer; that in 1914 his father, a lawyer and teacher and sometime poet, retired early because of failing eyesight and moved his family, including the fifteen-year-old "Georgie," to Switzerland, where the First World War stranded them for four years. While there, young Borges learned French and Latin and taught himself German. He discovered and read Whitman, the French Symbolists, and German philosophy, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche above all. After the war, the Borges family moved to Lugano, near the Italian border (Borges' languages include Italian), and then to several places in Spain, where the twenty-year-old author prepared two books he never published, participated in the literary activities of an avant-garde group called the Ultraists, and somewhat belatedly encountered the classic literature of his first language, Spanish. In 1921, he returned to Buenos Aires for a year, where he fell in with a native philosopher and friend of his father's, Macedonio Fernández. In this period, he helped found two little magazines, *Prisma* and *Proa*, and published his first book, a collection of poems called "Fervor de Buenos Aires," though his fervor did not prevent a second extended trip to Europe. The early pages of "Borges: A Reader" contain poems—some of them among his most popular—that show him taking deliberate possession of the scenery and history of Buenos Aires; the act of repossession, by a mind that has wandered far, characterizes his literary production ever after, and gives it its air of haunting dislocation, of surreal specificity and abysmal formlessness, of nostalgia for the circumambient. His first essay reprinted in "Borges: A Reader" tabulates the sometimes poetic inscriptions on old horse-drawn wagons. Its original title, "Séneca en las Orillas" ("Seneca in the Slums"), was dropped, as perhaps too telling. Other, later essays examine, with the lofty tenderness of a visitor from an ancient civilization, such local phenomena as the tango and the card game called *truco*. The tango, like the knife fights that so persistently flash through his work, manifests for him a popular, timeless religion—"the hard, blind religion of courage, of being ready to kill and to die."

As a young man of letters in Buenos Aires, in the long years while his unique and elaborately pseudo-factual "fictions" were incubating, Borges was a dashing critic, dismissing Ar-

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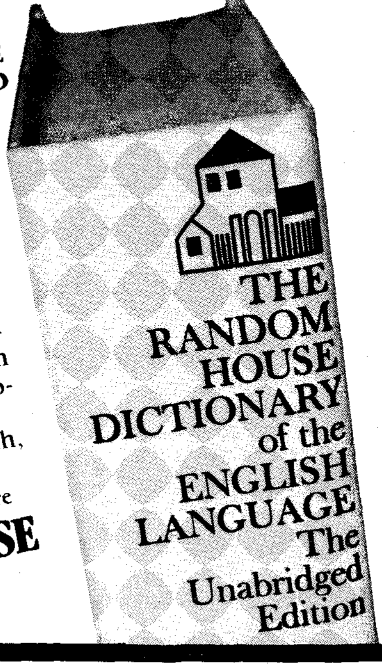

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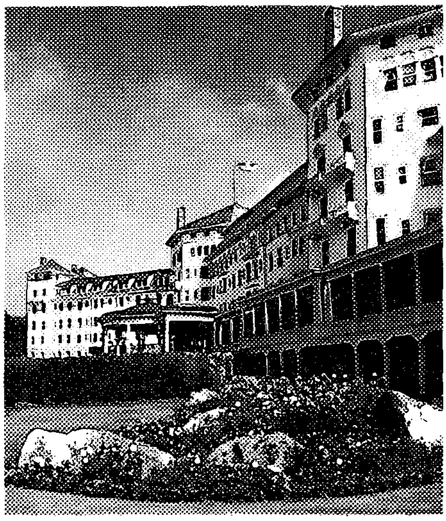

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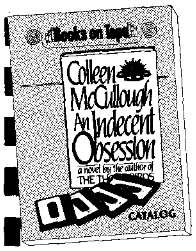

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gentine barbarism ("Our Inadequacies," 1931) and accepted aesthetic theory ("Narrative Art and Magic," 1931; "Prologue to 'The Invention of Morel,' " 1940) with adamant aplomb. Refuting the opinion that Edgar Wallace constructed better plots than Chesterton, Borges wrote, "I promise my reader that those who say such things are lying and that the fiery depths of Hell will be their final dwelling place." Proclaiming himself "free from every superstition of modernity," he attacked the "psychological novel":

> The typical psychological novel is formless. The Russians and their disciples have demonstrated, tediously, that no one is impossible. A person may kill himself because he is so happy, for example, or commit murder as an act of benevolence. Lovers may separate forever as a consequence of their love. And one man can inform on another out of fervor or humility. In the end such complete freedom is tantamount to chaos.

As an alternative he conceived of an ideal "adventure story" that "does not propose to be a transcription of reality" but is instead "an artificial object, no part of which lacks justification." This efficiency is akin to magic, which assumes, as Frazer established in "The Golden Bough," that "things act on each other at a distance through a secret sympathy." For novels, the "only possible integrity" is that of "magic, in which—clear and defined—every detail is an omen and a cause." However special and rarefied these theories seem, Borges read with a tireless catholicity in those years. He gave the readers of *El Hogar*, an illustrated weekly, whose book section he edited, capsule biographies and trenchant reviews of Oswald Spengler, Virginia Woolf, and William Faulkner ("That William Faulkner is the leading novelist of our time is a conceivable affirmation"), among many. For Victoria Ocampo's periodical *Sur*, Borges did movie reviews, and the few that are printed here show an Olympian mind robustly engaged with a popular art—an art, like his own, of shadows. Of the Spencer Tracy version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Borges complained that not one but two actors (he nominates George Raft as the other) should play the two personae. Of Orson Welles' masterpiece, he said, "*Citizen Kane* will last as certain films of Griffith or Pudovkin 'last;' nobody denies their worth, but nobody goes back to see them. They suffer from gigantism, from pedantry, from tedium." Such an objection, on an immediate aesthetic instance, to a well-

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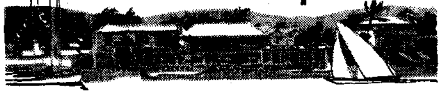


made piece of cinematic magic reveals more of the artist's mind, perhaps, than his hermetic formal theories. One might wish that the book consisted entirely of such fresh and surprising matter, and that an author whose oeuvre already savors of stringent selection and encyclopedic compression had been spared the ungainly compliment of a superfluous recycling.

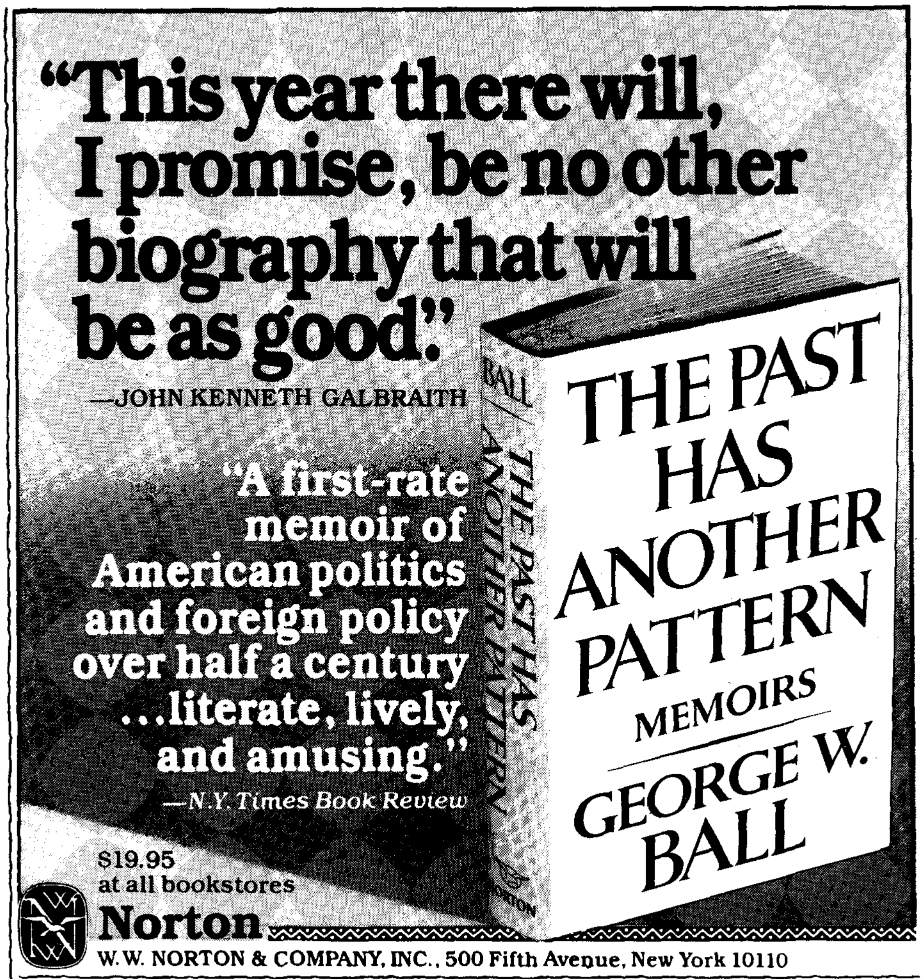
—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WATCHFIRES, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin; $13.95). Mr. Auchincloss's new examination of the tragicomic impact of manners on human behavior goes back to a time when that form of social contract was still held fiercely binding—that is, to the years immediately before, during, and just after the Civil War. The scene is New York, with summers in Newport and occasional visits to Washington, and the story has to do with a stiffly conventional, almost priggish, forty-year-old lawyer and his well-born wife; with the lawyer and his (at first) unconscious lust for his wife's young sister; with the wife and an older sister and the emotional violence of the abolitionist movement; with the changes of mind and morals that come with the outbreak of war; with the even greater changes brought by the postwar industrial triumphs of the Vanderbilts and Goulds. Mr. Auchincloss steps lightly into rough waters. He takes us into situations, into confrontations, that another kind of novelist would deeply investigate, but his method is that of the mannerist. He is satisfied to touch the nerve and move on.

AN UNSUITABLE ATTACHMENT, by Barbara Pym (Dutton; $12.50). In 1963, when the English novelist Barbara Pym was forty-nine years old, the publisher of her six previous novels rejected this one; stunned, she retreated from the literary scene. When she returned, in 1977, with the publication of "Quartet in Autumn," many readers were caught off guard by its author's low-keyed, comic cunning; before she died, in 1980, a number of her novels had been welcomed back into print by an enthusiastic following, who will be as hard put to it as she was to understand her publisher's objection to this novel. The story, set in northwest London, features a plain-look-



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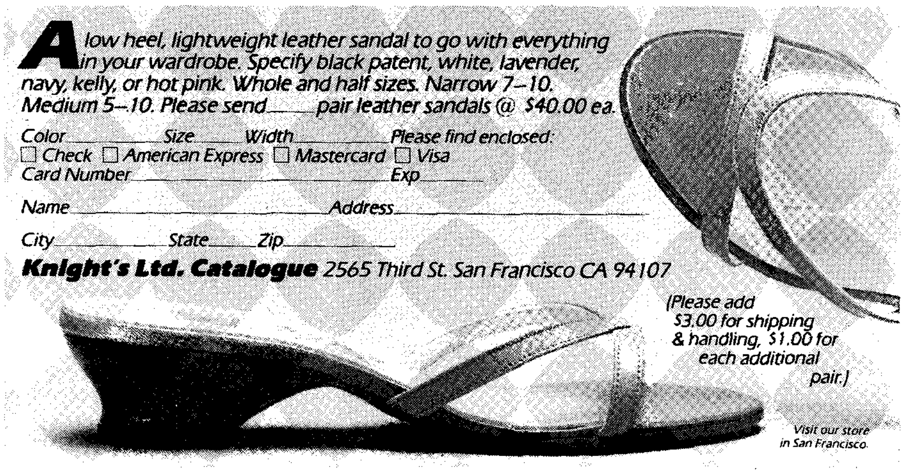

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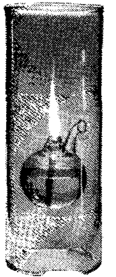

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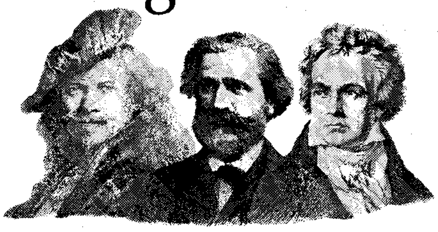

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ing, polite anthropologist (and archdeacon's son) who, as the story begins, knows more than enough about, say, "Some Aspects of Extra-Marital Relations Among the Ngumu" (as one of his papers is titled) and, as the story ends, several months later, only a little about "The Wiles of Nice Women in a Civilised Society" (a paper that he will probably never write but for which he takes a lot of mental notes). The anthropologist is vaguely interested in a pallid librarian (and canon's daughter) on the brink of spinsterhood, but he is distracted by the matchmaking efforts of the local vicar's wife on behalf of her dowdy sister. A pair of animal lovers (a veterinarian and his sister, who run a boarding house for cats) are among a half-dozen eccentrics who influence the outcome of the local courtship rites. One cat in particular stalks around the edges of the plot, always getting what it wants, and seeming at times to be the author's alter ego: sly, cool, and equipped with retractable claws.

DUTCH SHEA, JR., by John Gregory Dunne (Linden Press/Simon & Schuster; $16.95). Dutch is a sleazy Irish criminal lawyer in Hartford, an on-again, off-again Catholic, and the son of a lawyer who was sent to prison for embezzlement and there hanged himself. Dutch was only a boy at the time, but now—thirty years later—he has troubles of his own: his beloved adopted daughter has been blown up by an I.R.A. terrorist in London, his Wasp wife has left him, and (like father, like son) he, too, has been helping himself to somebody else's money. Exposure looms—"which is why he kept his days full," we are told. "And why he detested the nights. And kept a night-light on." Mr. Dunne's novel itself has some second-generation resemblances. His dialogue, his legal settings, and his basic bigotries bring to mind George V. Higgins; his angst is taken from the ample public domain; his humor (and there are some very funny scenes) is familiarly and fashionably black; and his ending is in thrall to "Appointment in Samarra."

GENERAL

EMERSON IN HIS JOURNALS, selected and edited by Joel Porte (Harvard; $25). A substantial selection from the three million and then some words of Emerson's "Journals," the

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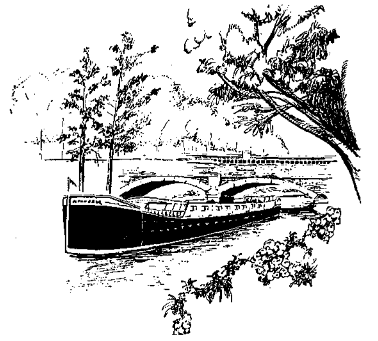

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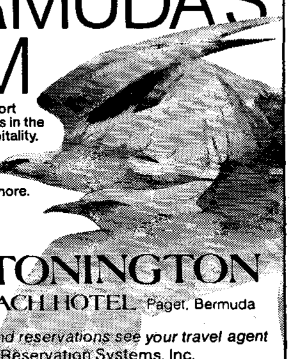

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work of a lifetime. Emerson's preoccupations—with religion and philosophy, and with the future of the United States, particularly of New England—began in college and never ceased. His Americanness is always evident—his response to Venice ("a city for beavers") is one example, and to financial depression ("a momentary mischance . . . on the bosom of this vast plenty") is another. Emerson was a non-stop reader, but his literary and artistic judgments are unimpressive; he seems to get a parade of distinguished contemporaries, Dickens and Tennyson among them, all wrong. His shrewdness is for people, and his summings up of individuals he knew and his explanations of human motivation—why all the nineteenth-century communes failed, say, and why Bronson Alcott (whom Emerson admired) irritated his listeners—are convincing and illuminating. The "Journals" suggest that Emerson refined his wit and pithiness in part by listening; in any case, his enchanting language captures perfectly the New England tongue.

CHINA: ALIVE IN THE BITTER SEA, by Fox Butterfield (Times Books; $19.95). The author started out as a sinologist at Harvard, but in 1969 he abandoned his dissertation to report for the *Times* from Taiwan. Since then, he has been all over the Far East for the *Times*, capping his service with a twenty-month tour in Peking in 1980 and 1981. This is a first-rate foreign correspondent's book—vivid, lively, intelligent, and informative. Its findings are sombre. The author explains that China under Mao was as badly off as Russia under Stalin, concentration camps and all, and demonstrates that Mao's heirs have inherited an authoritarian regime that has lost its moral authority and is plagued by practical problems, including low productivity, a high crime rate, overpopulation, and unemployment. The Chinese survived decades of abuse with the help of traditional institutions that the Communists hoped to destroy—notably, the extended family—and this, in turn, may be why, despite his sympathy for the Chinese, Mr. Butterfield never suggests that the United States could or should wade in and fix up China: its culture is so different from our own that a good or just or merely satisfactory Chinese socie-

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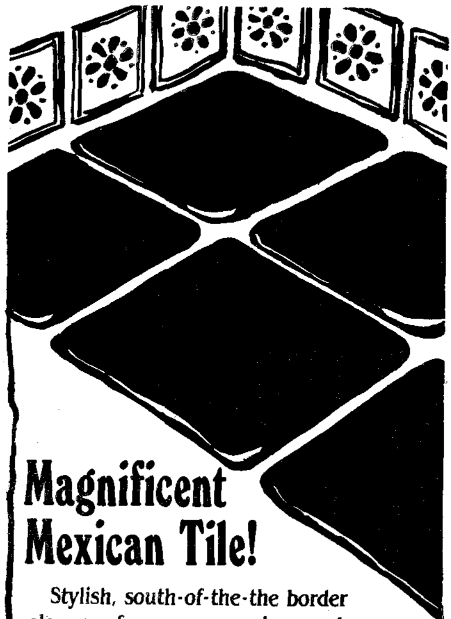

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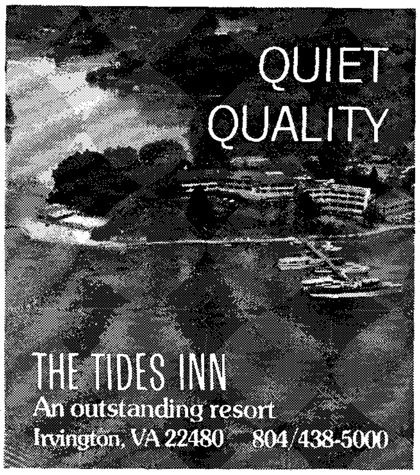

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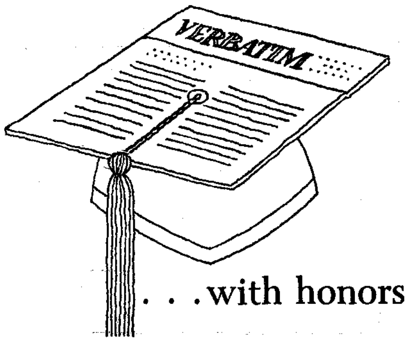

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ty would not necessarily resemble ours. Mr. Butterfield conveys immense admiration and affection for the Chinese people.

WILLIAM COBBETT: THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, by George Spater (Cambridge University Press; $49.50, two volumes). William Cobbett (1763-1835) was an English country lad of natural genius who evidently began to recognize his superiority while serving as an enlisted man in the British Army (1784-91), where he managed his regiment's paperwork and taught its officers military science. Believing himself in jeopardy after an attempt to expose financial corruption in the Army, he fled with his wife to the United States in 1792 and began a career as a journalist and polemicist, upholding the unpopular and conservative British side against the French revolutionary cause. However, after 1800, when he returned to a Britain he had idealized in his absence, he found himself becoming ever more radical in the spectrum of British politics as Britain's governments became ever more obdurately Tory. In England, Cobbett was not only a farmer, journalist, and publisher but a kind of do-all: the founder of what became Hansard and a universal ghostwriter, whose patrons included Queen Caroline. Jailed, harassed, persecuted, driven to bankruptcy (and again, briefly, to the United States), he never ceased his crusade for Parliamentary reform and, in time, sat in Parliament himself. Mr. Spater's straightforward portrait is specific and vivid.

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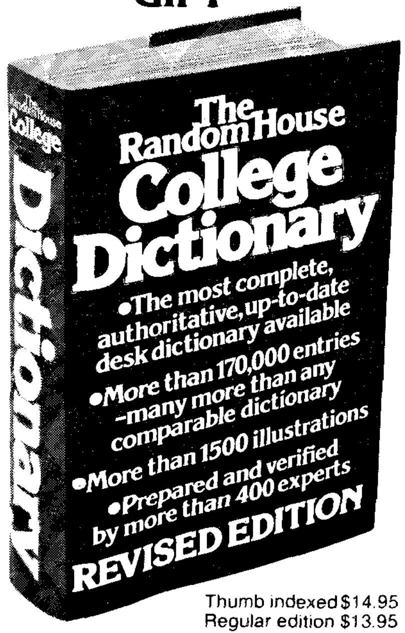

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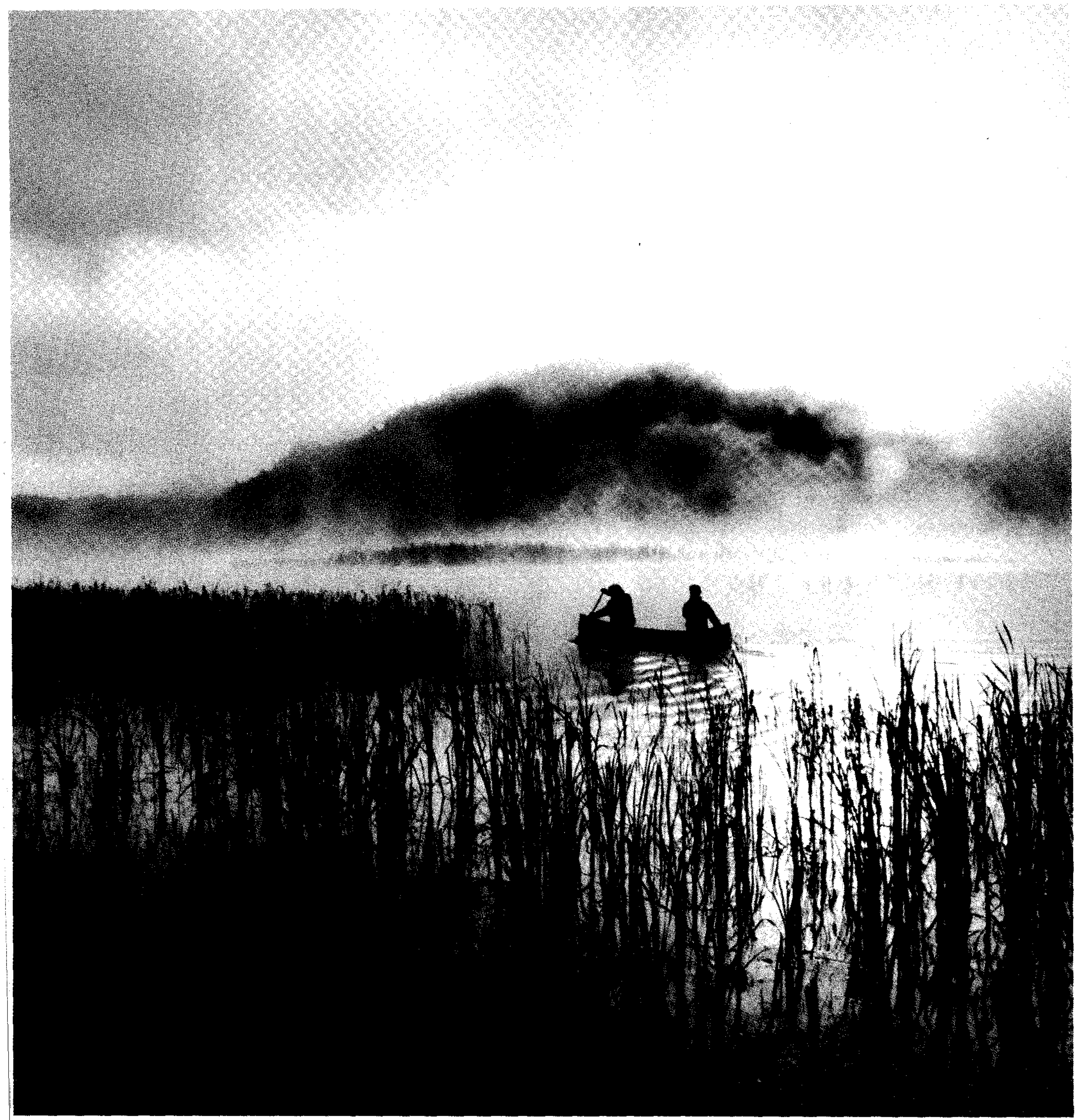

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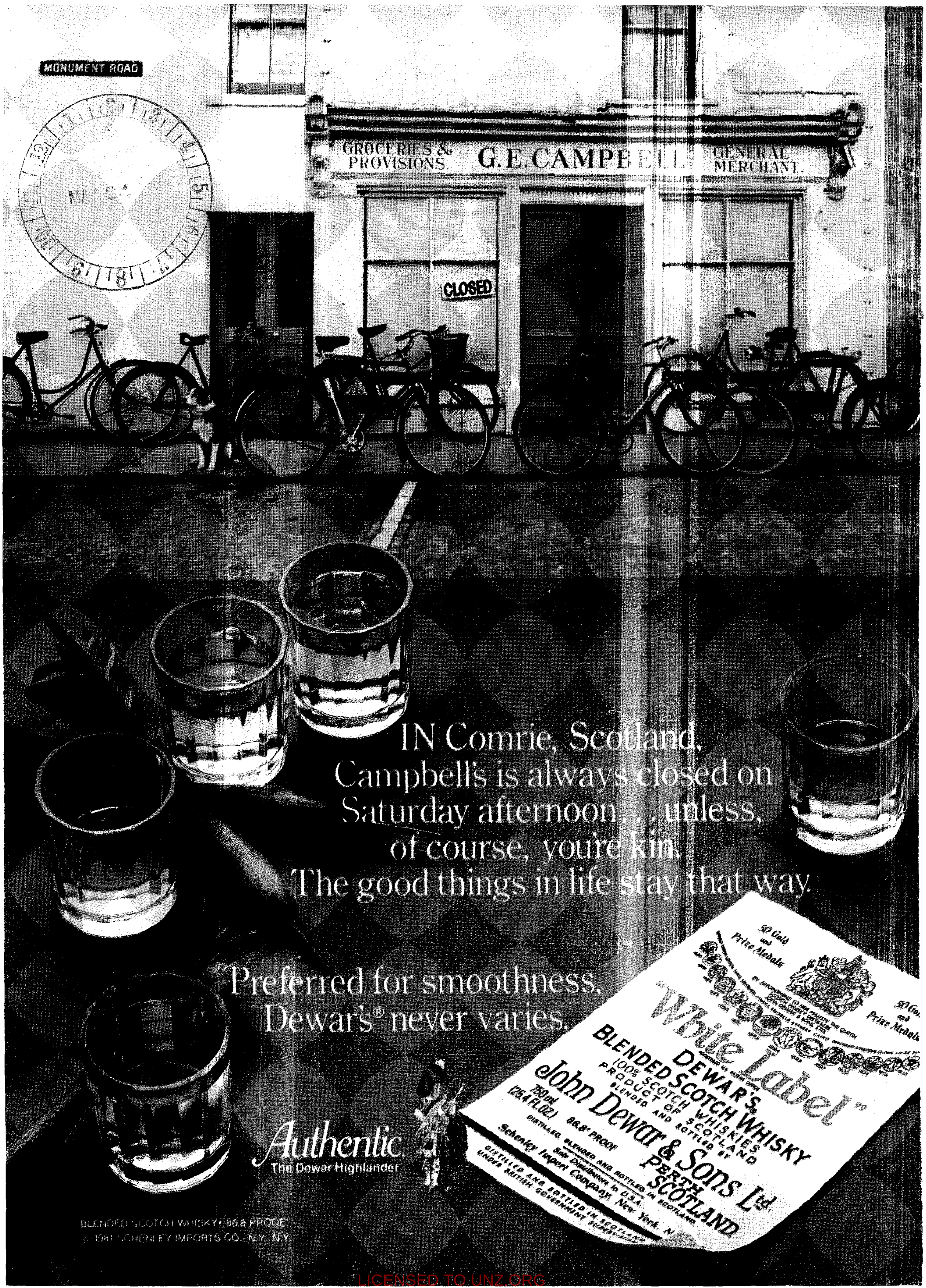
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